January, 1904

THE BOOKMAN

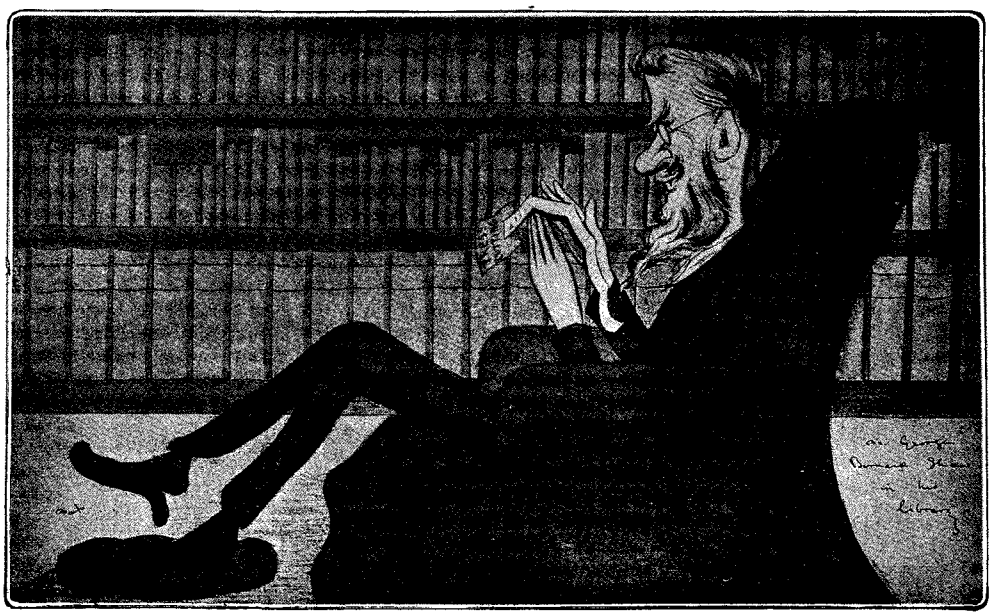
A Magazine of Literature and Life

Manuscripts submitted to THE BOOKMAN *should be addressed to "The Editors of* THE BOOKMAN.*" Manuscripts sent to either of the Editors personally are liable to be mislaid or lost.*

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

Language Reform in Japan

The Japanese Government has recently sanctioned the use of the Roman alphabet for the transliteration of Japanese in printed books. This removes one stumbling block from the path of Occidentals who have found the acquisition of the Japanese language made doubly difficult by the fact that its literature could be read only after mastering the complicated Chinese ideographs which have until now been exclusively employed in the Mikado's empire. The literary language of the Japanese has, in the course of centuries, been greatly affected by Chinese influence, precisely as literary English has been affected by the influence of Latin. Educated men in Japan use a form of speech which is so full of Chinese words and phrases as to be almost unintelligible to the common people; and therefore, the substitution of the Roman alphabet for the Chinese symbols will be one step toward a simplification of the native tongue. Precisely for this reason, conservative Japanese opposed the change. The more difficult the written language, the more sharply the line of demarcation between the cultivated and the illiterate. In fact, there is in Japan as in China, a sort of aristocracy of learning, an intellectual caste founded upon book knowledge; so that anything which smooths the path for the common



THE STRENUOUS LITERARY LIFE—GEORGE BERNARD SHAW AT WORK.
From the London Sketch.

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man and makes it easier for him to read the Japanese classics is resented by the scholars who have acquired the written language with great labour and as a result of years of patient study. Their objection is somewhat like that which was made in Greece a year or two ago to the translation of the New Testament from Hellenistic Greek into the vernacular—a proposal which led to serious rioting in Athens. Naturally, there is also a certain sentimental dislike felt by Japanese conservatives toward a movement which will soon result in printing the ancient and almost sacred classics in Occidental typography; but the practical advantages of the reform are so obvious that the opposition will not be long effective.

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Raffles

We have personally derived a great deal of pleasure from witnessing Mr. Eugene Presbrey's ingenious play of *Raffles* at the Princess Theatre, with Mr. Kyrle Bellew and Mr. E. M. Holland in the principal rôles. Those who have read Mr. Hornung's two

MRS. HUTCHINS HAPGOOD (NEITH BOYCE)
The Author of the Unusual Novel, "The Forerunner," Reviewed in the December Bookman.

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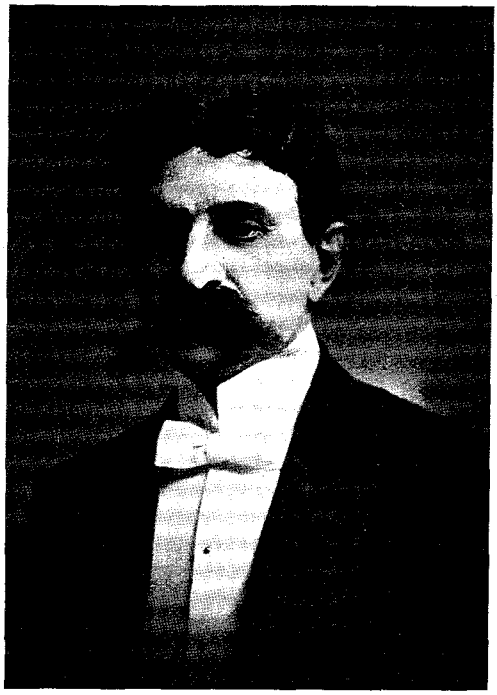
KYRLE BELLEW AS "RAFFLES."



E. M HOLLAND AS "CAPTAIN BEDFORD."

books, *The Amateur Cracksman* and *Raffles,* should by all means go to see the play; while those who have seen the play should not fail to read the books from which its material is largely drawn. Mr. Presbrey's drama bears about the same relation to the Hornung stories as Mr. Gillette's *Sherlock Holmes* bears to Conan Doyle's original invention. In neither case does the play follow the books, but rather assimilates them and transmutes them into a dramatic form. In one respect, Mr. Presbrey's play is more effective than Mr. Gillette's; for it reserves its grand climax—a most startling and unexpected one—for the final curtain, whereas in *Sherlock Holmes* the real climax is the episode of the gas chamber. After that, the rest of the play is comparatively tame. On the other hand, there is nothing so original and creepy in *Raffles* as this same gas chamber, and the cleverness of Raffles himself has not the superb assurance with which Mr. Gillette so perfectly panoplies his impersonation of Holmes. Moreover, it jars upon one's sense of the probable to see Raffles in his early fencing with the detective doing everything which in life would draw suspicion upon himself. His continual and suspicious allusions to the Cracksman, his bet with Bedford, and his obvious self-consciousness all through the first act, are neither necessary nor artistic. Mr. Bellew ought to take a lesson here from Mr. Gillette and cultivate a little more self-repression besides cutting some of his lines and modifying some of his business. When the detective, Bedford, says that he hopes soon to meet the Cracksman face to face, and Raffles replies, "And so do I!" (or words to that effect), it is surely absurd for him to thrust his face forward so as almost to touch his adversary's. Even a Scotland Yard detective—a Lestrade or a Gregson—would have suspected him after that. Mr. E. M. Holland is delightful as Captain Bedford, repeating both his make-up and his success of twenty years ago as the detective in *Jim the Penman.* His face is a study at every moment, and his conception of a Dundreary in the rôle of a criminal expert is inimitably comic. For genuine entertainment, this is one of the very best plays of the season.

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The Raffles of Mr. Hornung's books (which are published by the Messrs. Scribner) differs in some respects from the Raffles of the play. The latter is made to appear a genuine amateur in crime and to rob only for the excitement of the thing. This, of course, is to make it easier for the audience to sympathise with him. In the book, he plunders because he is hard up and needs the money. So, too, with Bunny, who in the play has no share in the misdeeds of Raffles, but who in the book becomes a burglar of his own choice and finally gets a term in prison. Someone suggested several years ago that Mr. Hornung and Conan Doyle should write a book in collaboration, pitting the clever criminal, Raffles, against the inspired detective, Holmes. But apart from the impossibility of that kind of collaboration (for both authors would have to agree as to which hero should ultimately win), Raffles is not in the same class as Sherlock Holmes. He is several times outwitted in the stories —once by the South African millionaire and again by Captain Mackenzie, a mere Scotchman. In fact, as a criminal he is about on a level with the originator of the Red Headed League. The man who patiently wove a net around Professor Robert Moriarty would have run down Raffles in twenty-four hours.

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Russian Americans

The recent appearance of *A History of Socialism in the United States* by Mr. Morris Hillquit, calls attention to the increasing number of Russian Americans who are beginning to make themselves felt in the spheres of literature and art and science. Mr. Hillquit, for instance, came to this country little more than fifteen years ago, as a poor boy and with no knowledge of English whatsoever. At first he had a hard struggle, trying in turn six trades in as many months. In less than a year he had begun to teach in one of the night schools of New York, and to-day he is well known as a lawyer of repute, an influential political leader among the New York Socialists, and an investigator of social conditions in the United States. Among American citizens of Russian birth he is a prominent figure well known for the unostentatious assistance which he is continually giving to his compatriots who come to this country in the hope of finding opportunities which are denied to them in the empire of the Czar. To all such he shows himself to be an untiring and generous friend and helper. Mr. Hillquit, however, is only one of many Russians who have become well known to Americans in general. Mr. Cahan secured by his *Yekl* a warm recognition from American men of letters; Mr. Bernstein the pianist, Mr. Volpé the violinist, and Mr. Altschuler the 'cellist, have won a definite place among American musicians; while Mr. Maurice S. Sterne is well known as an etcher and painter. These and many others of their countrymen are coming steadily into prominence; and both by their remarkable facility in acquiring an idiomatic knowledge of English and by their adaptability, they are able in a wonderfully short time to assimilate the habits of thought and the intellectual traditions of their adopted country.

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Bruno Lessing

So many inquiries have come to us concerning the identity of the author of *Children of Men* which was reviewed in the last number of this magazine as to justify us in dispelling the obscurity of his pseudonym. "Bruno Lessing" is the pen name of Mr. Rudolph Block, and his book has excited too much interest for his secret to remain unknown. Mr. Block, though only thirty-three years of age, has had a long experience in practical journalism, having been for six years a reporter on the New York *Sun*, where he got his early newspaper training. Subsequently, he was connected with the *World*, and for the past five years has been editor of the Comic Supplements to Mr. Hearst's newspapers, in which capacity he has delighted scores of thousands of American children by providing them with harmless and never-failing amusement in spreading before them the now classic adventures of Foxy Grandpa, Lady Bountiful, Happy Hooligan, the Stone Age People, and Mr. Swinnerton's tigers. During his connection with the *Sun*, Mr. Block was assigned for a year to "labour reporting," and while engaged in this occupation he became deeply interested

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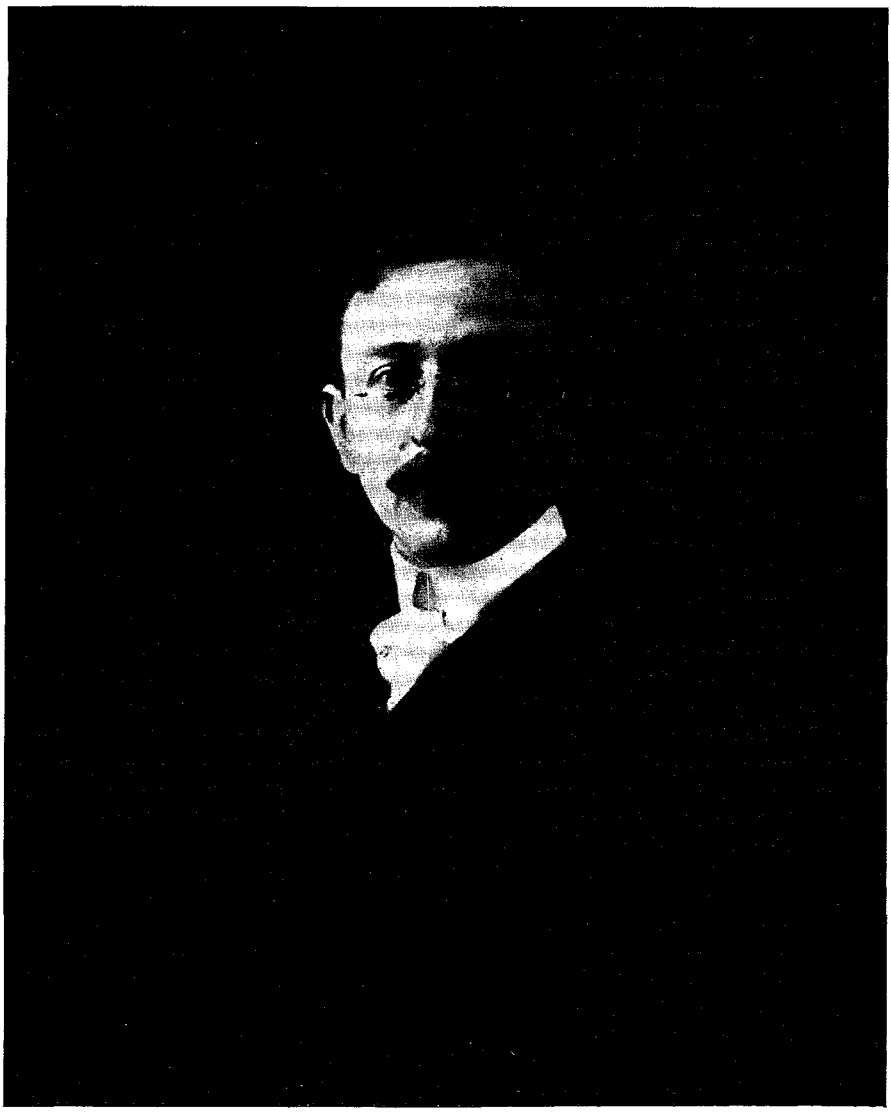
in the cloak-makers' strikes and other labour troubles on the East Eide. The terrible earnestness of the East Side Jews, their poverty and frightful sufferings, and finally their picturesqueness impressed Mr. Block so intensely as to fill him with a desire to give the greater world outside a better knowledge of them. The concrete result of this desire is to be found in the stories that made up his lately published volume in which are contained the impressions which he drew direct from life. Mr. Block at present is at work upon a novel, the scene of which will be a very different one from that of the New York Ghetto, and we understand that it is one of his pet ambitions to write a play.

The Berlioz Centenary

On December 11th, musical Paris celebrated the centenary of Hector Berlioz, the father of modern instrumentation, who was born in La-Côte-Saint-André, near Grenoble, France, December 11, 1803. Berlioz in addition to being one of the foremost of modern French composers, was a brilliant critic and journalist. After



MR. RUDOLPH BLOCK (BRUNO LESSING).

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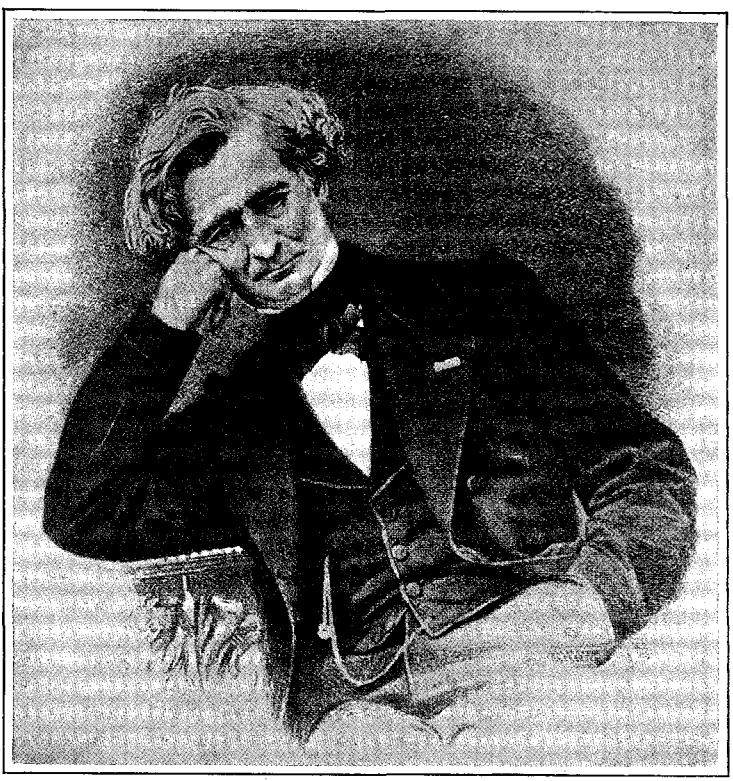
listening at the first night of one of his own operas he would go to the office of the *Journal des Débats* and dash off two columns of appreciation and criticism, a practice of which Thackeray used to write with bitter sarcasm. But Thackeray was in a measure unjust. Berlioz tried to be perfectly honest and candid in discussing his own music, and who was there better fitted for the task? His last years were spent in continual suffering and illness. He died in Paris, March 9, 1869.



HECTOR BERLIOZ. 1803–1869.

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More Royalty in Paris

Paris gave an appropriately royal welcome to the King and Queen of Italy—trimmed the Boulevards with flags, hung the trees with paper flowers each enclosing an electric lamp, and made the Avenue de l'Opéra a blaze of light. It was a pretty spectacle, fit for a queen to see; and evidently, in the minds of the crowd, it was the Queen's fête. The cheers were for her, the street songs were greetings to her, the talk was about her. A pretty little story is told of her visit to the Louvre. She drew away from her escort, and gazed silent at the pictures. Presently her eyes filled with tears. A French officer hastened to her side, but she lifted a repelling hand. "Let me alone for a moment, Monsieur," she said; and then, as the story goes, she turned to him impulsively and added, "Ah, Monsieur, it is not often that I have an opportunity to *be* myself—with fifty people always near me!" Such simple little speeches as this have endeared her to the crowd. But whether the royal visit has been influential in cementing a cordial understanding between France and Italy, is doubtful. The artists who work for the comic papers have taken advantage of the doubt to produce several of those bitter caricatures which Frenchmen permit themselves to draw. The *Assiette au Beurre*, which devotes each issue to some one topic, is particularly disagreeable. One or two of the cartoons only could be reproduced here. There is one entitled

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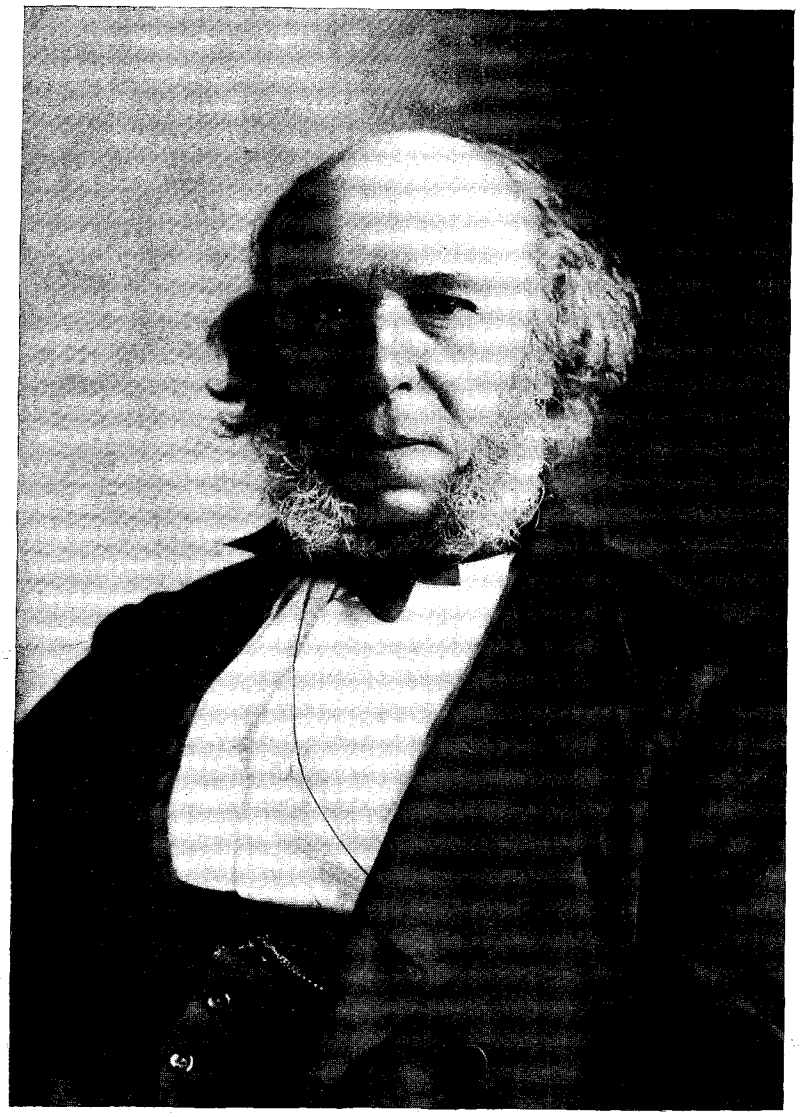
"France as others see her," representing a lady who has just ceased to make herself agreeable to King Edward, and is ready to receive the attention of other monarchs.



THE LATE HERBERT SPENCER.

Whether or not the love of Italy was deep in the French heart during the visit, at all events it evaporated as soon as the royal backs were turned, and all the emotion of Paris was concentrated upon an important walking match for working girls. It was organised in the interests of *le sport*, by a paper devoted to athletics; but it received from all classes of newspapers an attention almost inconceivable to the American mind. The up-to-date name for these working girls—*midinettes*, because they come out at *midi*, and are supposed to be seen in restaurants at their midday meal—was in every one's mouth. Writers of feuilletons seized the word, and the result was an astonishing play of imagination. Midinettes were suddenly hailed as the

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THE RACE IS ON.

NEARING THE FINISH.

LES MIDINETTES OF PARIS.
Mlle. Cheminette, Winner, Marked by a Cross.

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successors of the late lamented grisettes. They were called Mimi Pinson; their tendency towards love affairs was described, as well as their reluctance to hear honeyed words from unpleasing suitors; and their persons were depicted in the rosiest language. One example of hyperbole will perhaps suffice to indicate the lofty strain of poetry which was devoted to the midinette—a feuilletonist went so far as to speak of the "imperceptible feet" of these creatures of romance. Can any one who has noted the enormous size of the Parisian shoe fail to respect the idealism of a writer who can call the feet of these working girls imperceptible, or as another journal has it, *cendrillonesques?*

The question whether they really ought to enter the competition gave rise to grave discussion. The sporting papers pointed out the healthfulness of athletics among women; the other journals mainly opposed the walking match, because it would make the midinettes look bedraggled. Nevertheless, about two thou-

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sand *modistes, fleuristes, couturières, plumassières,* and so on, enrolled themselves for the contest, and of these some five hundred actually heel-and-toed from the gardens of the Tuileries to Nanterre. There was no order in the start; the road was choked with automobiles and carriages, and with the friends of the participants, who were permitted, by the way, to aid with pushes their candidates for the prizes. Nanterre was *en fête* to receive them. The band stand in the main square was adorned with a sign "Homage to the Midinettes," and in the afternoon there was dancing upon the gravel of the square, in the midst of a crowd of onlookers so dense that each midinette and her partner had barely room for spinning round. The restaurants of Nanterre and the *cafés chantants* in Paris were ringing with songs about them. Most of these are not for American readers; but here is one printable example of the kind of poetry inspired by the occasion:

BALLADE POUR LES MIDINETTES.

On les voit dans les Tuileries,
Au Palais-Royal mêmement,
Boulotter des charcuteries,
Quand le temps est assez clément;
Et c'est un spectacle charmant.
De ces spartiates dînettes
La joie est l'assaisonnement:
Amour et los aux midinettes!

Elles vont dans des crémeries
Quand pince le froid véhément,
Et, là, fond des câlineries
Aux chats de l'établissement.
Etant chattes également,
Elles aiment fort les minettes
Qui les caressent lentement;
Amour et los aux midinettes!

Vives, malignes, aguerries,
Qu'un vieux marcheur, imprudemment,
Leur conte des cochonneries,
Elles ripostent, exprimant
Leur dégoût pour un tel amant.
Ces brunettes, ces blondinettes
Se prennent par le sentiment:
Amour et los aux midinettes!

ENVOI.

Princesses! ce poète ment,
Qui vous adresse des sornettes
Et ne s'en va plutôt clamant:
"Amour et los aux midinettes!"

A Tale Once Told

Thirty or forty years ago, long before skyscrapers and rapid transit were thought of, and New York was just a great big growing town, they used to tell a story that was ghastly enough to curdle the blood of the most sceptical and to keep people of nervous temperament awake of nights. Of course, the thing probably never happened, but those who told it were careful to enhance its horror by assuring their hearers that it was an absolute, if inexplicable, occurrence. The tale went that of a summer night a husband and wife returning home from the theatre entered a Fifth Avenue stage far down town and for many blocks were the only occupants. A little above Fourteenth Street, however, the stage came to an abrupt stop, the door was opened, and three young men entered. One of the three had evidently been drinking heavily, for his companions were obliged to help him to his seat. The door was closed behind them and the stage continued its journey northward. About ten blocks farther on, one of the young men rose, and bidding his friends good night, stopped the stage, and alighted. A few minutes later the second of the three said, "Well, good night, Dick," pulled the strap, stepped to the sidewalk, and walked off through one of the side streets. There remained in the stage only the husband and wife and the young man, who was obviously under the influence of liquor, and who sat in a crouching attitude in a corner of the stage under the dim flickering lamp. After a time, the husband noticed that the young man's head seemed to be drooping as if in sleep, and fearing that he might be borne beyond his destination, he rose, tapped him on the shoulder, and called attention to the number of the street they had just passed. There was no response, and the husband repeated his words, leaning over as he did so. Then he suddenly straightened up, turned to his wife, and said quickly, "We will get out here." She began to protest, but he simply repeated his words, pulled the strap, and helped her to alight. As they stood under the corner lamp-post, she turned questioningly and asked him why he insisted on their getting out of the 'bus blocks below their destination.

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"Because," he replied, "that young man's throat was cut from ear to ear."

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The Mysterious Card

That was the story that went the rounds of New York thirty or forty years ago. Ten or twelve years ago they were telling in the Paris clubs a tale equally weird and gruesome. No one knew whence it originated—no one does know whence such stories come—they seem to be evolved out of the air. It had to do with a wealthy American who was passing a few days in Paris before joining his wife who was in London waiting for her husband and for the date of sailing of the ocean steamer that was to bear them to their home. One evening the American having nothing better to do decided that he would seek entertainment at the *Folies Bergères*. As he was sitting comfortably in that place of amusement, sipping a bock and smoking a cigar, his attention was attracted to a very handsome and strikingly attired woman at a nearby table. He studied her discreetly for some time, and noticed that she was throwing occasional glances in his direction and whispering about him to her companions. Suddenly, to his amazement, she rose, walked directly to him, took a card from her case, laid it on the table before him, and then, without a word, passed out of the theatre. The American examined the card on both sides, and found it to be absolutely blank. He was about to throw it away; but reconsidering, thrust it in his pocket, and a little while later, feeling rather tired, left the theatre and returned to his hotel. It was a small establishment, and before retiring, being in a communicative mood, the American had a little chat with the landlord. Among other things he spoke of his experience at the *Folies Bergères* with the mysterious woman and the card. The landlord laughed, and the American to emphasise his point, took the card from his pocket, and threw it on the table. But when the Frenchman saw it, a terrible change came over his countenance. His face was ashen with horror, and without a word he rose and abruptly left the room. The American's amazement at this was heightened into indignation when, a minute later, a waiter appeared and told him that the management insisted that he leave the hotel at once. Puzzled and furious, the American called for a cab, had his trunks brought down from his room, and departed for the Continental. Reaching there, he told his story, which was received with sympathetic wonder and attention. The landlord of the other hotel must have gone crazy, they assured him. To this the American agreed, and to show the absurdity of it all produced the blank and innocent card. To his astonishment, the faces of those about him changed as if by magic. Instead of sympathetic attention, they looked upon him with expressions of the utmost horror and loathing. "Monsieur's pardon, but we find that we are entirely unable to accommodate Monsieur. Monsieur must go elsewhere." Utterly dazed by the turn of events, the American re-entered a cab and told the *cocher* to drive him to the Gare du Nord, took a midnight train, and ten o'clock the next day found himself in London. As he emerged from the Charing Cross Station, who should he encounter but his most intimate friend, and before going to his wife, the American felt that he must make him acquainted with the infamous and inexplicable treatment which he had received in Paris. After hearing the story, the friend whistled, rubbed his head, confessed that he could make nothing of it, and finally asked to see the card. "Here it is," said the American, drawing the bit of blank pasteboard from his pocket, and then to his amazement saw again the old expression of hatred and loathing and horror come over his friend's face, and a minute later he was standing giddy and alone in the street, the whole world reeling about him. He rushed away to find his wife. There, at least, he must find sympathy, consolation, and explanation. To her he breathlessly told the story, and before her threw down the terrible card. She looked upon it and in an instant the loving woman of the minute before was shrinking from him as from some loathsome reptile, her eyes stark and staring with hatred. "Don't touch me! Out of my sight! Never let me see you or hear of you again!"

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Mr. Cleveland Moffett

This was the story that Parisian *flaneurs* told one another, darkly hinting that it was an actual fact. So far as we know, in France the tale never appeared in print. But an industrious American journalist, Mr Cleveland Moffett, being in Paris and hearing the yarn, straightway put it down upon paper. He called it "The Mysterious Card," sent it to a Boston publication that made a speciality of short stories and was at the time offering a prize of one thousand dollars, if we are not mistaken, for the best tale submitted before a certain date. "The Mysterious Card" won the prize, but with his success the troubles of the author began. From all over the country there came ridiculous requests for an explanation of the card. Of course the artistic strength of the tale lay in the fact that there was no explanation, just as Mr. Stockton's "The Lady or the Tiger" was good because the author did not know and did not say which way the choice would be. But people refused to recognise this, and Mr. Moffett was hounded until he consented to write the sequel entitled "The Mysterious Card Unveiled." Thereby he spoiled a very good story, but we are not going to abet his crime by a description of the obnoxious sequel. Apart from this *faux pas,* Mr. Moffett, whose *Careers of Danger and Daring* we were reading the other day, has done a great deal to entitle him to serious consideration in contemporary magazine work. He has made himself in a way a kind of glorified reporter, taking all sorts of uncomfortable risks in his relentless hunt for good "copy." He has been on the deck of turbine boats going at a speed of forty miles an hour; he has entered the cages of wild animals in the company of their trainers; he has sat at the throttles of fast-flying locomotives, and he has stood on narrow ledges at great heights, in order to taste the sensations of the men who build our suspension bridges and our skyscrapers. These are the experiences which would daunt most men, but Mr. Moffett has been repaid. He has got his "copy."

A caricaturist who is doing some exceptionally good work these days, especially at the expense of literary men, is Mr. George Brehm whose cartoons are published in the Indianapolis *Morning Star*. The sketches of Mr. George Barr McCutcheon which appeared in the November number of THE BOOKMAN and of Mr. James Whitcomb Riley, printed in the December issue, were originally drawn for the *Morning Star*.

Mr. White's Truthful Fisherman

According to Mr. Stewart Edward White, it was during his expedition last spring through the King's River Cañon for the purpose of gathering material for *The Mountain,* that he fell in with the hero of this anecdote. The hero in question was a gaunt and grizzled idler who for the last thirty years has been doing as little work as he possibly could and spending the greater part of his time on fishing excursions to the intense disgust of his friends and family. A few years ago he was notorious in his neighbourhood as the concocter of discreditable fish stories. At that time no exaggeration as to the size and weight of his catches could disturb him. He lied about his fish glibly and with relish. The day came, however, when the spirit of revival reached his town, and a sense of his own shamelessness and iniquity dawned upon the old man. He "got religion," and he got it hard. Solemnly he gathered his friends and relatives about him, confessed his shortcomings of the past, and announced forcibly that he never again would lie wantonly about the size of his fish, that he would purchase a pair of scales, and that in future every tale that he told would have upon it the cachet of absolute certainty and truth. By following this course he won a good name in the community and came to be regarded as a man of distinct and unusual probity. This reputation he might have continued to enjoy had not a new-born baby made its appearance in his household. There was the usual flutter of excitement in which some one suggested that the baby should be weighed. The only scales at hand were those which the old man had used to attest his fish yarns, and so they were brought down for the occasion. Ever since the fisherman has been regarded with the old-time scepticism, for

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by his scales the baby was found to weigh forty-three pounds.

According to Professor Matthews

Those persons who are inclined to regard the following tale with any degree of scepticism we refer to Prof. Brander Matthews. It is Professor Matthews who is telling it and who vouches for its truth. We, on our part, disclaim any responsibility. According to the tale, one evening a few weeks ago, Professor Matthews went to dine at a club of which he is a member. We shall not specify the club beyond saying that it was founded by the late Edwin Booth and faces Gramercy Park. After checking his coat and hat, Professor Matthews climbed the short flight of stairs leading to the hall and went through the compartment labelled "M" in the letter box to see if there was any mail for him. Among the letters he found one which when opened proved to be a rather peremptory request from a tailor for the settlement of a bill. This proved puzzling, because the name of the tailor was entirely unknown to him, and the dun was evidently a mistake. After studying it over for a minute, he looked again at the envelope and found that he had accidentally taken a letter intended for another member, so he put back the bill in the envelope and returned it to the compartment. As Professor Matthews turned to go into the reading room he noticed that the man to whom the letter had been sent was right at his heels. This man went through the "M" compartment, picked out the letter which Professor Matthews had returned, walked into the reading room where a number of clubmen were sitting about the open fire, read the letter through twice very carefully, discreetly tore it into little bits, and with a knowing wink and the smile of an invincible conqueror commented: "Poor silly little girl!"

The Late Henry Seton Merriman

The unexpected news of Mr. Seton Merriman's death at the early age of forty, was received with deep regret by a very wide circle of readers in this country. Mr. Seton Merriman, whose real name was Hugh Scott, was one of the most unassuming and most retiring of men. He was very rarely seen in literary clubs and gatherings, and about two years ago he built for himself a beautiful house in Suffolk, not far from Ipswich. It was there he died, after having undergone two operations for appendicitis. Mr. Seton Merriman, as he would prefer to be called, disliked publicity to an excessive and almost morbid degree. Indeed, it is said that when he knew he was dying, he asked the watchers round his bed to supply no information about him to the newspapers. Though he was brought up in business, he had a link of connection with literature in the fact that the late Mr. W. L. Thomas, founder of the *Graphic*, was his uncle. His earliest productions first saw the light in the columns of the *Graphic*. When he began to write books he kept the secret even from his own family, though he could not hide his literary inclinations. From his youth he was delicate, suffering from a weak heart. His first book, which he suppressed, was the story of a gifted young man who never did what his friends expected from him, took no pleasure in his successes, and showed no eagerness to follow them up. It turned out when he died that he had known for some years that he could not live long, as he suffered from an obscure and deadly form of heart disease. This chilled his interest in life. In this book, Mr. Merriman was certainly autobiographical. It was his own experience.

At first he made but slow progress in the favour of the public, but by the time he died, he was one of the most popular of living novelists, and was gaining ground steadily. As a mere story teller he was surpassed by few living writers. Many objected to the abundance of his reflections, but to others they were at least provocative of thought, and especially pleasing was the uniformly high, gentle, and dignified tone of all his books. This reflected the character of the writer. In his rare appearances in the London clubs he was one of the most unassuming and friendly of men. Though avoiding literary circles, he made some close literary friendships, particularly with Mr.

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Stanley Weyman. Another friend was Mr. Rider Haggard, who lived some forty miles away. Mr. Seton Merriman, though delicate, was by no means an invalid, and in the delightful Suffolk home which he and his wife planned, he indulged himself in the recreation of golf. He was also much addicted to travelling. The novelist's wife, with whom deep sympathy will be felt, is a daughter of a clergyman of the Church of England, and sister of the accomplished lady who has just published an able memoir of Voltaire. This sister, under the pseudonym, S. G. Tallentyre, co-operated with her brother-in-law in the production of a series of sketches, entitled *The Money Spinner.*

❧

The Profession of Publicist

We should like to call the attention of our readers to an article in the December number of the *Atlantic Monthly.* It is entitled "The Profession of Publicist," and is signed by Mr. Arthur Reed Kimball. Not in a long time have we found so clean-cut a piece of writing and so much "straight talk." The article was suggested by the establishment of the new School of Journalism at Columbia University. Mr. Kimball takes a pessimistic view of journalism as a profession, and he says some very interesting things about it. The following paragraph may be quoted as illustrating Mr. Kimball's point of view.

❧

The phrase "newspaper property" of itself suggests a necessary limitation to the possibilities of establishing the profession of publicist in the sphere of journalism. Only by the happy chance of a broad-minded and high-minded ownership of the "property" employing him, or by the rarer chance of being himself admitted to a share in the ownership, can such a publicist, however competent, enjoy that degree of independence which is the distinguishing mark of professional life. A certain latitude of treatment may be accorded in specially favored places of peculiar responsibility, as to the long-time correspondent; or the valued editorial writer or critic may be permitted to choose his subjects, and thus escape self-stultification in what he writes; but beyond that, liberty of expression can seldom go. The lawyer, the doctor, the minister, the engineer, the artist, the man of science, the actor, the musician, even the teacher, all look forward to a time, which with some of them begins with the beginning of professional life, when individuality shall have free play in work,—the charm of a professional career in that it is an embodiment of individuality. The more competent a man has made himself through study and training, the more he covets and claims this independence. In professions where, as in the higher branches of teaching, such independence has been at times invaded, where "academic freedom" has been violated under pressure of external control suggesting a control to which journalism is constantly subject, the voice of general protest is quick to make itself heard, and, in instances, has found concrete expression in the appointment, by colleagues, of a committee of inquiry. This is the proper response of professional pride to any menace of that *esprit de corps* which differentiates the profession from the occupation. It is true, of course, that there remains to the journalist a wide range of innocuous subjects, the opportunity to spend time on the preparation of articles informing or amusing, work more or less attractive according to individual aptitude. To these subjects no such restraint applies since they contribute only incidentally to determining the character, and still less, the policy, of the paper, and hence are a negligible quantity. But in so far as this class of articles is chosen by a journalist as his specialty, they obviously remove him from the profession of publicist, however broadly inclusive may be the meaning attaching to that loosely used phrase.

❧

Mr. Kimball goes on to say that the journalist not only merges his individuality in that of the newspaper for which he works, but furthermore, that no adequate compensations of a pecuniary nature are given to him as an offset for this lack of popular recognition. He tells an interesting anecdote:

❧

The crux of the question was touched by a brilliant journalist, the late John Swinton, for many years managing editor of the New York *Sun,* in a retort on Mr. Dana. "Swinton," said Mr. Dana one day, "I need a first-class editorial writer. Have you one to recommend?" "How much are you willing to pay, Mr. Dana?" asked Mr. Swinton. "For a first-class man $125 a week," was the reply. "But you cannot get a first-class man for that," protested Mr. Swinton.

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"Why not?" asked Mr. Dana. "That is what I pay you, and don't you consider yourself a first-class man?" "No, Mr. Dana," rejoined Mr. Swinton. "If I were a 'first-class man' I should be paying you $125 a week." That $125 a week practically marked the limit of Mr. Swinton's opportunity, as it may be said to mark the limit of the same quality of brains in journalism to-day; and also the limit of something far more vital, for the difference between a Dana and a Swinton defines status.

❧

This is the same cruel fact accentuated which years ago pointed Thackeray's contemptuous fling, that Pendennis eked out his narrow income from book-reviewing "by occasional contributions of leading articles to the *Journal* when, without hurting the paper, this eminent publicist could conscientiously speak his mind." The conditions then being what they are, and what, for any sign to the contrary, they must long continue to be, it is futile to attempt through a special school to raise journalism to the rank of a profession. Such a school, whatever the problematical value of its training in technique, cannot give its graduate professional prestige, for that in all the professions has lost the significance of popular recognition. It cannot for the same reason give him professional authority. It cannot give him the chance of large professional reward, for that is determined by the returns of an uncertain, and often unprofitable, business. It cannot give him professional opportunity, for independence of view is controlled by the policy of the editor, who is either the owner of the paper or the representative of the capital invested in it. Under such limitations of career, journalism must increasingly repel the men to whom naturally it would most appeal, the men to whom it owes the largest share of its influence in the past, the men to whom it should look to give it character in the future.

❧

We have quoted with such fullness from Mr. Kimball's article, because the newspapers generally will pass it over in silence. There is so much truth in it that the editors and owners in their cowardice will shrink from this unsparing revelation of their methods and their limitations. We shall ourselves have something to say upon the subject before very long; and in the meantime we advise every one who is interested in the contemporary press to read what Mr. Kimball has written so frankly and forcibly.

Thomas Nelson Page Replies

A great many letters have been received in this office on the subject of the author's attitude toward the men and women who review his books and the replies to the questions which we asked from the pens of Mr. James Lane Allen, Mr. Owen Wister, Gertrude Atherton, Mr. F. Marion Crawford, Mr. Jack London, Mr. Charles Major, Mr. Stewart Edward White, Mr. Thomas Dixon, Jr., Mr. Herman Knickerbocker Vielé, Mrs. S. P. McLean Greene, and Mr. David Graham Phillips. In addition to these personal letters the whole matter has been much discussed and quoted in the newspapers. While it was our original intention merely to acquaint our readers with the opinions of some of the representative writers, we should be very glad to hear what others, whether they have done literary work or not, have to say on the subject. To all such we call attention to the fact that the series of questions originally sent out is to be found in the November number. A somewhat belated but very welcome response is that of Mr. Thomas Nelson Page, which we herewith present.

❧

To the Editors of THE BOOKMAN:

I have only twice subscribed to notices of my books. Once was, when I had a novel running as a serial; the other time was, when I brought out a novel dealing with conditions more recent than I had ever attempted to describe before.

From these reviews I should imagine that most of the writers must have read the books they reviewed, but that their opinions as to fiction were more or less formed already. They have appeared not at all inclined to pick out, for adverse criticism, certain passages in which they have found unimportant blemishes. Many of them appear to have found blemishes enough without doing much "picking." A fair proportion of the reviews have struck me as having something in them, while some contain sound, and, a few, even acute criticism.

My estimate of the reviews of my last book is that about one-third of them are entirely flattering; one-third damn it heartily and completely, while the remaining third make a serious effort at real criticism; so some of them must have been about right.

From these reviews I am confirmed in the opinion, to which I have long been inclined,

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that the taste for books is within certain limits as personal as the taste for material food. Some persons like their game fresh, others like it best when the feathers are about to drop out. Views of books are as likely to vary as views of the tariff or views of bonnets. I fancy, moreover, that a good deal depends on the mood and circumstances under which the reviewer has read a book. Not infrequently the same mail has brought clippings from different newspapers which varied all the way from praise, too strong even for an author's stomach, to fierce denunciation. I know one author who decidedly prefers the former to the latter, but, possibly, the latter is the more wholesome.

One of the most interesting notices received was an editorial from the Saint Paul *Globe*. It praised warmly the Board of Public Libraries, which, it stated, had properly excluded the book from the libraries of that city, and it wound up by declaring that the book ought to be "gibbeted in chains." I confess that I do not think the work merited this unusual and cruel punishment. Now, if he had simply said lynching! Nor do I believe this particular book to be in truth a "dime novel," which several critics called it. Still I am not very familiar with that class of literature. I rather prefer the charge made against it by a number of papers, that it was too "old-fashioned." This contained the consoling admission that I had succeeded, at least, in a small measure in what I had attempted to do—write an old-fashioned novel of old-fashioned people.

Far be it from me, however, to question the right of any person to his opinion upon any subject which is not against good morals. Certainly I shall not quarrel with any one because he does not like my books. If I had to read and review a basketful of books a week, and said anything good about a novel of over five hundred pages, it would have to be in my sleep.

Newspaper reviews do not seem to me generally so thoughtful or so critical as those which find their way into the more serious magazines. In the nature of things they would not be. But there are notable exceptions to this rule. The reviewer, who, *me judice*, speaks with more authority than any other in the country, is a regular contributor to one of the great New York dailies. Mr. Dana once said of him that he had reviewed every important work that had appeared in twenty years and had never forgotten anything he had read.

As to whether critics appear to me to miss the underlying meaning of my books, I would say that I try not to have any underlying meaning. Whatever meaning my books have, I strive to make as plain as possible, and if the critics miss it I charge the fault against myself, not against them. My design is to picture life as it appeals to me and as it appears to me, and to show that whatever its hardships may be, it is after all worth living. Such measure of success as I have had has surprised me quite as much as it could surprise any one else. All I can claim is that I have never slurred a piece of work, or let a piece go out of my hands until I have done my best on it at that time, though as soon as it appears in print I always seem to find a thousand things I might have bettered, and am, therefore, rather glad that the critics in general find no more than they do find.

The only notices with which I have any serious quarrel are those which bear on their face the fool's stamp of cock-sureness, and those of the "greatest-novel-of-the-age" class. The former may be brayed in the mortar and will still show the mark of a fool, and the latter tend to deceive the public.

On the whole, I fancy I shall have to write another book and take advantage of all the advice that has been given me.

Thos. Nelson Page.

Revising Dead Authors

The literary commentators in the daily press have been sharpening their pens at the expense of Mr. Cyrus Townsend Brady because this gentleman has published a revised and somewhat abridged edition of Dr. Samuel Warren's famous novel, *Ten Thousand a Year*. Mr. Brady has been called presumptuous and sacrilegious, and various other names, and the task which he took upon himself seems to excite a good deal of merriment. We have not read Mr. Brady's revised version, and therefore we do not know with how much discretion he has carried out his purpose; but, assuming that he did it well, there is no doubt that it was a very good thing to do. Dr. Warren originally wrote his book back in 1839 with the definite political purpose of supporting the Conservative measures of Lord Derby. In so far as the book served that end it was ephemeral and contained much matter which to-day is absolutely without interest to any one. All that one cares about now is the story of Tittlebat Titmouse, stripped of every-

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thing which obscures the portrait of a typical parvenu. This part of the book is perpetually true and therefore perpetually interesting. All the rest of it is rubbish. As a matter of fact, there are not a few well-known but obsolescent authors who could be made popular once more if a practiced hand and unerring taste could be brought to the task of pruning away that part of them which belongs exclusively to their own time. For example, if some one would only take the works of Fenimore Cooper in hand and translate a lot of their stilted dialogue into the sort of language that human beings really speak, it would be a service to literature. Whenever Cooper is telling the story of a sea-fight or an Indian ambush, and when some of his genuine creations, such as Long Tom Coffin and Leatherstocking appear upon the scene, everything moves with the fire and briskness of actual life. But when his young men and his young women get to talking, or when some of his ordinary civilians of mature age become eloquent, then we have pages upon pages of intolerable pomposity which one is tempted to skip even though in skipping, the thread of the narrative is lost. Take, for instance, the beginning of *The Pilot*. Katherine Plowden, an impulsive girl, is speaking to Barnstable, a young naval officer. Here is a bit of their conversation as given by Cooper:

"Come, Katherine," he said, "the time urges to be prompt."

"What pressing necessity is there for immediate departure?" she inquired, checking his movements by withdrawing herself from his side.

"You heard the ominous prognostic of my cockswain on the weather, and I am forced to add my own testimony to his opinion. 'Tis a crazy night that threatens us, though I cannot repent of coming into the bay, since it has led to this interview."

"Ominous prognostic," is good. We should translate this passage as follows:

"Come along, Katherine," he said. "We haven't a minute to lose."

"Why are you in such a hurry?" she asked, checking his advance by turning from him.

"You heard what my cockswain said about the storm, and I believe he's right. We're going to have an awful night. All the same, I'm not sorry I came up the bay, for otherwise I shouldn't have met you."

Successful Fiction of 1903

Now that the time has come again to turn over the numbers of the magazine during the past twelve months for the purpose of reading the story of a year's successful books, we are obliged to preface our paragraphs with the customary observation that the subject has very little to do with permanent literature, but is of importance primarily because it furnishes so many curious contrasts and comparisons, and because it is a record of undoubted value to those who have an interest in what the "great selling" novel is, and what makes it a "great selling" novel. Taken as a whole, 1903 has differed very little from the four or five years preceding, except that the record of sales shows that it is no longer easy to take a mediocre novel and by the mere force of lavish exploitation and ingenuity of advertising methods induce the reading public to accept and buy it as an exceptional work of fiction. People are beginning to demand something more than gaudy wrappers, posters by the "best illustrators," and reading notices studded with superlatives. Which is a little something over which we may feel pleased. Then another feature of much more importance is the consistent good work that is being done by the men who go out of the beaten and conventional path to find their material—the men who write of trails, and of the Northland, and of remote seas—the men whose industry and energy have made the quest of new local colour so baffling, as Mr. Wallace Irwin complained in his poem in our December issue. The work of such writers as Richard Harding Davis, Stewart Edward White, Jack London, John Fox, Jr., Joseph Conrad, Owen Wister, A. J. Dawson, Lloyd Osbourne, and Bruno Lessing is of undoubted importance. They are succeeding admirably in bringing the strange and the far-off corners of the earth very close to us. It is the writer who is trying to paint the life we all of us know at first hand, the tragedy that is going on in the house at the corner, or in the flat overhead, who is failing to "make good."

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Those writers from whom we have come to expect a book or two every year have, in the main, not disappointed us. Mr. Kipling published nothing of any length during 1903, which may mean that we are to have something to look forward to in 1904. From Mr. George Meredith and Mr. Thomas Hardy, nothing; but this was not in the nature of a surprise. Mr. Henry James was as usual industrious, and Mrs. Humphry Ward had the success to which she has become accustomed with *Lady Rose's Daughter.* Sir Arthur Conan Doyle revived his Napoleonic hero, the *Brigadier Gerard,* and is now in the full swing of a new series of tales about Sherlock Holmes. As to American writers, Mr. F. Marion Crawford brought out his expected novel of Italian life, Mr. James Lane Allen broke the silence of three years with *The Mettle of the Pasture,* Mr. John Fox, Jr., produced in *The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come,* a novel very much out of the ordinary, Mr. Howell's *Letters Home* elicited much high appreciation, and in *The Forest,* Mr. Stewart Edward White wrote a book which is far from being merely one of the books of a year. Mr. Davis's *The Bar Sinister* and Mr. Tarkington's *Cherry* we read and enjoyed long before they ever appeared in bindings of their own. We agreed with all of our readers that Jack London's *The Call of the Wild* was a rattling good dog story, and that it was a downright pleasure to be enabled to meet again Mr. F. Hopkinson Smith's Colonel Carter, and to share the hospitality which he extended to that reprobate Klutchen, even though *Colonel Carter's Christmas* seemed to lack something of the spontaneity and genuineness of *Colonel Carter of Cartersville.*

In the list of the best-selling books at the end of THE BOOKMAN for January of last year first place was held by *The Virginian*—a position which Mr. Wister's popular novel had occupied in every number since August. Mr. Tarkington's *The Two Vanrevels* was second, twenty-four points behind, and then followed *Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch, The Blue Flower, The Letters of a Self Made Merchant,* and *Cecilia* in the order named. In the February number *The Virginian* had dropped to third place, although having twenty-six more points to its credit than the month before, with *Mrs. Wiggs* first and *The Blue Flower* second. In the months of March and April Mr. Frank Norris's *The Pit* held the lead, being closely followed by *Mrs. Wiggs* and *The Virginian* in the first month and by *The Virginian* and *The Letters of a Self Made Merchant* in the second. May showed a close competition between *Lovey Mary* and *Lady Rose's Daughter,* there being a difference of only seven points in favour of Miss Hegan's book. This order was reversed in both the June and July issues, when *Lady Rose's Daughter* had 244 and 193 points respectively, as against 215 and 125 points for *Lovey Mary.* In August *Gordon Keith* forged far to the front, *Lady Rose's Daughter* being a poor second, and *Lovey Mary* being forced down to sixth place. *Gordon Keith* remained in first place in the September issue, but in October was passed by Mr. Allen's *The Mettle of the Pasture* which was also the leading book in the November lists. The other best selling books were, in the order named, *Gordon Keith, The One Woman, The Call of the Wild, The Grey Cloak,* and *The Lightning Conductor,* for October; and *The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come, The One Woman, Gordon Keith, The Call of the Wild,* and *The Main Chance.* The order for December was: 1. *The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come.* 2. *The Call of the Wild.* 3. *Rebecca.* 4. *The One Woman.* 5. *The Adventures of Gerard.* 6. *The Sherrods.*

JANUARY.

1. The Virginian	160
2. The Two Vanrevels	134
3. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch	106
4. The Blue Flower	98
5. The Letters of a Self Made Merchant	74
6. Cecilia	55

FEBRUARY.

1. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch	210
2. The Blue Flower	192
3. The Virginian	186
4. Wanted: A Chaperon	8[illegible]
5. An Old Sweetheart of Mine	65
6. Glengarry School Days	61

MARCH.

1. The Pit	188
2. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch	168
3. The Virginian	135
4. The Letters of a Self Made Merchant	110

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5. Glengarry School Days..... 56
6. The Blue Flower..... 50

APRIL.

1. The Pit..... 259
2. The Virginian..... 120
3. The Letters of a Self Made Merchant 115
4. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch... 107
5. The Leopard's Spots..... 37
6. The Spenders..... 34

MAY.

1. Lovey Mary..... 272
2. Lady Rose's Daughter..... 265
3. The Pit..... 175
4. The Letters of a Self Made Merchant 90
5. Under the Rose..... 57
6. The Circle..... 54

JUNE.

1. Lady Rose's Daughter..... 244
2. Lovey Mary..... 215
3. Under the Rose..... 129
4. The Pit..... 104
5. Conjuror's House..... 58
6. The Filigree Ball..... 43

JULY.

1. Lady Rose's Daughter..... 195
2. Lovey Mary..... 123
3. Under the Rose..... 97
4. Darrel of the Blessed Isles..... 73
5. & 6. The Filigree Ball..... 56
5. & 6. Wee Macgreegor..... 56

AUGUST.

1. Gordon Keith..... 229
2. Lady Rose's Daughter..... 117
3. The Grey Cloak..... 102
4. The Filigree Ball..... 64
5. The Under Dog..... 61
6. Lovey Mary..... 59

SEPTEMBER.

1. Gordon Keith..... 237
2. The Mettle of the Pasture..... 150
3. The Grey Cloak..... 88
4. The Filigree Ball..... 80
5. Lady Rose's Daughter..... 74
6. The Main Chance..... 50

OCTOBER.

1. The Mettle of the Pasture..... 221
2. Gordon Keith..... 207
3. The One Woman..... 164
4. The Call of the Wild..... 77
5. The Grey Cloak..... 69
6. The Lightning Conductor..... 66

NOVEMBER.

1. The Mettle of the Pasture..... 161
2. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come..... 144
3. The One Woman..... 120
4. Gordon Keith..... 115
5. The Call of the Wild..... 104
6. The Main Chance..... 95

DECEMBER.

1. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come..... 205
2. The Call of the Wild..... 91
3. Rebecca..... 69
4. The One Woman..... 65
5. The Adventures of Gerard..... 61
6. The Sherrods..... 60

A compilation from the above tables yields the following results:

Five Times Mentioned.

Lady Rose's Daughter.

Four Times Mentioned.

The Virginian, Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch, The Letters of a Self Made Merchant to His Son, The Pit, Lovey Mary, The Filigree Ball, Gordon Keith.

Three Times Mentioned.

The Blue Flower, Under the Rose, The Grey Cloak, The Mettle of the Pasture, The One Woman, The Call of the Wild.

Twice Mentioned.

Glengarry School Days, The Main Chance, The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come.

Once Mentioned.

The Two Vanrevels, Cecilia, Wanted: A Chaperon, An Old Sweetheart of Mine, The Leopard's Spots, The Spenders, The Circle, Conjurer's House, Darrel of the Blessed Isles, Wee Macgreegor, The Under Dog, The Lightning Conductor, Rebecca, The Adventures of Gerard, The Sherrods.

During 1903 there was no single book which had the uninterrupted run month after month in the "six best-selling books" such as *Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch* had in 1902, and *When Knighthood Was in Flower* had in 1899 and 1900. *Knighthood* appeared in fourteen consecutive lists and *Mrs. Wiggs* in twelve. *Lady Rose's Daughter* the most consistent book of 1903, appeared in but five. Thirty-two different books are to be found in the above tables, as against twenty-eight last year, and twenty-nine in 1901. Of these, twenty-seven were written by American authors, and if you will look back to the records of six or seven years ago, when the authors whose books our reading public was buying were

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Sienkiewicz and Barrie and Ian Maclaren and Marie Corelli and Hall Caine, and when the American tale spinner was very much in the background, you will realise that this statement has some significance. The only strikingly successful book by an English author was *Lady Rose's Daughter,* and of the other three writers in England, we can claim one, *The Lightning Conductor,* as half American in authorship. Last year twenty-three were by Americans and five by Europeans, and in 1901 the figures were nineteen to ten. When we come to the matter of sex we find that twenty-five were written by men and six by women, *The Lightning Conductor,* of course, being the joint effort of a husband and a wife. On this point, 1903 did not greatly differ from 1900 and 1901.

A RECIPE FOR CERTAIN SOCIETY FICTION.

Take three parts so-called Society
(Choose it just a trifle shady)
Then a pinch of impropriety
(If in doubt, divorce the lady!)

Have a *roué,* who engages
To undo some maid's salvation:
(Make 'em wait for sixty pages
Larded well with French translation!)

Put her in a *devilish* pickle;
Carry on, say, like a Cenci;
(Epigram through this must trickle,
Pungent, and—er—rather Frenchy!)

Talk in millions, debonairly,
(Morgan?—pooh, a Lilliputian!)
Though your attic ink-pot barely
Turns the page without dilution!

Then a yacht—one scene aquatic—
Drag in Newport, Lenox, Aiken;
(If uncertain, turn erotic;
Love-scene *always* saves your bacon!)

Callow youths, and maids romantic,
Who know less of life than art yet,
One and all then will grow frantic
At "true scenes of Gotham's Smart Set!"

Arthur Stringer.

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THE LITERARY TEMPERAMENT.

THE young hero of Mr. Howell's *Letters Home* is so literary that he can dine gloriously at a fifty-cent table d'hôte, where on Fridays he mistakes clam chowder for *bouillabaisse* and feels like Thackeray when he is eating it. Every one he meets is a "type" and every emotion is "material." When consumed by passion he is not too preoccupied to note how that passion would look in print, and when attacked by the influenza he turns his delirium into "copy" that no magazine would refuse. He is not especially gifted. He has the temperament without the gifts. A genius writes in the overflow of life and seems to forget he is writing, but our hero could never do that. With him the phrase must always come first; his mind is book-bitten and he is doomed to edit his life in advance. Hence he never will altogether live. People of the literary temperament seldom do quite live. They are impeded by a too persistent pen-consciousness which is the spiritual form of writer's cramp, and while others may merely feel they must be making phrases as well as feeling. So by dividing the mind they lower the pulse, and they are always a little below their vital capacity. If it is a love affair, a part of the creature is taking notes and down goes his temperature; if it is an agony he must see to it that it bring forth fruit meet for publication. "I was as miserable," says this Wallace Ardith in *Letters Home,* "as a guilty wretch can be and be conscious of his innocence, but my confounded mind kept taking notes of the situation and in a hideous way rejoicing in it as material." Mr. Howells meant him for a young man, but he might be as old as Mr. Howells himself. He comes from a town in Iowa but he might as well have been born in Thrums. The essential thing is his ingrained literosity.

We should have liked to see him hanged in the end like Sentimental Tommy, but Mr. Howells seemed rather fond of him. He showed the clemency of introspection. Few authors wish to hang their Sentimental Tommies after confessing them. Mr. Barrie is the only Brutus among novelists, and you cannot read that book of his without hearing his self-love groan aloud. To the unliterary reader Tommy is merely a vain young man, who might even be a hero if the author would let him alone, but whenever he is most heroic Mr. Barrie is most incredulous. It was a grand deed, to be sure, he will say, but Tommy would never have done it, if there had been no women around; and had there been no public, there would have been no Tommy at all, for he could do nothing for its own sake—not even draw a natural breath—but only for the sake of having it known that Tommy did it. Straightforward inartistic folk cannot make out what all this sarcasm is about, but the literary temperament blushes up to the roots of its hair when it reads it. The book was never adequately reviewed. It was too brutally intimate and indelicately true, too terribly authorish for any other author to deal with frankly and retain his self-esteem, and for any one not an author or an observer of authors to understand. Tommy is practically thrown away on any reader who has not at least a literary temperament in the family.

The trouble with Tommy was simply that he had no private life. Every motive was forked like the devil's tail and he did nothing without reference to a bystander. The eternal bystander is the peculiar gift of the literary temperament. Stevenson's fancy would have peopled a desert isle, not that he might look at them but that they might see Stevenson. Alone under the sky the literary temperament still hopes it may be discovered, and fancies itself discovered when it has given up hope. In the fifth century A.D. Tommy would have been a pillar saint and stood on one leg and let the other rot off, not at all in the fear of the Lord, but in the sense of the crowd below and the high hope that some day there would be a Saint Thomas of Thrums. If there

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had been no crowd below, Tommy would have invented one.

The loss of the private life is the chief danger of the literary temperament. Even Shakespeare feared it when he wrote that his nature was subdued to what it worked in like the dyer's hand. "The world is too much with us," said Wordsworth suddenly aware that the public had grown into him and that his soul had no songs without words and that the primrose on the river's brim a four-line stanza was to him and nothing more. Had it not been for that he would have had glimpses, standing on that pleasant lea, that would have made him less forlorn. But writers of this class are in no real danger. The risk is run on the lower plane, where life, like a magazine poem, is written before it is felt and thoughts are tried on like hats to see if they are becoming and the land is only local colour and the sea is made of ink. That is where the Tommies are, among the best-selling heroes of the week, the impersonal ghosts of current literature, each trying to pick out a soul that the reading public would like the look of.

"Now you're looking holy again," said the exasperated Aaron when Tommy was planning some conspicuous nobility and resolving in his mind to look the part and seeing it all in type and hearing the reader's comments on it. The private life of the two Carlyles must have been full of these little calamities, and it certainly was not genius that made the pair so uncomfortable. We all love the illusion of spontaneity and like to believe that the poet's eye doth actually glance from Heaven to earth instead of glancing sidewise at the onlooker. It is not pleasant to ascertain that Poe's *Raven* would not have been written if he had not happened to observe that "Nevermore" would make a musical refrain and "Lenore" rhymed with it and that he brought in the raven only because nothing but a raven would be at all likely to ejaculate "nevermore" at regular intervals, except possibly a parrot, and a parrot would not rhyme with Lenore. Poe's description of his processes set many minor poets working wrong-end-to. Nor do we like to read how Burke generously tinkered poor Crabbe's poem and Johnson lent his heavy hand and Crabbe accepted everything as more likely to beguile the public, forgetting by that time that he had started out with anything of his own. But while the most gifted sometimes sink to it, the merely clever never rise above it and they leave you wondering whether there is anything in them that the public did not put there. That is why Miss Emily Dickinson exclaimed that she liked a look of agony because she knew it was real and why Kingsley advised everybody to be only good and "let who will be clever," and why Hotspur called poetry the "forced gait of a shuffling nag" and why sometimes after a brilliant literary meeting where authors read their papers our heart goes out to the simple and spontaneous, natural and single-minded cow who never flourishes her tail for our sakes but to remove from her actual haunches an authenticated fly. The literary emotions are so seldom authenticated in the secondary ranges of art.

Frank Moore Colby.

ALFRED HENRY LEWIS.*

WOLFVILLE, Days and Nights, illuminated the cowboy more humourously than any other writer has succeeded in doing. The stories were fresh and "out doors," and their new slang amusing and delightful. They have lived beyond the usual book life, nowadays, and have deserved their success. In coming to New York from the West, Mr. Lewis seems, in his effort to illuminate Tammany (perhaps unfortunately for the reader) to have dropped his humour, and in *The Boss*, to have taken up a sterner matter—satire. The book is the autobiography of a Tammany savage. The boss is a Celtic aborigine, with the treachery, the cunning, the taciturnity, the lawlessness, of an Iroquois. If

* The Boss, and how he came to rule New York, by Alfred Henry Lewis.—A. S. Barnes & Co.

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there is a laugh in Mr. Lewis's new book, it is a satirical laugh at the "reputable" citizen of New York, and the laugh is still on us *citoyens*—since we seem as yet to be unable to tame the Tammany savage and reduce him to law and order.

The style of the book is unfortunate. Fresh from his cheap political life of Croker (1901), and his flimsy *Peggy O'Neal* (1902), Mr. Lewis made, we believe, a mistake—not in putting his narrative into the mouth of a savage—but a savage who is top heavy with sorrow and sentiment, gloomy with remorse, while tenderly affectionate with his women, his "Apple Cheek," his Anne, and his "Blossom;" and who oddly talks the archaic and turgid English of an eighteenth century parson. He has painted his sketches of "Big Kennedy," his police captains, his "plug-uglies," his Old Mikes, Sheeny Joes, and his Gothecores, with a surer touch. Even his dandiacal Young Morton, as a "variety" sketch, seems hardly overdone, but his Boss, take him all in all, seems a monster—unhuman. Mr. Lewis, in fact, in aiming at impressiveness, overdoes it. The Boss's cynicism is not overdone, but his Indian stoicism, his tender sensibility, and his final awful solemnity, are out of drawing. The Tammany Boss has always been, we have been led to believe, an essentially blunt, matter-of-fact, semi-humourous personage. He never really quite takes himself seriously. Like Byron's buccaneer, he's "the mildest mannered man that ever scuttled ship or cut a throat." Big Kennedy, the genial Irish boss, *the* boss succeeds, is the truer type. But *The Boss,* being possibly a conglomerate, has the most contradictory characteristics, and all the distorted effects of such a combination.

Of course Mr. Lewis may be justified; he may have made his study at close quarters. Forty millions of money wrongfully absorbed from the "body politic" may produce a certain awful solemnity in the absorber, and compel him to use in a sort of self-defense when he speaks or writes, the ponderous English of other days. He may seek to shroud himself in a garment of mystery and awe, just as did the Augurs of old, as Big Kennedy would say, "to keep the people guessing." In Mr. Lewis's *Boss* the attitude seems more nearly allied to the gloomy majesty of Mrs. Wilfer and her lofty glares.

In the preface, the boss himself seems to realise his lack of easy style, his lack of "skill of pen and ink." He tells us his own "phrasing would fail to be disreputable, and the story itself turn involved and to step on its own toes, and mayhap with the last of it to fall flat on its face unable to proceed at all," so the Boss tells us he gets Mr. Lewis, "one who makes print his trade, to write these pages for me." But Mr. Lewis writes them, mayhap and peradventure, after he is so saturated with the defects of the old savage's archaic method, that his narration can hardly be distinguished from the preface itself—confessedly composed by the Boss. The phrasing is involved and steps on its own toes, and mayhap falls flat enough, were it not for the conversations of the minor characters which are in keeping, and unusually good. When any one speaks but the Boss—we can fancy ourselves among the Tammany hybrids of to-day. When the Boss "sermonises," we go back to the last century. We credit Mr. Lewis with a desire to be strictly literary and not newspapery, and to have chosen the curious "Stepping on its own toes" style, out of a natural fear of falling into (*Odi profanum!*) Reporter English. But in doing this he has run a great risk; he has weakened his effect; he has made his book appear dull, when it is anything but dull. We will go as far as saying that his curious, fatuous turgidity has almost spoiled what might have been a satire worthy as *Hudibras,* in its day, or as the *Biglow Papers.* Tammany is the mark for satire. As it is, one rises from the book wearied by the style and rather wearied also with the depressing state of our American, democratic, metropolitan civilisation. Our condition seems hopeless. The book does not rouse us. What, then, has become of the new "liberty" prated about so greatly a hundred and twenty years ago? Where are the rights of the citizen to say and do as he may please within the law? What has become of "Justice," when judges are bought, juries bribed, legislatures openly sold, when "politics" are none other than "how to safely steal from the body politic?" Lowell said somewhere, "Democracy must show its

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capacity for producing not a higher average man, but the highest possible types of manhood in all its possible varieties, or it is a failure." By this severe test, so far, in this city, democracy is a contemptible failure—our standard of men in politics is low—it is the standard of the worst citizen—the plumber, the carpenter, who cheat and steal, the workman who robs his employer, the trust magnate who sells watered stock, and cheats the tax collector—the briber of judges and juries, the standard of the rascal and the pander.

In his top-heavy English, the Boss says (p. 9), "I would have you pardon me a first defensive word. Conceiving that in the theory of politics whatever the practise may discover, there is such a commodity as morals and such a ware as truth, and remembering how much as the Chief of Tammany Hall I have been condemned by purists and folk voluble for reform as a fashion of City Satan, striving for all that was ebon in local conditions and control, I would remind the reader—hoping his mind to be unbiassed and that he will hold fairly the scales for me—that both morals and truth as questions will ever depend for their answer on environment and point of view. The morality of one man is the sin of another, and the truth in this mouth is the serpent lie in that."

That there is no such thing as absolute truth outside of mathematics, has been contended for, since the world began. Morals, Lecky tells us, are subject to evolution like man's physical nature. The morals of one age are thought unfit for the next. But in Tammany, we have the barbarisms of the savage, exhibited as a product of the present day of supposed enlightenment. Tammany is an anachronism, we claim. Yet are we "reputable citizens," so much above the organisation's ideal, when, for example, ninety-five per cent. of us go down each April and perjure ourselves over personal taxes? "Speaking of reform," says Young Morton, "as we employ the term in politics, the town in honesty *never desires it.* And that's why somebody must forever attend on 'reform' to keep it from falling on its blundering nose and knees, by holding it up by the tail." Is this true? Are we, "reputable" citizens, really no more moral than Tammany? Are we living in what future historians will term a corrupt age? Mr. Lewis would have us believe so, and perhaps he is right.

The facts of the narrative proceed on synchronous lines with the late lamented Mr. Croker's celebrated career. The Boss's father was a blacksmith of Clonmel, his mother a washerwoman, he had a sister "Anne" half-way through the book, "under the grass roots." He is tried for murder and acquitted; in the end he retires with his millions into mournful desuetude.

He mourns that he was a "gutter-snipe." He mourns over his lack of attendance at school—in fact, it is the "most mourned thing in all my life." It appears that he was a "Cateran," out of his sleeping lair with the sun to follow the milkman and baker on their rounds," to rob the poor customer of his breakfast. He slept on the docks, a little wharf rat, thief, and vagrant. Later on, a plug-ugly and miscreant of the East Side, a leader of the "Tin Whistles," a gang of roughs, an accused murderer, with "sinister strength, almost the strength of a gorilla"—of such, it seems, are Tammany bosses made. At fifteen, he first "met politics," and he says, "it carried for a darkling element, the locking of me in a graceless cell—it was my first captivity." The explanation of what politics had to do with his incarceration, is gathered from the story which follows of his defending Apple Cheek from Sheeny Joe, a Tammany heeler, or cadet, who tried to lure the English servant girl, who had just come off a Southampton clipper of the Black Ball Line, to her ruin. He tripped Sheeny Joe, and "tossed him high in the air, like a rag," "the chimb of a cask cutting a fine gash in his scalp." A "reputable old gentleman" happens along, as they do in melodramas, and interferes, but he is "turned down" by a "burly figure of a man, red of face, and broad as a door across the shoulders." This is "Big Jawn Kennedy," the Tammany local boss, whom the boy is to succeed. They come before the police captain, who releases Sheeny Joe and thrusts the boy and Apple Cheek into cells, where "drunken men babbled and cursed and shouted; while a lunatic creature laughed and screamed, and once I heard the low *click*

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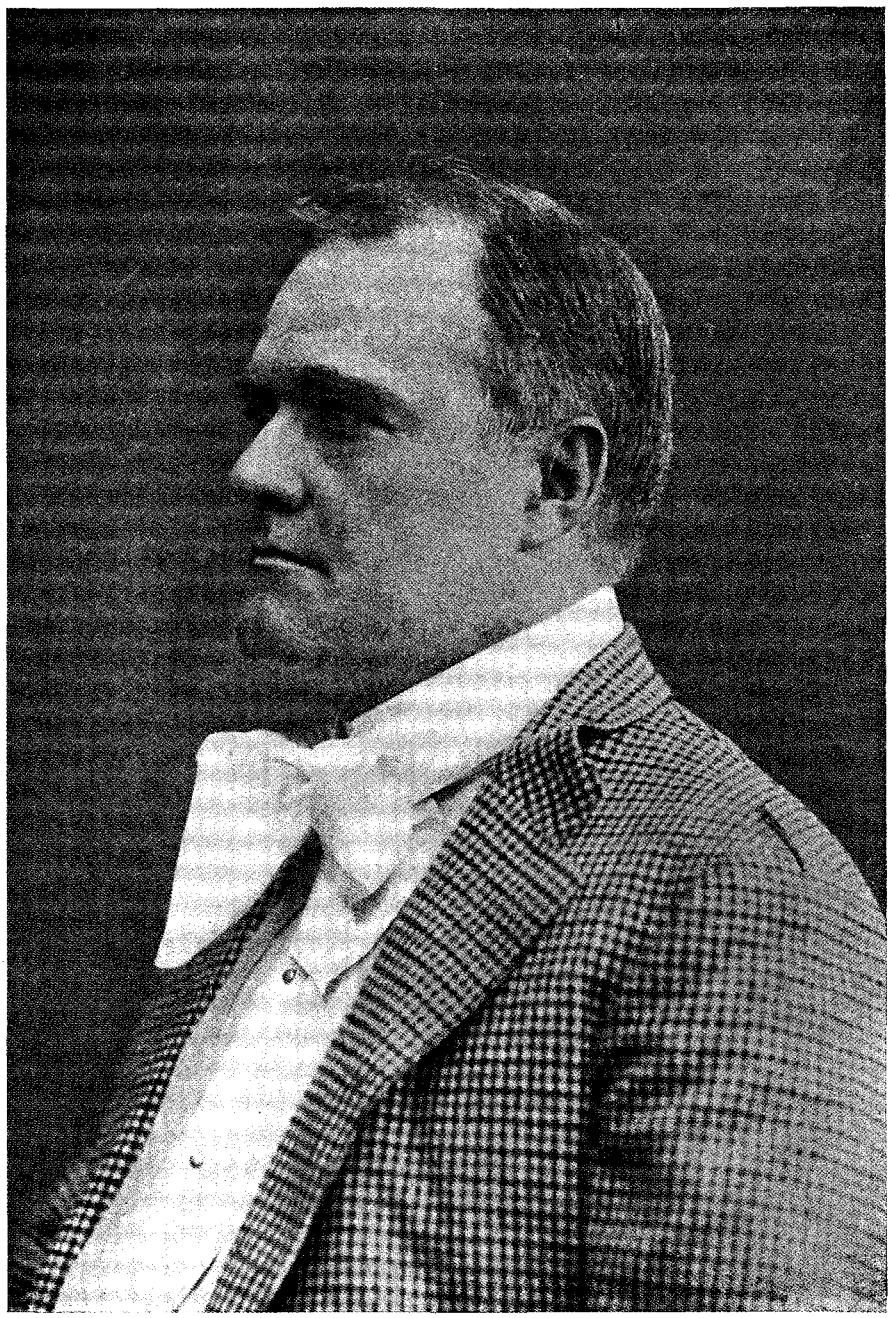
of sobs, and thought it must be poor unhappy Apple Cheek. The surmise went wide, for she was held in another part of the prison." He is haled before the Justice "while in the mills of great misery," induced we suppose by the click of sobs.

Here ensues what may be intended to be one of Mr. Lewis's humourous flings at the New York citizen. The "reputable old gentleman" bobs up in court when Sheeny Joe accuses the boy and Apple Cheek, and defends them, and Sheeny, being a powerful "politician" of the dis-



ALFRED HENRY LEWIS.

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trict, the court obsequiously orders the innocent boy and girl to the Island, despite the protests of the reputable old gentleman taxpayer, who is not a politician. Big Kennedy comes rushing in, opportunely, and summarily orders the court to release them—and set them free.

"I commend what you have done, sir," says the R. O. G., "but in that connection and as a taxpayer, let me tell you that I resent your attitude toward the Magistrate. You issued your orders, sir, and conducted yourself toward that officer of Justice as though you owned him."

"Well, what of it?" observed the red-faced man, Big John Kennedy. "I put him there. What do you think I put him there for? To give me the worst of it?"

The R. O. G. reiterated that he was a taxpayer and again protested in a feeble way, as New York Citizens, who are reputable, occasionally do, before Tammany bosses.

"You're a taxpayer, eh? All right, I'm a ward leader of Tammany Hall," says Big John. "You're a taxpayer—good! I'm the man that settles how much you must pay, dy'e see? .... Old man, you go home and take a hard look at the map and locate yourself. You don't know it, but, all the same, you're in New York——"

The discomfited citizen "recoils," and so has ever recoiled from the tyrannical power of Tammany bosses. The captain of police, the magistrate, even Sheeny Joe (also of Tammany) quailed before Big Kennedy who was the Machine itself. Our future boss says, "Here was the proven fact of a power that was above law, above justice, and which must be consulted and agreed with, even in its caprice, before existence could be profitable or even safe."

The boy, brought up in idleness, street life, and thieving, is deeply and favourably impressed. He becomes a protégé of Big Kennedy, who liked his pluck and encouraged him to be a curious thing—a taciturn prize-fighter! He organises the Tin Whistles, a gang of free-booters and fighters, to aid and abet Kennedy by driving the opposition from the polls. The description of the fight on Election Day, striving to be literary, and not newspapery, grows in sesquipedalian metre to a vociferous height when the reputable old gentleman appears and interferes, defying "You and your plug-uglies!" and a "hulking creature of a rough struck him (R. O. G.) from behind with a sandbag. . . . I (the boss, as yet a boy without a name) sprang forward. . . . I struck the rough on the jaw with such vengeful force that, not only did he drop like some pole-axed ox, but my right hand was fairly wrecked thereby. . . . I picked up the R. O. G. and bore him out of the crowd, and oddly enough, he was not killed. . . . Another moment the hurly-burly had ceased, all was as calm and equal as a goose pond." But in the hurly-burly, the object of the riot had been accomplished, the ballot box had been stolen and stuffed. What became of the "pole-axed ox" rough is soon told. He was "Jimmy, the Blacksmith," and eventually is ambushed and killed in a brawl, but not by the hand of the future Boss, and the verdict is "Sarve him right."

The fights, brawls, sandbaggings, he engages in, are the young Boss's education in politics. They make him "practical." "Politics," said old Mike, the wise old father of Kennedy, who croons and utters pearls of Satanic wisdom through the narrative, "Politics is a game where losers lose all; it's like war, shure, only no one's kilt—at any rate not so many."

The young man learns to hit hard, keep his mouth closed, and to destroy his enemies. He is advised by his patron, Big Kennedy, to organise a club, and we are given doubtless the true inwardness of the origins of some of the social clubs of the East Side. "You get the room over my saloon free," says Big Kennedy. "Then once a year, your club gives an excursion on the river; it ought to sell hundreds of tickets, because there'll be hundreds of office holders an' breweries, an' saloon keepers, who'll be crazy to buy 'em. . . . Then you can give balls in the winter and sell tickets, then there's subscriptions and hon'ry memberships. You'll ketch on; there's lots o' ways to skin the cat . . . you be president and treasurer, see to that . . . a good cook always licks his fingers"—here he winked deeply. Thus the Red Jacket Association was formed, with the young, nameless Boss dipping his fingers into its treasury for a decent livelihood. He got his members to drink Jawn's cheap whiskey and beer, "while abstinence from drink was my

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guiding phrase (Sic). I made no point of that kind in the conduct of others." He grew to be a power.

Machiavelli's *Del Principe* never propounded more cold-blooded reasons for selfish acquisition, or for destroying obstacles in the political path. "Youth," he says, "is generous wherefore Youth is weak. It is not until age has stopped these leaks in one's nature, and one has ceased to give and only lives to take and keep, that one's estate begins to take on fat . . . one will be wise, who regards generosity as a malady, a mere disease, and sets to cure it with every sullen, cruel drug the case demands." Robert Macaire, or Captain Kidd—or any historic gibbeted malefactor, murdered and stole without half the painful regret combined with cynic philosophy of the Boss. Surely "Honest" John Kelly, "Dick" Croker, or "Charley" Murphy never stood for this unconscionable portrait. He tricked Jimmy, the Blacksmith, of his local leadership. "Perhaps you will agree that it smacked of the underhand," he says, "to thus steal upon Jimmy and take his place from him without due warning given. . . . But the great thing is to win, and to win cheaply." He felt his ambition take a "hearty start and vine-like, creep and clamber." "I meant, before all was over, to mount the last summit of Tammany Hall," he says. He becomes a sort of underhenchman of Big Kennedy's, and wins an office in the Dock Department at a salary of $1,200 a year, which he is obliged to lend to his friends, but this, it appears, is good policy. "Better," said old Mike, that "deep one," "to lind people money than to give it to 'em. You kape thim bechune your fingers longer by lindin'." Treachery and theft he mournfully acknowledges to be a proper part of the game. "For the Red Jackets I was the wiskinskie, that is, the treasurer who keeps no books. . . . No Tammany organisation, great or small, keeps books. No man may say what is received, or what is disbursed, or name him who gave or got, and that is as it should be." Blackmailing poor merchants is the Boss's next step onward—compelling contributions and starting police persecutions, the next. "Bless me, gentlemen, but these be crimes!" cries out the R. O. G.—the butt of the satire, and is laughed at for his pains.

The method of using the police for "graft," blackmail, persecution, false imprisonment, by Tammany is plausibly explained at length, as crafty politics. "Kape the p'lice, an' you kape yourself on top. They're the foot stones of politics," said old Mike, the oracle of this degraded "system." Is it a true picture of New York politics? Is it not a libel even on Tammany? We fear not.

The young Boss grows in power, makes deals, sells votes, uses negro women, dressed as men, for voters,* and buys and sells the Huckleberry or Mulberry Railroad, and deals in gas franchises, etc. Every known means of making millions by corruption are sadly made use of by him. He thrives in sorrow and grows rich and great with the deepest regret. He marries Apple Cheek, and while being acquitted of the murder of Jim, the Blacksmith, little Blossom is born, with the mark of the gallows rope around her neck. This mark of the gallows (why not, pray, Mr. Lewis, the electric chair?) eventually in some mysterious way, strangles her. But as the Boss is really innocent of all murder, the point of Blossom's hereditary stain, it would seem, is lost. Apple Cheek, Anne, and Blossom, are, however, very faded images in the book, scarcely affecting the narrative. They are the one kind of person whom the Boss does fairly by. He is, in fact, very tender and sentimental with his women. He does not turn to them his savage nature, on the contrary, he is as mild as mother's milk, and gentle as a cooing dove whenever Apple Cheek or Blossom appear on the scene; at times he seems ready to dissolve in turgid tears.

Says the old oracle Mike, of a Chief who is deposed in Tammany, "The mishtake he made was in robbin' *honest* people. Jawn, he should have robbed the criminals an' the law breakers; the rogues can't fight back, an' the honest people can, an' remimber this; the public don't care for what it hears, only for what it sees. Never interfere with the people's beer; give 'em clean streets, double the number of lamp-posts. The

*Perhaps such a thing may have occurred in Wolfville!

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public's like a fly, it's crazy over lamps—an' have bands playin' in every park. Thin kape the streets free of ba-ad people, tin horn him an' such. You don't have to drive them out of town, only off the streets. The public don't object to dirt, but it wants it kept in the back alleys."

Savagery, the frank history of a savage whom we permit to rule us. Such is the nature of Mr. Lewis's satire. Tammany Hall is a tribe of Indians preserving the Indian traditions of theft and stoicism, and warfare. The Boss comes to have a "look in his eye such as might burn in the eye of an old wolf." "Civilised" New York is no better off than prehistoric Savage Manhattan. "It may be said that he (the real red savage) saw more of freedom, and was more his own man, than any you are to meet in Broadway."

The reformers are "foolish folk." The Fusion Party are weak and watery and half of them hypocrites—all are really "out for the dough." So Tammany really believes, and so half of New York believes, because it believes in "successful accumulation of wealth" and in organisation; it cares not for morality because it is practical and doesn't believe it pays. Truth and honesty is "preacher's talk, fit for the wimmen," as Big Kennedy would say.

But the Boss, after all, being a tender-hearted Boss to his women, is to rob the city merely for Blossom's sake: "I would work day and night sparing neither conscience nor sleep; I would have from it what utmost bulk of treasure I might during the coming administration of the town's affairs. . . . I would think on myself and nothing but myself; justice and regret were to be cast aside; the sufferings of others were to be to me no more than mine had been to them. I would squeeze the situation like a sponge and for the last drop, then laying down my guiding staff as chief, I would carry Blossom and those riches I had heaped together, to regions far away, and new," beyond the sea—possibly to England. The sentimentality of the Boss is the same cheap sort that requires the introduction of "mother" into a people's melodrama. It is traditional to the stage—and to cheap literature. Why does Mr. Lewis go so much farther into the dismals than he dreamed of doing in Wolfville? The poor Blossom creature has not only a mark of the halter about her neck, but moves "with leaden step" and is "weak and wanting sparkle," with broken and short breath, exhausted by little trips up and downstairs—when questioned she would declare herself quite well, and so "I (the Boss) again bent myself wholly to that task of gold." He is quite successful—the reputable citizens being asleep. "If my money had been put into gold it would have asked the strength of eighty teams, with a full ton of gold to a team, to have hauled it out of town. . . . I was master of every saffron inch of forty millions!" And then, as matter of course, poor Blossom dies strangled, suffocated by the imaginary rope around her neck. "It is precisely as though she were hanged." The Boss goes through a terrible cataclysm, and finally wakes up and "rolls and rocks for hours on the dead swells of old days." His remorse is at last, fortunately, turned into a serenity with "no exaltations, no depressions." It is the serenity of an old worn-out savage of the plains happy in a government blanket and a pipe of tobacco. The final picture of *The Boss* is not impressive, it is stagey, and we can hear the gloomy music of the East Side *Götterdämmerung* while the old he wolf passes; but, after all we cannot feel any great sympathy, and the mournful savage does not convince us. His Apple Cheeks and Blossoms are dead—"all gone, and I to be left alone! Alone! The word echoed in the hollows of my empty heart as in a cavern!"—the slow music shimmers on the violins—but we feel that as the curtain drops, they take this conglomerate apart, and put aside the "empty caverns of his heart" in pieces for next performance. Poor old savage mannikin! Mr. Lewis has not chosen to endow you with the celestial spark. A close examination shows pumps, valves, wheels—the sentimental tears are contained in small tin cups behind the conglomerate brows, the hair and face is from parts of three or four real bosses, but the body is made of horsehide! The forty millions of gold is stage gold. . . . The mannikins, Apple Cheek and Blossom lying in a box, are made, it seems with special patents, and special large and weepy tear

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cups—but, children they, too, are but sawdust.

We know the vital Wolfville public as well as we know any characters in American fiction. Doc Peets, Boggs, Tutt, Cherokee Hall, Faro Nell, Col. Sterett, the old cattleman—the merest mention of their names puts before us the heroes of that picturesque cowboy epoch in our Western life, fast dying out. Mr. Lewis knew his West—but it is a question whether even the other characters in his *Boss*—such as Big Kennedy, Old Mike, Morton, Judge Mole, Goldnose, Gothecore, the Rev. Bronson, or Melting Moses, are vital enough to live till spring. Mr. Lewis has the genius to make his characters live, if he wishes, and they do (excepting the Boss and his wimmen) live—but after all, feebly. The satire as a whole is ineffective and unconvincing because of the very things that make Wolfville famous. Mr. Lewis has made a tremendous effort to be literary—and the result is that he has become ponderous.

And of this oft-discussed civic patriotism which the best authorities agree must begin at home, and be not a "vague interest spread out over the whole affairs of a whole nation but a direct and definite identification of feeling and purpose with the interests of one's home and neighbours"*—what have we reputable citizens to do with that? Let us be honest—who knows or cares for his neighbour? The charm of New York is in its opportunities to be let alone and to let alone. We admit we don't love our neighbours (no, not even our neighbour's wife), unless they are of a higher social degree than ourselves, and then only our women love them. We have no civic or neighbourhood pride, we endure all things rather than try to right them, not from lotus-eating drowsiness but purpose, for we love ourselves and our being let alone best of all. We may be conquered by the Irish "savages" from the bogs of Clonmel, but we delight in our captivity, for they relieve us of all political duties, and if they get to be too annoying we can buy them off, as we can't buy the reformers—"More's the pity"—as Big Kennedy would say. A blessed and contented spirit of *laissez faire* prevails. We are not only contented—we are even gay in the beauty of our women, the brilliancy of our upturned streets, the handsome shops and stores, and in (reading, most of us) of the movements and social functions of our "quality." *Panem et Circenses—!* give us our theatres, our opera, our splendid restaurants, our bands of music, our rich display of equipage—and let us alone. Let boss succeed boss from Tipperary or from Dublin. What really do we care? Mayor Low is a good man—but, after all, "he wasn't so much of a muchness"—did we see any great difference in his time? Were our taxes any less? What did the reformers reform? We are willing to be told—unless the story prove too long and tedious and boresome. The "red light" tales were lurid—we tried to keep the papers out of our homes—but we believed them exaggerated—yes, we recall we had a sensation over them once, but we cannot even "a second time return to the same state of mind," and a wonder with us ends in seven not nine days. So, because of our disregard of such trifles as morals and patriotism Tammany flourishes among us, and will continue to flourish. Civic patriotism it has, in a way. Neighbourhood interests—real friendship for neighbours, it has. "There are a great many good things about Tammany," and if, perchance, in the course of evolution, it grows better and more honest from within—it is the best we can hope, for while we may rise up at times and overthrow it, and in an ebullition of sentiment upheave it, yet it will probably be and remain the proverbial millstone about our neck most of the time. Perhaps the best thing our ministers, our reformers can do is to join it—purify it. Surely the days of Tweed and Big Kennedy and their open jobberies and robberies are over (such as Mr. Lewis describes), and Tammany will listen to men in its ranks who are opposed to "graft." Reform Tammany!—and see it disintegrate and become as melted wax! Unfortunately, in renovating Tammany, the satire of Mr. Lewis may do as much harm as good, as it will doubtless be taken seriously by the "heelers." Maxims of Mike and Big Jawn, if they ponder over them at all, will be deemed pearls of wisdom to be scrupulously followed, and the shocking acts of the Boss will be deemed good

*Dr. Woodrow Wilson.

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"business." But if Mr. Lewis has succeeded in clearly showing the decent citizen, what the degraded principles really are on which these men fatten and batten, and rule our magnificent city, almost to its destruction—he will have done a work worth while. Tammany wears at present the sanctimonious air of an abused and misunderstood philanthropist. Had he spent more time and laboured more over the style and form of his "narrative," and really made it humorous satiric literature—had he made us laugh at Tammany—he might have been acclaimed a second Butler. Lowell made us laugh at the politicians of 1840, "Cervantes," we believe, "laughed Chivalry out of Spain"—Mr. Lewis makes us rise from his book with a sense of weariness and disgust—not only with Tammany methods, but *with ourselves,* which, after all, is very painful for New Yorkers.

John Seymour Wood.

THE MUSIC SEASON IN NEW YORK.

I.

ORCHESTRAL CONDUCTORS AND THE PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.

AS one surveys the musical field now bursting into flower, with its fair, rich prospect and its promise of unusual harvest yields, his attention is at once directed to its central feature—the large and unusual gathering of orchestral conductors. Never before in local musical history has there been such a list of men, famous as wielders of the baton, to present to concert-goers of the season. The Philharmonic Society, our most venerable musical organisation and keeper of the seals of conservatism, is in the main responsible for this departure from the norm. At a loss for a conductor of commanding reputation and unable to secure one for the entire season, the society resolved to "feature" the concerts by arranging that a different conductor should preside over each one. The plan met with the approval of several generous patrons, who advanced the necessary funds with which to carry it out. In this way, the society's difficulties were turned to good account. Its concerts this season are to be conducted by prominent orchestral leaders, whose programmes will be chosen with a view to exhibiting their especial talents in the most favourable light. In effect, they are given the place of chief soloists.

EDOUARD COLONNE.

The names of those who have been selected are Edouard Colonne of Paris, Gustav Kogel of Frankfurt, Felix Weingartner of Munich, Henry J. Wood of London, W. von Safonoff of Moscow, our own Victor Herbert, who has just resigned from the Pittsburg Orchestra, and finally, Richard Strauss of Berlin, the most prominent figure in the world of music to-day. Naturally, each of these conductors is partial to a particular school of music and has arranged his programme accordingly. It will be extremely interesting to students of music to make a comparative study of the results. To Mr. Conried, the new impresario of the Metropolitan Opera House, is due the credit of bringing over from Europe the famous Wagnerian conductor Felix Mottl,

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who, with the tried and capable Alfred Hertz, is to divide the labours of the German opera performances. Arturo Vigna, likewise a newcomer, will have charge of the Italian operas. The familiar figures of Walter and Frank Damrosch and Wilhelm Gericke are, of course, also in evidence, and H. H. Wetzler has planned a series of orchestral concerts under his own leadership. Such is the list of conductors who will contribute to local musical activities this year. Is it to be an *annus mirabilis?*

In one aspect of the case, at least, an affirmative answer can be given even before the season has far advanced. The effect of this movement is to emphasise the importance of the conductor of an orchestra. Generally the soloist, the programme, the hall—anything seems of more consequence than the leader. Even in the palmy days of Anton Siedl's régime, the conductor played a comparatively insignificant part in the proceedings. To the public at large he was merely a time-beater; and although some enthusiasts would speak of Seidl's wonderful Wagnerian interpretations, the great majority of the audience had very little conception of his real performance. This is not the place to discuss the functions of the conductor; but it may be pointed out that in the last fifty years they have greatly expanded, until to-day he is a soloist just as truly as the pianist and his instrument—the orchestra—can be made to respond to his touch just as readily. This fact will be brought home to the general

FELIX MOTTL.

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musical public by the unusual exploitation of conductors this season. The conductor's real position once realised by them, desert spots such as there have been in New York since Seidl's death will not be permitted. Backed by their demands it will go hard with us if we cannot persuade one of the visitors to take up his permanent abode in New York.

At this writing, two of the Philharmonic concerts have taken place. Edouard Colonne, for thirty years leader of the Paris band that bears his name, was the first of the conductors to arrive. He selected a programme consisting of Bizet's "Patrie" overture, two movements of Bach's D Major Suite and Berlioz's "Fantastic" symphony. Colonne is a Berlioz propagandist. The concert was noteworthy in more than one respect. It showed how much a man with ideas can do when his band is receptive. The Philharmonic Orchestra played with a spirit and a power such as they have not exhibited in years. That Colonne was able to obtain such positive results in so short a time (he was here but a week) is no less a tribute to their energy and willingness to respond than to his extraordinary ability as a leader.

ENRICO CARUSO.

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Berlioz's symphony is hardly interesting music save from the historical standpoint, but Colonne made it sound impressive and even stirring.

The second concert took place on December 4, under Gustav Kogel. The programme was well chosen, consisting of Beethoven's Fifth symphony, the prelude and finale to *Tristan* and "Till Eulenspiegel," one of Richard Strauss's dazzling orchestral fantasies. There was nothing startling or revelational in the performance of these numbers, nor was it to be expected. The symphony was played in a straightforward way, with a careful observance of the composer's expressed intentions. There were a few points in dynamics and tempi that were somewhat different from the usual reading; but they were matters of personal interpretation and clearly not made for mere effect. In the *Tristan* finale, the climaxes were hurled out suddenly instead of being gradually led up to. But this also cannot be questioned; for it was justified by the result. The music was not strained to bring it about. In fine, Herr Kogel showed himself a solid, well-trained musician, whose work it is a pleasure to hear. He is also to conduct the third concert of the society.

THE OPENING OF THE OPERA SEASON.

The opera season, which commenced November 23, promises to be one of the most eventful in the annals of New York. Heinrich Conried, who has succeeded Mr. Grau as purveyor of grand opera, entered upon his task with characteristic energy; and before the curtain rose on the opening night it was apparent to all who had followed the preparations, that he had swept aside many of the deep-rooted but antiquated traditions, of which his predecessor had seemingly been unable to rid himself. The opera house itself has been renovated. A stage, practically new and fitted with the most modern mechanical appliances and devices for obtaining the elaborate "stage effects" demanded by the operas, has replaced the old-fashioned and entirely inadequate stage of the Grau days. The orchestra and the chorus have been augmented and improved by the casting away of dead wood. New scenery has been provided. In short, the effect of a new broom is seen everywhere. Mr. Conried's troupe includes many of the best singers of the old company and several important additions.

First mention properly belongs to Enrico Caruso, the Italian tenor, who made his début the opening night in *Rigoletto*. As he bears the weight of the principal rôles in the Italian and French operas, his appearance aroused great interest. It may be said at once that he is by no means a substitute for the incomparable Jean de Reszke. He is stout and has not a good stage presence, albeit he carries himself with dignity. His voice is a pure Italian tenor of the Campanini rather than the Tamagno type. He uses it with intelligence and great artistic skill. His high notes are generally clear and true and he manages his mezzo forte tones excellently. He phrases broadly and in songs such as "Celeste Aida," from Verdi's opera *Aïda*, the results are very beautiful. In fact, his Rhadames in that opera is a noteworthy achievement. In the duet with Gadski in the Nile scene, he threw himself into the music with real dramatic fervour and carried his entire audience with him.

Olive Fremstad, an American, but not familiar to opera goers on this side of the Atlantic, made her first appearance as Sieglinde in *Die Walküre*, displaying a rich, vibrant voice and a good understanding of the music. Edyth Walker, also an American, appeared for the first time as Amneris in *Aïda*. Her voice is a deep mezzo soprano, well equalised in all its registers and especially pure in the upper tones, though without great warmth. She made an excellent impression. Of old acquaintances Sembrich, Gadski, Ternina, Van Rooy, Plançon, Dippel Scotti, and Blass are all in fine fettle this season. Ernest Kraus, who since his unsuccessful appearance here some few years ago has steadily grown in musical stature and reputation, appeared under favourable conditions as Siegmund in *Die Walküre*, giving a fine performance of the part and showing his voice and method at their best, which is very good indeed.

Felix Mottl's work as general musical director of the company is of course of first importance. His reputation as a Wagnerian conductor had led the public to expect a great deal. Nor were they disappointed in his reading of *Die Walk-*

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üre, which was vivid, warm and compelling. His tendency to use languid tempi is common to all Wagnerians in Germany to-day; and while one may quarrel with it on the ground that it emphasises Wagner's prolixity, it results in a clearness of exposition and fineness of nuance not otherwise attainable. At the first Sunday night concert, Mottl showed what he could do with concert music. Berlioz's *Carnaval Romain* overture received a brilliant and inspiring interpretation and the *Eroica* symphony of Beethoven was given as good a performance as the memory of present day concert goers can recall. When it is remembered that Herr Mottl is very much restricted in the matter of rehearsals, his work is the more surprising and convincing. A word of high praise is due Arturo Vigna, who conducts the Italian opera performances. He sent the blood coursing through the veins of *Aïda* in a manner quite unlooked for. The pomp, glitter and verve of the close of the second act were stirringly and forcefully brought out.

The chorus, ballet and general ensemble of the opera are improvements over previous seasons. The stage management, however, has little to boast of thus far. Wagner's stage directions in *Die Walküre* were not well executed, and at nearly every performance there have been some hitches. But these should disappear as the season wears on, and all things considered the opening may be pronounced auspicious.

FRITZI SCHEFF IN COMIC OPERA.

Generally, and, unfortunately, with reason, musical reviewers do not include in their purview comic opera performances. But the entrance into the domain of operetta of Fritzi Scheff, formerly of Mr. Grau's company, invites a few words of comment. Miss Scheff, who evidently believes it better to be prima donna of a village than second choice in Rome, heads a company of unusual strength in an operetta by Victor Herbert and Harry B. Smith, entitled *Babette.* Mr. Smith, since his *Robin Hood* days, has steadily deteriorated in this line of work, and *Babette* is one of his poorest efforts. The music is well written, as a matter of course, but it must be admitted Herbert has done more spontaneous writing. Still the "Pierrot" song, the two bass solos (ponderously and sonorously sung by the Edouard de Reszke of light opera, Eugene Cowles), and the quartet in the second act, are Herbert at his best. In the choruses he shows a tendency to reach out towards grand opera. In fact, musically considered, *Babette* is rather an opera comique than a comic opera. Miss Scheff is easily the best singer on the comic opera stage. Her voice, slightly weak in the immense spaces of the Metropolitan Opera House, is well suited to the smaller auditorium of the Broadway Theatre, and her vivacity and pertness are also more in tune with the surroundings. She has made an undoubted hit in her new venture. Besides that tower of strength, Eugene Cowles, the company includes Richie Ling, Ida Hawley and Louis Harrison, all tried hands at operetta. The piece is lavishly mounted and chorus and orchestra are unusually efficient.

THE RETURN OF PATTI.

Despite the persistent blare of trumpets heralding her approach, Patti's advent can hardly, with truth, be called one of the chief features of the musical season. As the *tour de force* of a woman of sixty her series of concerts is worthy of remark. But Patti has gone into history. Her rare vocal powers which charmed as much as they astonished two generations of music lovers are of the past. Curiosity can still draw an audience to her, but time's ravages are too plain to allow the hearers any deep pleasure from her singing. But that is far from saying that Patti no longer has a voice. She sings with exquisite though apparent art and her phrasing is beautiful. The middle tones are still clear and smooth, bearing testimony to the purity of her vocal style and the care she has kept of her voice.

MISCELLANEOUS CONCERTS.

There have been several violinists making their first bow to an American audience. Jacques Thibaud, who played at the first Philharmonic concert, showed himself a master of his instrument and of the music he plays. He has a good if not a brilliant technique, a clear tone and an appreciation of musical compositions of many styles and schools and his performance is invariably tasteful and interest-

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ing. He lacks the breadth of style that is at the command of only the greatest artists, but is on the whole a satisfying player. Edwin Grasse, a blind violinist, who has accomplished remarkable results despite his infirmity, and Maurice Kaufmann, a young man of fair talent and promise, but not very good achievement, complete the list. Of pianists thus far, Harold Bauer, Mrs. Bloomfield-Zeisler and Miss Aus der Ohe, all old acquaintances, have been heard, but no newcomers. Mme. Sembrich has given one of her always interesting song recitals, showing her artistic taste and judgment as much in the selection as in the rendition of her numbers.

There have been two Kneisel Quartet concerts. This organisation which is no longer associated with the Boston Symphony Orchestra, is planning an European tour, and will in consequence give its local concerts in more rapid succession than usual. It is gratifying to note that there is no falling off in enthusiasm or numbers of the Kneisel audience. As always, the quartet's performances are an unmitigated joy to the listeners. Before leaving the subject mention must be made of the very good performance by the Oratorio Society of Edward Elgar's *Dream of Gerontius,* sung last spring for the first time in America. The composition is unquestionably meritorious, but it lacks melodic ideas and hence cannot be placed very high among creative works. It is, however, significant as evidence of a casting off of the Mendelssohnian shackles which have for so long fettered English composers. Elgar is master of the most modern orchestral and harmonic resources, and to that extent at least a power to be reckoned with.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra has given two concerts thus far, in which it has again demonstrated its claim to be considered one of the very best bands in the world and certainly first in America. Such beautiful results as it attained in Brahms's Second symphony cannot be improved upon. There have been numerous other musical affairs, orchestral concerts by Mr. Wetzler and Messrs. Frank and Walter Damrosch, and a host of minor concerts with which it is thought unnecessary to deal in this place.

Lewis M. Isaacs.

WAGNER AND THE GRAIL LEGEND.

IN his very interesting *A Study of Wagner,* Ernest Newman, speaking of *Parsifal* says: "Looking at the strange group of beings the like of which have scarcely been seen on the stage before or since, one becomes vividly conscious of the genius of the man who could breathe musical life into them, and of the immense superiority of his dramatic gift to that of any other musician." This, perhaps, is the first feature to be impressed upon one who has studied this curious music-drama with a mind moderately free from prejudices, for or against. And the more deeply one goes into it, the better acquainted one becomes with the sources from which Wagner derived his theme, the greater becomes the wonder at his achievement. *Der Ring des Nibelungen* is a mighty work, a tremendous monument to the memory of the genius who created it. *Tristan und Isolde* is one of the most beautiful and majestic structures ever reared by musician or dramatist. By almost common consent *Parsifal* is the equal, musically and dramatically, of neither of them. Yet it is quite the most wonderful when one considers the theme and the problems it presents, both to the musician and to the dramatist. The story of Siegfried whether in the Norse version or the more sophisticated *Nibelungenlied* lay waiting for dramatic treatment. It is a rude, primitive tragedy, big in theme and telling in its naïve sincerity. By the same token it lay waiting for musical treatment. It deals with the fundamental passions of mankind—love, hatred, lust, and revenge—while over all hangs a dour, grim, brooding atmosphere of fatality which fairly cried for music to give it expression. The only wonder is that in the romantic revival of the first half of

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the last century, others did not think of it. Even truer is this of the Tristan story. It contains all the primitive merits of the Siegfried legend with the additional and very important one of singleness and simplicity of theme and action. Its theme is love, which has the most universal appeal of all. Its action, so simple in its progress, involves few problems for the dramatist to deal with. No warring gods and knavish gnomes, no mixture of the divine and the human are there to raise almost insoluble complications. There are a man and a woman who love when they should not and pay the penalty of their mutual sin. All else is subordinate.

But when one turns to *Parsifal,* how different are the conditions! Is there anything seemingly more undramatic in its form, substance, or essence than the Legend of the Holy Grail as it has come to us from the past? Did ever man set at a more hopeless task than Wagner when he began to make a drama out of the inchoate mass of incident which Wolfram von Eschenbach could not relate in less than twenty-five thousand lines? The very idea seems preposterous. Yet Wagner did it, and so successfully that he can hold one in breathless interest for four hours. The spell he casts about one dissipates quickly, but in the presence of the work there is no denying its potency. In writing *Parsifal,* Wagner has done the impossible, he has wrought a miracle and placed a final crown of glory on his fame.

Much has been written of this curious work, and its promised performances at the Metropolitan Opera House will bring a new flood of controversial and didactic literature. Its very character makes it a welcome subject to handle with a pen. Its aims, even as described by Wagner himself, are so beautifully vague and uncertain that there is a free field for any one who will venture into it. Discussion of the music has been nearly exhausted; but in the subject matter and its treatment there is ammunition left for many a sturdy battle.

It has often been said that if the Legend of the Holy Grail was to have been prepared for stage use, either with or without music, the work needed a man with Wagner's curious combination of mental traits. In other words, Wagner is the only man that has lived who could see the possibilities in such a theme, and he was able to do so because he read into the story, perhaps unconsciously, certain ideas concerning life which he wished to give to the world. And he was able in a measure to realise these possibilities in his drama first, because he was a musician of very individual genius, and second, because he was born with an instinct for the stage almost as strong as his musical impulse. He was instinctively a playwright and master of theatrical effect, and it is this side of his genius that seems not yet to have received its due share of credit. We are told on the one hand that Wagner saw and thought in the terms of music; in other words, while he believed that in selecting a theme he worked only for his symmetrical and well-balanced combination of the musical, dramatic, and plastic arts, reduced to its essence, he chose and arranged everything subordinate to the musical impulse which was striving within him. He was first and foremost a musician with his other qualities secondary to that. We are told also that he was first and foremost a philosopher who had certain messages he would give to the world and that music and drama were merely the humble servants of this purpose. This in substance is the creed of that school of extreme Wagnerists who look on him as one of the great philosophic minds of the world, by some strange trick of fortune, enabled to supplement his ponderous treatises and essays with musico-dramatic illustrations.

It is dangerous to attempt the analysis of the artistic impulses of any genius, and Wagner's whole nature was of such complexity, and contained so many contradictions that with him the task is more than usually difficult. Yet it is impossible to admit the merit of the theory that he was above all else a philosopher—even setting aside the question whether he was a good or a bad one.

Undoubtedly when he finally began to write the poem of *Parsifal* he was wrapped up in certain ideas of renunciation, of redemption by pity, of vegetarianism and the like. He was at last completely under the influence of Schopenhauer, with the tinge of mysticism which had always been in him of deeper hue than ever. Yet it is a fair question to ask if it is not possible he would

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still have used this theme had he had quite another lot of ideas to give to a waiting world.

Wagner was one of those happy individuals whose ideas however changeable they may be, are always the only correct ones. He had complete and absolute confidence in himself, and he always saw the world and all within it through the windows of the opinion or creed he happened to be holding. He moulded everything into the form which at the moment coincided with his views. If he changed his views, he had ample dexterity with which to change the form, altogether unconscious of this mental process. But if this was true of his philosophy and of his life in general, it was not true of his music nor his stagecraft. From the time he abandoned the operatic formalities of *Rienzi,* his musical progress was steady and unbroken until it reached, in his last work, its point of perfection as a system. And so, too, during all the years he wabbled about in a philosophic swamp, seeking a panacea for human woes and miseries, his surety in dramatic construction, developed along a single line, gained continually until it reached a point of mastery that enabled him successfully to dramatise the Grail Legend.

It is a beautiful theory that Wagner hit upon the Grail Legend and used it solely because it was best fitted to be a vehicle for his philosophical disclosures. It is particularly beautiful because on it rests the assertion that *Parsifal* is a "sacred" drama. But a study of the drama in connection with its music, together with a study of the sources from which he took his material and of the manner in which he handled other mediæval legends compels one to doubt very seriously the merit of that idea. The belief gradually but surely will come to one that it was not Wagner, the philosopher, the sociologist, that chose these subjects, but Wagner, the musician and playwright. It is a fair presumption that sooner or later he would have reached the Grail Legend, whatever his opinions as to the redemption of mankind might have been. He touched its border when he wrote *Lohengrin,* and he thought very differently in 1845 from what he did in 1877. From that time on the subject was never quite out of his mind. He wrote the whole *Ring,* the *Tristan,* and the *Meistersinger.* He sketched out his Biblical play of *Jesus of Nazareth* and planned his Buddhistic *The Victors.* But the Holy Grail still had its corner in his mind. In 1857, twenty years before he finished the poem of *Parsifal,* he sketched out what has now become one of the loveliest incidents in the whole work, the "Good Friday Spell."

Parsifal or some treatment of the Legend was all but inevitable from the time he first turned his attention to mediæval literature. It has in a superior degree all those qualities which appealed to him as a musician. Richly romantic, strongly tinged even in its least ascetic form with old world mysticism and magic, exhibiting on the one hand the highest ideals of chivalry, and on the other the highest ideals of mediæval religious belief, how could it help appeal to a man so richly endowed with romance and mysticism, whose music reached its highest levels in the expression of these qualities?

Moreover, we see now, since Wagner realised them, the dramatic possibilities of the theme. Putting aside the philosophy, the theology, and all the other didactic elements which he and his commentators have injected into the work, and considering it merely as an art-work, we have left a great drama in which the mediæval atmosphere is preserved to emphasise an eternally young theme—the yielding to temptation by a man of high estate, the penalties he suffers, and his final redemption through the sacrifice of another. It is but a new way of stating a proposition found in all of Wagner's music-dramas, from *Tannhäuser* on. To be sure, such a view makes Amfortas the real hero, but it is a question whether he is not the hero if the extremest religious interpretation be placed on the drama.

In what way does the mystic—or magic—element in *Parsifal* differ essentially from the potion in *Tristan und Isolde?* The latter is a purely theatrical device made possible by the mediæval atmosphere which encompasses the theme. The potion is a symbol conveniently at hand by means of which the dramatist retains the sympathy of his audience for his hero and heroine in their guilty love. It is a trick, but legitimate because it is in harmony with the at-

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mosphere of the drama. It does not violate the verities because the audience has before it an ancient and familiar theme in which the potion is present, though really serving a different purpose.

His whole treatment of the Grail Legend betrays the feeling and instinct of the dramatist and skilled playwright in far greater degree than it does that of the philosopher. The philosophical impulse was undoubtedly there. Wagner undoubtedly believed that it was the only one which moved him, but it was decidedly subordinate, first to the musical impulse and then to the dramatic. The process could not have been other, since he was first a musician, then a dramatist, and then—at least as he considered himself—a philosopher.

It was this feeling for the stage which enabled him to make so free with the legend. He twisted it, and turned it, and distorted it in whatever way suited his purpose, just as he treated the Siegfried legend for his *Ring*. If the Legend of the Holy Grail is a sacred theme as many declare, what excuse can they find for a man who laid such violent hands on it, who built his whole second act out of an episode which is entirely foreign to the Quest proper? Was it Wagner the philosopher, Wagner the preacher, who brought Klingsor, the Chateau Merveil and the Lady Orgeluse into his drama, or was it Wagner the dramatist, who was making a libretto? And how came it, if Wagner was concerned only with proclaiming anew the beauties of an ancient, sacred theme, that he shoved aside the versions which were really religious in motive and intent and took one which was purely a romance of chivalry, of an uncommonly high moral tone to be sure, but none-the-less purely a romance, in the modern sense, a novel of adventure. It cannot be that he did not know the *Joseph of Arimathea* and the *Perceval* of Robert de Boron, or the *Grand Saint Graal* and the *Queste del Saint Graal*. They were easily procurable, at least in very full synopses, and *Parsifal* contains much evidence that he was familiar with their substance. The chances are that the dramatic instinct within him compelled him to see the greater possibilities in Wolfram's version, all the more so, since that instinct had taught him that nothing is holy to the hand of the playwright when it comes to the question of devising a situation.

The final and convincing proof of this seems to be the wonderful second act, the scene of Parsifal's temptation. It is a commonplace that music without contrast loses the greater portion of its effectiveness, however inspired its themes may be. It is equally a commonplace that the vital spark of drama is the clash of interests, in its higher forms, of good and evil. Even in Wolfram's version of the Grail Legend contrast, so far as his Parzifal is concerned, is all but completely absent. The hero is an admirable character and had his days not been broken into by sundry tiltings with wicked knights, he would have led a very peaceful existence, sipping the pleasures of life as he went along, playing curious games of chess, being sought by many lovely and lorn ladies, and enjoying himself as a man of leisure should. Gawain, however, had a very different career. He was not so good as Parzifal. A hundred years or so ago he would certainly have been dubbed a rakehelly and he had all the thrilling adventures that come to his kind.

Wagner must have realised at once that there was no drama in this Parzifal's career, nor opportunity for music. Something had to be done and his first work was to transpose the atmosphere of the monkish legend to Wolfram's poem. That alone gave him the material for his first and third acts. Then he had to provide musical contrast and dramatic interest. The musician and dramatist in him saw that the sombre beauty of the first and third acts without some relief would be unendurable. He needed a scherzo, something brisk, lively, and if wicked, all the better. He also needed a clash of interests to make his drama a vital work. Before such needs what strength have legendary traditions, however sacred and holy? With the keen scent of the playwright he finds exactly what he wants in Gawain's most celebrated adventure, the Chateau Merveil, where Klingsor, a magician through necessity, has imprisoned a large number of unfortunate ladies. Wagner lifts this bodily into his work. He eliminates the gallant Gawain; transforms such very respectable women as King Arthur's mother and her hand-maidens into sirens

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who will lure Knights of the Grail to sin and to destruction; makes Klingsor who probably never heard of the Grail, a candidate for the brotherhood who, after paying a fearful price for admittance, failed of election, and is therefore eternally at war with it, with the sirens as his weapons; and then Wagner combines the lovely Lady Orgeluse with Kondrie, the Sorceress, the Loathly Damsel who rides on a mule and gives Parsifal several unpleasant moments. This is masterly, it is a stroke of genius, but if makes it difficult to see where Wagner has preserved his reverence for a sacred legend. Like any other artist he hesitates at nothing to make his work as nearly perfect as possible, and thus he gets a scherzo for his music and a clash of interests for his drama. It is the artist, the musician, the dramatist that has done this, not the philosopher and sociologist. To be sure he is enunciating through his work his own individual views of sin, its punishment and the redemption of the sinner; but it seems impossible to take them seriously as a part of the drama. They are not essential, whether one agrees with them or not. They merely confuse and distract, taking away from the interest of the drama itself. This bare fact, that they are unessential, tends to compel one to believe that even in Wagner's brain they were of secondary importance, although he himself might not have been and probably was not conscious of it.

If, then, *Parsifal* is deprived of its "sacred" quality, what is left? What should be the attitude of the spectator toward it? Such questions can be answered by another. What do the various sociological theories contained in it add to *Der Ring des Nibelungen?* What does Schopenhauerism add to *Tristan und Isolde?* In the end, reduced to their essence, they are operas, all of them, the most artificial and exotic of all forms of art, the furthest removed from nature and the realities of life. Being operas, they must stand or fall primarily through their music, secondarily through their librettos. Liszt once defined piano playing as first, technique; second, *technique;* and third, TECHNIQUE. To paraphrase him with a paraphrase truer than the original, opera, not even excepting Wagner, is first music; second, *music;* and third, MUSIC. The effect of the music is heightened if the drama around which it is written is good, but a poor book does not necessarily mean an unsuccessful opera.

Moreover, it is a very debatable question whether the infusion of the didactic element does not always harm an opera. It is a question whether those who patiently seek after the meanings of the *Ring, Tristan,* and *Parsifal,* get as much delight out of them as those who regard them simply as works of art. As such they are able to stand alone, needing no flying buttresses of philosophy to support them. If one listens to *Parsifal,* regarding it simply as a work of art, as an extraordinarily beautiful and poignant version of the most beautiful legend the past has bequeathed to us, he is likely to be more greatly the gainer, than he who goes with his head full of the queer, distorted notions which came from the none-too-well balanced brain of a man who in his field was the greatest musical genius the world ever had. *Parsifal* is a lasting example of how a man may be great in spite of himself. Wagner put enough extraneous and foreign matter into it to ruin a half dozen operas or dramas; but such was the might of his musical and dramatic genius that it rose triumphantly over all obstacles placed in its way and conquered in spite of them. Those who want to delve into *Parsifal* for esoteric meanings and get pleasure in doing so can find endless opportunity for the exercise of their ingenuity. But in the end, it will be with them as it has always been with others where music and drama are concerned. The final appeal will be purely æsthetic, and in the strength of that *Parsifal* must stand or fall.

W. E. Walter.

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ALCIPHRON.

IN just what way do men and women look on life? Year succeeds year, and decade follows after decade; and in this swiftly silent gliding on of time there is wrought out for us the curious succession of events which, when taken all together, make up our lives. For it is by events and by experiences, and not by years, that we measure our existence and decide in retrospection whether we have been happy or unhappy. The successes and the failures, the opportunities and the limitations, the friendships and the enmities, the periods of intellectual growth and those of intellectual deterioration, the hours of contentment and the moments of passionate revolt or exaltation—these times, these episodes, are woven together into that multicoloured, blurred, uneven fabric of personal experience which each of us calls life. Every human being, indeed, is living a realistic novel whereof he is himself in his own belief the central figure, the person of supreme importance; and so he interprets every incident according to its relation to his personal concerns.

Naturally then, he looks upon these incidents at a special angle—the angle of self—and he seldom pauses to reflect that every other character in the story is looking upon the same episodes at quite a different angle, and that each one is equally convinced that he or she is the true hero, or the heroine. And as each views the whole with a vision and a knowledge that are necessarily restricted, it follows that the entire plot, the completed scheme, is actually and fully known to none, but that each sees something which the rest do not, and that each must also be quite ignorant of that which many of the others know.

Such are the inevitable conditions of human life; and therefore life is something to which no person holds the key, not even the key to his own small *tour d'ivoire*. In summing up the story of a life, the only things of which we can be approximately sure are the results, the concrete and plainly seen effects. Of the causes which have brought all these results to pass, we are infinitely and pitifully ignorant. We only sometimes think we know. When we analyse our basis of belief we find it always crumbling into dust. Could we but read the minds and search the hearts of others, then we might perhaps approach the truth; yet even then we should often have to hesitate. For who can be so absolutely sure concerning his own secret soul as to single out in it the dominating influence which determines any action, amid the clash and interplay of conflicting motives, each striving for the mastery of will? An act, which to the world at large seems noble, may have its hidden source in baseness. An apparent sacrifice of self may have been prompted by an egoism of which the world knows nothing and of which perhaps we are ourselves not fully conscious. So, when it comes to judging others, how utterly incapable is the very wisest, the most experienced and the most intuitive for such a task as that! Only the limping devil of Le Sage could give the needed clue, or else some revelation such as that which Maupassant's profoundly morbid mind conceived in his strange fantasy, "La Morte." Each of us, in fact, lives out his life in a curious and almost dreadful isolation, a supreme and quite impenetrable ignorance of every other human soul; since every soul is shut in by a prison-wall which nothing can remove. Wisdom cannot shatter it. Faith cannot surmount it. Immortal love itself, so radiant and all-compelling, finds here the limit of its power, and beats against the bars in vain.

In what way then do we see life? Only in unrelated fragments; never clearly and as a whole. Life is a volume from which many leaves are lost and of which many chapters are undecipherable. He who attempts to read it, is like one who tries to read a score of pages torn at random from a novel and seeks to reconstruct the missing parts. He can obtain a partial knowledge of the characters. He can get an inkling of the plot. He can with patient ingenuity make guesses at what happened in the part which he has lost, and can fancy why it happened.

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Yet these are only guesses after all; and amid them, how is he to know which one is right and which are absolutely wrong? And it is so in life—in the life of every day, the decorous and apparently uneventful life which we share with those about us. You sit beside some woman at a dinner, and in her casual talk she perhaps lets fall some phrase, some sentence, or some opinion which seems to you a bit of quite unconscious self-revelation. It interests you, and it makes you curious to know her history. You form conjectures and construct a plausible hypothesis. In time, perhaps, you hear from some one else a scrap or two of gossip which in part confirms your theory and in part destroys it. You then construct another theory that will harmonise with all that you have heard and fancied. And then, most likely, you can learn no more. You never see or hear of her again. You have had a tantalising half glimpse of something hidden, as it seems to you—and that is all. In fact, it may be that there was no story and that you were altogether wrong in your belief; or it may be that the story was a very different one from that which you imagined, and even more remarkable. Yet, whatever the truth may be, you will never know it.

And so it is with the whole complex structure of the life we see about us. Often before your eyes there are enacted comedies, the wit and fun of which escape you. You are yourself an unconscious actor in tragedies whose poignant agony you never feel or dream of. That thing which in your belief seems full of meaning is in reality quite meaningless; that which you view as wholly unimportant may hold the key to all your future. For we all wear masks and we all speak with the smooth mendacity which convention teaches us; and as we move among our fellows, urbane and smiling, and apparently at ease, we fail to perceive in one another the surging tide of quivering hope and baffled failure, of love and hate, of desire and despair, nor do we note the scars which each of us conceals. Therefore, to every one who lives it, life is replete with trivialities, with coincidences which have no significance, and with episodes which may, indeed, be vital in their true relation to the whole, but which to us are only casual occurrences, half-noticed at the time and almost instantly forgotten.

It is odd that the writers of modern fiction have never fully understood the truth of what has just been said, in its relation to the theory of literary realism. Our so-called realists profess to give in what they write an accurate transcript, a perfect reproduction, an untouched photograph of life, precisely as it is. To attain this end they strive with eagerness. They observe minutely, they study each detail, they spare you nothing in their desire that not even the most minute particular shall escape your notice. They insist that in their pages you shall see everything, feel everything, know everything. And this they say is realism—a truthful and convincing replica of life. But as a matter of fact, it is wholly false to life, and it is false precisely in proportion as it shows us all and tells us all and leaves absolutely nothing to be guessed or to be given up as quite insoluble. Everything they show us has a meaning, a definite relation to the whole; and when we read the book we learn just what this meaning is and just what is this relation. In life, however, we often miss the meaning and do not even dream of correlating half the facts which we have superficially observed.

You can see the falsity of the pseudo-realistic method even in its minor phases. Zola, for instance, will take us up some greasy staircase, and as he leads us on, he will catalogue the odours that we encounter, enumerating the source of each, the quality of each, the effect of each upon the sense, until we have a perfect symphony of stenches. When we reach the room above, he will again set forth each article of furniture and every stain upon the wall. He will call attention to the broken window-pane with a soiled night-cap thrust into the jagged hole; he will nudge us, as it were, to make us see just how the battered washstand is propped against the wall; he will insist upon the condition of the towels, the appearance of the soapy water in the wash-bowl, and he will not pause until each square inch of squalor has been put beneath his microscope for us to gaze at. Yet in life one does not see things in this way. If we go up the staircase by ourselves, an unpleasant odour may make us instinctively recoil, and then hurry on;

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but we never stop to analyse it or to consider the source of every separate and component stench. We simply get a swift impression of something that is repellent and that is all. And when we enter a room, we get in like manner an impression of the room and of its most conspicuous features, but we do not notice every sordid, nauseous detail.

And in more important things, the pseudo-realism makes the same mistake in telling us too much and in insisting that we shall see everything. Zola and his school give us every external material detail reiterated over and over again. Bourget and his imitators let us into the innermost secrets of the brain so that we know their personages psychologically down to the last quiver of emotion or the last elusive turn of thought. And in the books which these writers have produced, every incident fits into every other incident just as the wheels of a machine fit into the cogs on which they turn. Every episode has a direct and definite relation to every other episode, and we are allowed to know just what the relation is. Nothing happens casually, or without a definite meaning. It is all wrought out so cunningly and with so perfect a balance, so logical a sequence, so inevitable an issue! The whole is marvellous as a work of art, yet it is preposterous as a bit of life; for from it the element of the fortuitous, the insignificant, and the irrelevant is utterly excluded. We admire the dexterity of the artist who has done so neat a piece of literary joiner's work; but the very perfection of his art removes it wholly from the sphere of truth and nature. It lacks the largeness and the looseness of the life we live.

This fact has not escaped at least one modern novelist; or, at any rate, there is one modern novelist who has come far closer to reality. This is Count Tolstoi, of whom Matthew Arnold observed with great acuteness that he has not thought it necessary to make the action in his novels represent a unity towards which each episode and incident shall lead the reader, and upon which they shall all inevitably converge. Thus in *Anna Karénina* there are two distinct and separate "actions" (the word is Mr. Arnold's) or rather plots, the one relating to the connection of Anna and Wronsky and the other to the affair of Kittie and Levine. As the tale develops, we pass from one set of interests to another with that freedom and actual inconsequence which belongs to the haphazard history of human lives. But there is something more to be observed, and Mr. Arnold has very clearly noted its significance.

"People appear in connection with these two main actions whose appearance and proceedings do not in the least contribute to develop them; incidents are multiplied which we expect are to lead to something important, but which do not. What, for instance, does the episode of Kitty's friend, Warinka, and Levine's brother, Serge Ivanitch, their inclination for one another and its failure to come to anything, contribute to the development of either the character or the fortunes of Kitty and Levine? What does the incident of Levine's long delay in getting to church to be married, a delay which as we read of it seems to have significance, really import? It turns out to import absolutely nothing, and to be introduced solely to give the author the pleasure of telling us that all Levine's shirts had been packed up."

Objection has been made to this irrelevance as being an essential blemish on a work of art; and such, in truth, it would be were this remarkable book of Tolstoi's to be viewed as being just a work of art. But, as Mr. Arnold afterwards observes, it is a mistake to speak of *Anna Karénina* as the creation of an artist. We are rather to take it as a piece of life.

"A piece of life it is. The author has not invented and combined it, he has seen it; it has all happened before his inward eye, and it was in this wise that it happened. Levine's shirts were packed up, and he was late for his wedding in consequence; Warinka and Serge Ivanitch met at Levine's country-house and went out walking together; Serge was very near proposing, but did not. The author saw it all happening so—saw it, and therefore relates it; and what his novel in this way loses in art it gains in reality."

Just one other modern novelist seems to have had an inkling of what this method means and of its value in giving an accurate impression of life. Anatole France, with all his grotesque jumbling of mysticism and materialism, has in two of his later novels—*L'Orme du Mail* and *Le Mannequin d'Osier*—exhibited the same appreciation of the inconsequent and the irrelevant as factors of true

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realism. But, historically, neither Tolstoi nor Anatole France is the first to show us an effective example of this realism. To find the prototype we must go back some seventeen hundred years and open the pages of a Greek writer who lived in Athens two centuries after Christ. This person is Alciphron, a clever and amusing littérateur, who may be best described as a sort of Hellenic Hugues Le Roux. Practically nothing is known about his life or about his personality; but from the fiction which he has left us, we may infer that he was an easy-going man of the world, a keen observer, a student of human nature in all its phases, and a very graceful, entertaining writer. The task which he set before himself was that of delineating in fiction the every-day life of his own time, and in doing so to sketch character with an accurate understanding of its psychology.

Very few persons, very few classical scholars even, concern themselves with the history of Athens after it ceased to be a centre of political power. The Athens which one most readily calls to mind is the Athens of the Golden Age of Greece—the Athens which both in arts and in arms was the supreme glory of the Hellenic world. This was the Athens of Pericles and of Plato, of the great dramatists and philosophers and historians and poets, the Athens which beat back the Persian hordes, and which, even in the death-throes of its independence, gave to the world Demosthenes. But the Athens of Alciphron was a very different Athens. Its people under Roman rule had half forgotten the grandeur of their past and were content to lead a pleasure-loving life, embellished by all the refined luxury of the Later Empire. The city was still a marvel of architectural beauty, and its inhabitants were still, as always, mercurial, clever, and intellectually brilliant. But their genius had ceased to be creative, so that culture and a certain polite erudition took the place of boldly original effort. Athens was the seat of a great university to which young Romans and Gauls and Spaniards, and even Asiatics, repaired in throngs to receive a modicum of that learning with which the name of Greece is forever associated. The town was very largely given up to a sort of genial bohemianism, so that it may be styled *le petit Paris* of ancient times. The society of this Bohemia was a light-hearted, merry, witty one, loose but not gross in morals, and distinguished chiefly by its perfect *savoir faire,* its easy tolerance, and its general appreciation of every one who showed himself to be a *bon enfant.*

This was the society which Alciphron has drawn for us in a series of fictitious letters supposed to be written by all sorts of persons representing pretty nearly every class—men-about-town, adventurers, professional diners-out, gamblers, peasants, fishermen, ingenuous youths, philosophers, anxious parents, and ladies of easy virtue. Taken together, these letters afford a curious kaleidoscopic view of Athenian life as it was known to the general run of men and women who were not distinguished, who were not "historical," but whom we see through the eyes of Alciphron as going about their usual occupations and amusements quite unconscious that any one is studying them. In short, Alciphron has done for the every-day world of Athens precisely what Petronius did for the every-day world of Italy a century before. Alciphron, however, unlike Petronius, is not a cynic, and he sinks his own personality in that of the individuals who are supposed to write these letters. There are many glimpses in them of the seamy side of life. The amusements of his Athenians are not always harmless, and there is much that decidedly does not tend to edification. Yet, on the other hand, there is much that is humorous and kindly, with here and there a very charming touch of grace and innocence.

The peculiar feature of the letters is found in the fact that they do not tell a story, but that they give you hints at many stories. It is precisely as though you had rifled the contents of a mail-bag and had before you the stolen letters. From them you would learn innumerable secrets; you would find clews to many a romance, to many a complication, to many a scandal; but the whole story in each case you would not know and could only guess at it. There is something peculiarly piquant in all this half-revelation, and it shows that Alciphron, almost two thousand years ago, anticipated the truly realistic theory of fiction which in modern times is exemplified alone in Tolstoi

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and in some of the writings of Anatole France.

The letters of Alciphron have never been fully translated into English. About a hundred years ago a version of some of them was published anonymously in London, the translators being two old-fashioned scholars named William Beloe and Thomas Monro. But their version is a perfectly impossible one. The easy, sinuous, rippling Greek of Alciphron, light as the petal of a flower or the wing of a humming-bird, is turned into stilted, pompous, eighteenth century British prose that moves along with the lumbering gait of an elephant. It is as though the sprightly *Lettres de Femmes* of Marcel Prévost were to be rendered into the polysyllabic ponderosities of Dr. Samuel Johnson.

Such being the case, I may venture to translate a few of these letters in a somewhat freer manner, endeavouring above all to preserve the spirit of the original. Some day the entire collection should be so translated both for its own intrinsic interest and also because of its importance in the history of fiction. Here, for example, is the letter of a young girl who lives in the suburbs of Athens, probably at the Piræus, which was the harbour town, in character a sort of Sanct Pauli to an ancient Hamburg. The girl's name is Glaucippe, the daughter of a fisherman. She is evidently a prototype of Little Em'ly and has been betrothed in her innocence to a Piræan Ham Peggotty. So long as she had seen no other men, or at any rate, none but men of her own class, she had been happy and contented in the thought of her coming marriage. But unfortunately for her, she has gone to Athens for a holiday, and has there made the casual acquaintance of a Grecian Steerforth—a man whose elegance and knowledge of good form have dazzled the poor girl and played havoc with her inexperienced young heart. Instantly the thought of the uncouth bridegroom whom her parents have provided for her becomes horrible. She shudders at him and she adores wildly and passionately the idle young Athenian who has made careless love to her. So she sits down and writes this letter to her mother:

"Dearest Mamma: I am quite distracted. I can't bear the idea of marrying that pilot's son as papa wants me to. I have met Ephebus in the city where you let me go for the holidays at the time of the festival in which he took part. He is, oh, so handsome, mamma, and more than that, he is perfectly fascinating! He has the most beautiful curly hair and such a smile! His eyes are as blue as the ocean when the sun first rises; and altogether his face makes you sure that he is a favorite of the Graces. You ought to see his lips. They are as red as roses. I have simply got to marry him. If you don't let me, I'll throw myself into the sea like Sappho."

Naturally Glaucippe's mother takes a different view of it. Her answer is brief and very much to the point.

"Child, you certainly *are* distracted. You must have gone crazy. You seem to have lost all your modesty and need good sharp treatment. Stop your nonsense right away and hold yourself in, until you get this crazy notion out of your head. If your father finds it out he'll make fish-bait of you in half a jiffy."

This is all we know about the love affair of young Glaucippe. Perhaps it turned out as Little Em'ly did; or perhaps Glaucippe, being duly taken in hand, became tractable and married her young pilot. But if so, it is pretty certain that she kept scornfully comparing him with the fascinating Ephebus, until middle age and many children stilled in her heart the voice of sentiment.

Here is a letter from a mercenary young lady with more wants than scruples. A sentimental youth named Simalion is hopelessly in love with her. He is evidently very young and wholly under the control of his parents who allow him very little pocket-money. Hence, the following letter to him from his Petala. She certainly makes her meaning very clear. She knows with the unfailing instinct of her kind that he is so infatuated that even her contempt will only stimulate his unreasoning love, and that sooner than lose her he will stick at nothing.

"Well, if a girl could live on tears, what a wealthy girl I should be! You're generous enough with *them* at any rate. Tears are not quite enough for me, worse luck! Money is what I want. I've got to have jewelry, clothes, servants, and all that sort of thing. Nobody ever left me a fortune or a block of stock, and that's why I have to depend on little presents which gentlemen make me. I've known you a whole year, and how much better off am I, I should like to know? My hair is a perfect

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fright just because all that time I haven't had anything to dress it with; and as for clothes—why, the only dress I've got in the world is so ragged that I'm ashamed to be seen with my friends. And yet you imagine, I suppose, that I can keep on this way forever without any other means of support. Yes, of course, you cry, but you won't cry forever. I'm really surprised to see how many tears you can shed; but if somebody doesn't give me something pretty soon, I shall starve to death. I know you pretend that you're just crazy for me, and that you can't live without me. Very well, then, isn't there any silver in your house? Can't you get hold of some of your mother's jewelry? Hasn't your father got anything that you can get some money on? Other girls are luckier than I am. They have lovers, but all that I seem to have is a sort of mourner, who keeps sending me roses and wreaths and garlands of flowers as if I were dead and going to be buried; and he says he cries for me all night. Now, if you can manage to rake up something for me, then you can come here without having to cry and cry; but if not, just keep your tears to yourself and let me alone."

Here is still another letter. It is written by an unsophiscated person, who was unfortunate enough to try his luck in a gambling house in one of the disreputable quarters of the city.

"Maybe you would like to know what's the matter with me and how I got my head broken and my clothes all torn to pieces. Well, the fact is, I broke the bank at a little game; but I wish I hadn't. For what's the use of a man like me running up against a lot of heelers? You see, after I had raked in all the money in the place and they hadn't a red cent left, they all jumped on my neck and punched me and stoned me and ripped the clothes up my back. All the same, I hung on to the money as tight as I could, because it nearly killed me to give it up; and I *did* hold out quite a while. I didn't give in when they hit me or even when they twisted my fingers. I felt like a Spartan who lets himself be whipped just to see how much he can stand without giving in. Unfortunately this isn't Sparta but Athens, and I was up against the toughest kind of a gang; and so when I was pretty near fainting I had to let them rob me. They went through my pockets and then after they had cleaned me out, they skipped. Anyhow, it's better to live without any money than to die with your pockets full of it."

Finally let me cite part of a beautiful love letter, supposed to be written to Demetrius, the soldier and statesman, by a girl named Lamia. It is touching in its humility—the humility which genuine love teaches, in making the reality seem too wonderful to be true.

"You will think it bold of me to write to you, my prince, and you will care little for my letters now that you have won my love. Indeed, when I see you among your guards and surrounded by soldiers and ambassadors, and crowned with your diadem, I am wholly overcome and turn away from you as I would turn my eyes away from the blinding sun; for then I know that you are really Demetrius the great soldier. How imposing, how like a conqueror you look! And then I feel quite hopeless and say over to myself: 'Oh, Lamia, is this really the man who spends his evenings with you, who likes to hear you sing, who writes you letters, and who prefers you to any other?' I can only keep silence and pray that you will come to me again. But when you do come to me and I kneel at your feet and you take me up into your arms—then I wonder whether this is really the stormer of cities, the man at whose name all Greece trembles. And with my lute I lay siege to this besieger and try whether he who has conquered others will himself be conquered.

"I shall never attempt to win you by any arts. I shall never lie to you as others do or be unfaithful. Since you first loved me, no other men have even looked at me, much less made love to me. Love comes quickly and it goes without a warning. The man who still has something to receive, comes as it were on wings, while he to whom everything has been given, grows tired and goes away. I know this, and I know that many women seek to hold their lovers by always keeping something back; and yet with you I cannot do this thing; for I trust you and I do not fear that you will ever tire of me. It might be different with others, but upon you who are so bound to me and who are so proud to have others see you with me, I could not practice these small arts, or use even the most insignificant deceit. I should be a fool to do so, for I should think it a small sacrifice to give up everything to please you, even life itself."

Only by quoting very many of these letters could an accurate idea be given of the extremely vivid way in which they reproduce for us the throbbing life of a great and luxurious city. In the pages of Alciphron we find ourselves actually in Athens, elbowing in its crowded streets a hundred various types—the gilded youth, the staid and cautious merchants, the barbers standing at their shop doors and begging customers to enter, the

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bunco men, the jugglers, the drunken soldiers, the market women—all, in fact, who make up a city's throng. We go with Alciphron into the houses of the Bohemian set and take part in their jolly dinners at which poets and artists eat and drink and talk and sing; and as we watch them, all the centuries that lie between us melt away, and we see once more that human life and human nature are essentially the same in every age and every land, and that the fascination of them is unalterable and eternal.

Harry Thurston Peck.

"A POOR THING BUT MINE OWN."

A LITTLE over a half a century ago, a purchaser of a landscape by Constable thus wrote the artist:

"Some time ago, as I did not quite like the effect of the sky, I was foolish enough to have that obliterated, and a new one put in by another artist." He then coolly continues with the admission that "the new sky, although extremely beautiful, did not harmonise with the other parts of the picture," and begs Mr. Constable to remedy the trouble by painting once more his own sky to the painting. Whatever may have been the language indulged in within the privacy of his studio, publicly at least the artist assented to this odd request with a rare graciousness, even going so far as to refuse any compensation for the additional labour. That the writer of the letter had been the first stranger to purchase one of Constable's canvases may have accounted in some measure for the artist's amiability, still as another of his landscapes was cut into two and sold as two separate pictures, *and so far as we can learn the dealer escaped either hanging or tarring,* it seems probable that the sanctity of a work of art fifty years ago was not what it is to-day.

Let the owner of a painting to-day try to change it to suit his own fancy and he will be restrained by the decree of the Supreme Court. The victory obtained by William de Leftwich Dodge in restraining others from altering his mural decoration in the new Montreal hotel must meet with well-nigh universal approval. Solomon himself never rendered a wiser decision, and, speaking of Solomon, we are reminded of one of his most popular decisions in recognising the claims of the true parent, for the creations that are born of the throes of artistic labour tug at one's heartstrings with an appeal that is all but human.

But I have lately been considering what might have been some of the consequences of a defeat for Mr. Dodge. Let us suppose it had been decided that the purchaser of a picture had the right, while retaining the signature of the artist, to have it changed in any way to suit his ideas of fitness or beauty, how interesting, not to say fascinating, would it be to visit the art gallery of a Chicago pork-packer, how positively exciting to follow the career of—let us say a Symphony of Whistler, from the time it first hangs before the adoring eyes of a Boston spinster until such time as it adorns the mansion of a Seattle magnate.

Then what an opportunity has been lost to the publisher of books! Here it almost seems as if the Public has a clear grievance. How delightful, how inexpressibly delightful, could all the weaknesses of our favourite authors be overcome, all their shortcomings be obliterated, by just the right antidotal pen!

Let us see how it might work: A good deal of disappointment was expressed over Mrs. Ward's parsimony in giving her readers the brilliant conversations of Julie Le Breton. It was the universal opinion that a little more revelation of her wonderful conversational powers other than mere "hearsay evidence" would have been relished. How delightful had the publishers of *Lady Rose's Daughter* been permitted to supply this deficiency by engaging the services, say, of the author of *The Dolly Dialogues,* or of *Concerning Isabel Carnaby!* Think of the selling qualities of a novel by William Dean Howells with one or two really attractive women put in by the skillful hand of Henry Harland or Elinor Glynn? How would the mild detective

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stories of Mary Wilkins "look up" if retouched by the master hand of "the one and only!" How attractive would be an edition of George Meredith "Englished" by Brander Matthews or Professor Woodberry! Or one of Thompson-Seton worked over in certain particulars by John Burroughs. And might we not hope to have a set of Fenimore Cooper with the Indians rewritten by Hamlin Garland, or the *Leaves of Grass* done into rhyme by Austin Dobson? These are only a few of the choice attractions that might have been offered us. But why limit the delightful idea to the realm of books? Extend it to the region of sculpture and might we not have a "Bourgeois of Calais" transformed at the touch of a strict academician to a group of Dancing Fauns? Or the painful "Two Natures" of Barnard softened into "Two Greek Youths Wrestling?" Or in music think of the possibilities of a score of Richard Strauss with insertions by the melodious Victor Herbert!

But all this is denied us. The strong arm of the Law interposes. In Art, only the hand of Time and the touch of sun and air may be suffered to do their transforming work. Our pleasant little dream is but a dream.

Annie Nathan Meyer.

GEORGE C. HAZELTON, JR.

MR. GEORGE C. HAZELTON, Jr., the lawyer-dramatist, probably best known as the author of *Mistress Nell,* has put the finishing touches to a drama on the life of Edgar Allan Poe, entitled *The Raven,* which is to appear in New York early in January. It was on the evening of the ninth of October, 1900, that Miss Henrietta Crosman, favoured by the failure of a play booked for a long run at the Bijou Theatre, introduced herself and Mr. Hazelton, the playwright, to a New York audience. The first night's receipts were but $69.00. Defied by a theatrical syndicate which fought her with Miss Ada Rehan in a play with the same historical heroine and which declared it would drive her out of town in a week, Miss Crosman established a metropolitan reputation for herself, *Mistress Nell* and its author, by playing in *Mistress Nell* for over two hundred nights in four of New York's leading theatres, while *Sweet Nell of Old Drury,* Miss Rehan's play, was withdrawn after a three weeks' run.

On the opening night when the handful of people went "wild," after the first act, and the dramatic critics awakened to the fact that a fine piece of dramatic writing was being interpreted by a finished actress, Mr. Hazelton stood passively in the back of the house, leaning on the railing, "watching the jury come in," as he expressed it. For about seven years he had tried in vain to have his play accepted by New York and London managers.

It was in *Gloriana,* in Chicago, that Mr. Hazelton first saw Miss Crosman act. He became enthusiastic about her, and when she came to Washington he submitted his play to her. In it Miss Crosman believed she saw a vehicle that would carry her into New York on the top wave of popularity. Mr. Campbell, Miss Crosman's husband and manager, who was then on the New York *Herald,* was determined that she should have the play. His belief in *Mistress Nell* is shown by the following incident. One night Mr. Paul Kester called at the *Herald* office and asked him to read *his* play woven about the life of Nell Gwyn. (This play, then called by that name, and afterwards *Sweet Nell of Old Drury,* was eventually produced in London by Madame Rehan and later by Julia Nielson and Fred Terry, subsequent to *Mistress Nell* in this country.) But Mr. Campbell refused to read it, saying it would not be fair to Mr. Kester, as he had been trying to arrange to secure Mr. Hazelton's play on the life of the mistress of Charles II. "I have never ceased to congratulate myself on my refusal," said Mr. Campbell; "it would have been a serious charge to have been accused of having stolen in the least from Mr. Kester." *Mistress Nell* made her bow before the footlights of the Tabor Opera House in Denver, Colo., on June 3, 1900. That night Mr.

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Hazelton received a telegram reading simply, "Nell made a great hit."

Mr. Hazelton did not come by his knowledge of the stage second hand. For three years he was with Booth and Barrett, with Barrett and with Madame Modjeska, playing in all some forty parts, and so studying stagecraft practically. It was during that period he wrote *Mistress Nell,* the scenes and haunts of whose escapades in England he visited after graduating from Columbian University at Washington. His father had been called to Washington in 1876 as a Congressman from Wisconsin (where Mr. Hazelton was born), and after representing his State in the House many years, made Washington his permanent residence, becoming Attorney for the District of Columbia.

In this way the scene of young Hazelton's life was changed from that of a Western boy—with horse, gun and rod for companions—to that of the brilliant political and social life at the Capital.

It was here that the author first began the practise of the law. He later moved to New York, and is an active member of the law firm composed of himself and his brother.

"I went on the stage," said Mr. Hazelton, "for the sole purpose of studying it with the object in view of becoming a dramatist. That seemed to me the only way. Then I returned to Washington and took a course in law at Columbian University." Always interested in the history of the seat of our government, he spent a year in writing *The National Capitol, its Architecture, Art and History,* a work which has attracted the praise of press and public.

"I may work hard for days, or not write a word in six weeks," explained the author in answer to a query, "simply because I have no ideas. The actual writing is comparatively easy. It is far more difficult to get ideas into one's head than to get them out, I find. *The Raven* is the result of years of hard work, but who knows if it will be a success? The idea of telling the dramatic life of Poe in a four-act drama and tableau came to me many years ago.

"Poe was a great lover and a great lover is necessary to a play. The more essential qualities of a play are quick action, conflict of interest, mental and physical, love (the backbone of every play) and self-sacrifice. All of these are found in Poe's life. My play adheres closely to his career, following his vicissitudes from early manhood to the end. The three leading characters are, of course, Poe, Virginia, his child wife, and Mrs. Clemm. There are two schools in Poe criticism. One is blinded by enthusiasm for his genius; the other blasts his character without reading his heart or words. No man could be wholly bad who loved Virginia as he loved, and was loved as Virginia loved him, and adored as Mrs. Clemm, his 'Muddy,' adored him. There are few things more pathetically beautiful than the stories of Mrs. Clemm trudging from publisher to publisher to sell the verses of her beloved 'Eddie.' Outside of the leading parts, as in every play which pretends to be historical, the others are purely fanciful. It was his poem 'The Raven' which gave me my idea and method of treatment. I saw in it the lights and shadows of a great soul, and the key to a mind that delighted in weird harmonies, as Wagner did in strange notes. To me 'The Raven' faithfully mirrored Poe's inner life. I saw in it what fancifully seemed to me the confession of a dramatic life. Lenore was for me the love for Virginia; the raven the overhanging gloom and helplessness of the lover and his lost love. There seem to be as many ideas as to the meaning of *The Raven* as there were a few years past as to the sanity of Hamlet. Poe wrote 'The Raven' as he would work out a problem in algebra, not, as many suppose, wildly and spasmodically and in a frenzy. And why not? Great poetry deals with the infinite and what can approximate the infinite even of fancy but exact science? Lowell says: 'No man of mere talent ever flung his inkstand at the devil.' Poe did when he wrote 'The Raven,' and measured his distance too."

There is a gruesome little story about Mr. Hazelton's play. When the poet was first buried, he was placed in a plain poplar coffin, after the fashion of the time. Eight persons only said "farewell" at the grave. Years after, the lovers of poetry lamented this and a more interesting spot was selected for his last resting place. When the grave was opened, the

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coffin fell apart, and a new one was used as a receptacle. The board upon which the poet's head had crumbled to dust fell away, and a prominent Baltimore journalist who was present treasured it at his home for years. Then, he too died. His widow had the bit of wood made into pen-holders and presented Mr. Hazelton with one, not knowing of his play. "I wrote part of the play with this holder," said the author, "but not much; for I do not relish the grewsome. I believe in the comedy even of tears, and try to find it wherever I can even in the life of the most fatefully sad."

To make Poe live before a knowing and critical public it was necessary to find an actor who could impersonate him strikingly in appearance and temperament. Mr. Frederick Lewis's success in Ibsen's *Ghosts* led to his engagement. Miss Crosman will not appear in the play, as unfortunately there is no part for her.

GEORGE C. HAZELTON, JR.

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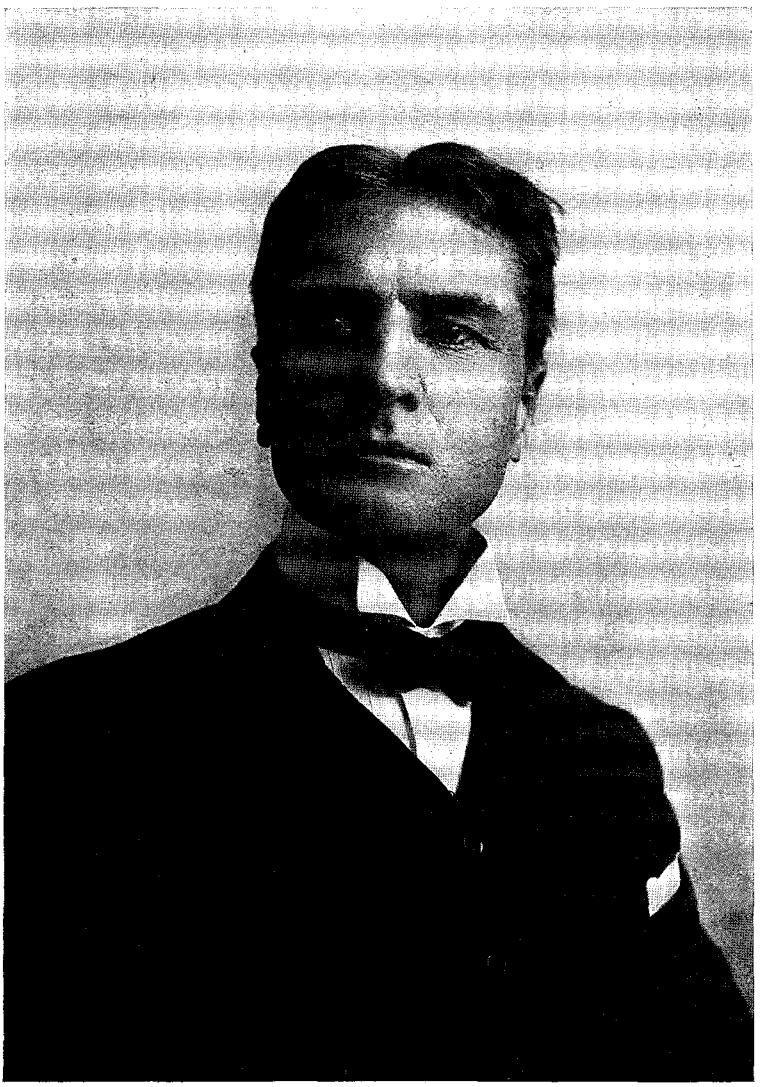
DRAMA OF THE MONTH.

IT seems incredible that any one who has seen Mr. Barrie's delightful play should have the heart to draw a lesson from it. *The Admirable Crichton* is a free gift to a starved public without any conditions attached, and those who find it an essay on socialism or a refutation of Jean Jacques Rousseau, or a sequel to Hobbes's *Leviathan,* have merely lost their appetite. Mr. Barrie has happened to notice that people have an amusing way of mistaking their luck for their merits, confounding circumstances with native gifts, and caste with personal differences. So he wrecked a half-dozen of them on an island and made new circumstances to make new men not to prove anything that we did



MR. WILLIAM GILLETTE.

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not know before, but just for the pleasure of seeing an old truth freshly. It is a series of elementary propositions. Deduct from a pompous old earl what society gives him and there may be only enough of him left to play on an accordeon. Banish the second son of a peer from his environment and he may just barely make of himself an indifferent carpenter. Lady Agatha may be by natural gifts a fishwoman and Lady Mary just clever enough to wait at table, and it may be that the only person whom nature has well endowed is the butler. And should that distinguished household be stranded on a lonely island its members would soon shake down into their natural places leaving the butler at the top. On this simple and sure foundation there would inevitably rise in that lonely isle a butler-monarchy, wherein the subject class would consist of worn-out lords and useless mistresses, who would be as servile under the new conditions as they were pretentious under the old. Then if suddenly restored to their own community, they would fall at once into their old grooves and despise the butler and try to forget; and the butler being a man of sense would ex-

MARIE TEMPEST AND LEONARD BOYNE IN "THE MARRIAGE OF KITTY."

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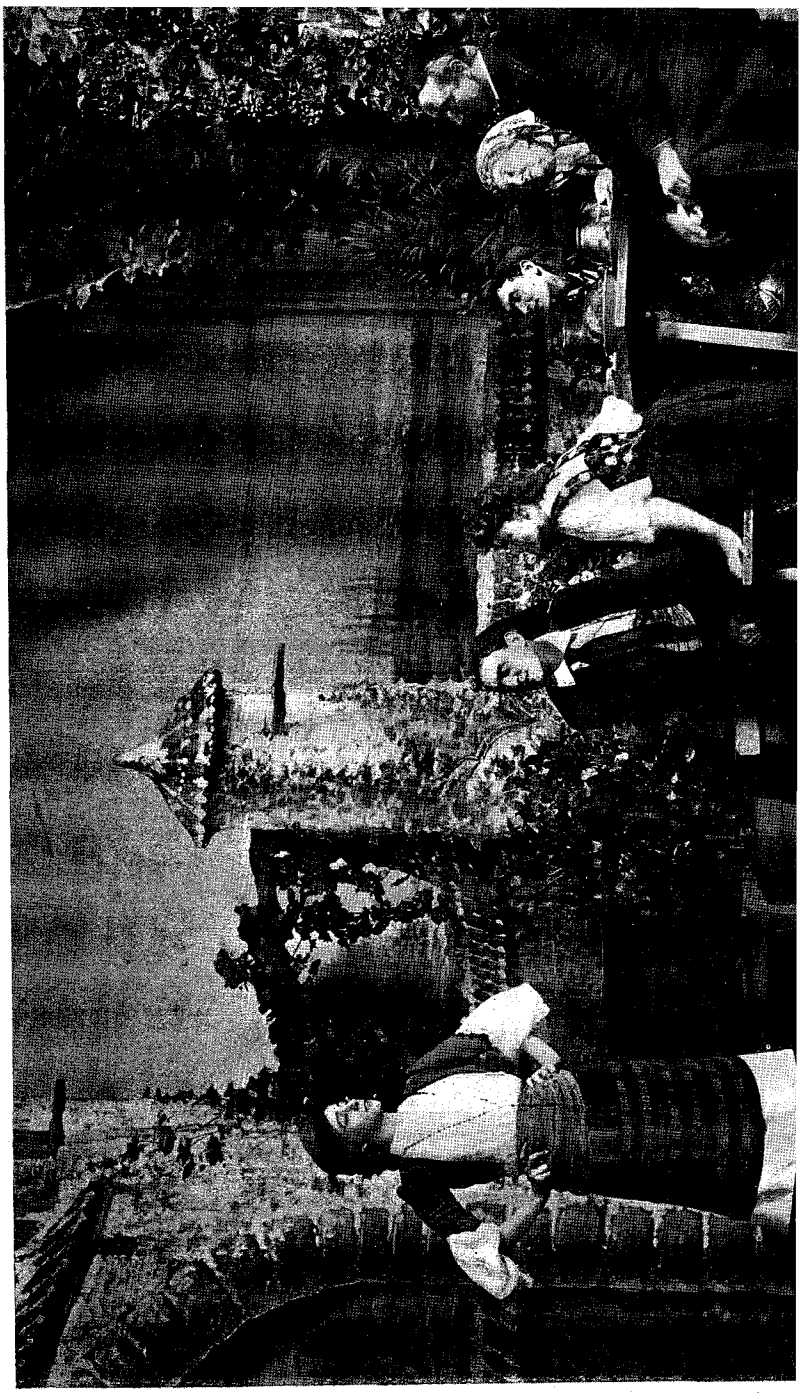

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EMPIRE STOCK COMPANY IN "THE WHITEWASHING OF JULIA."

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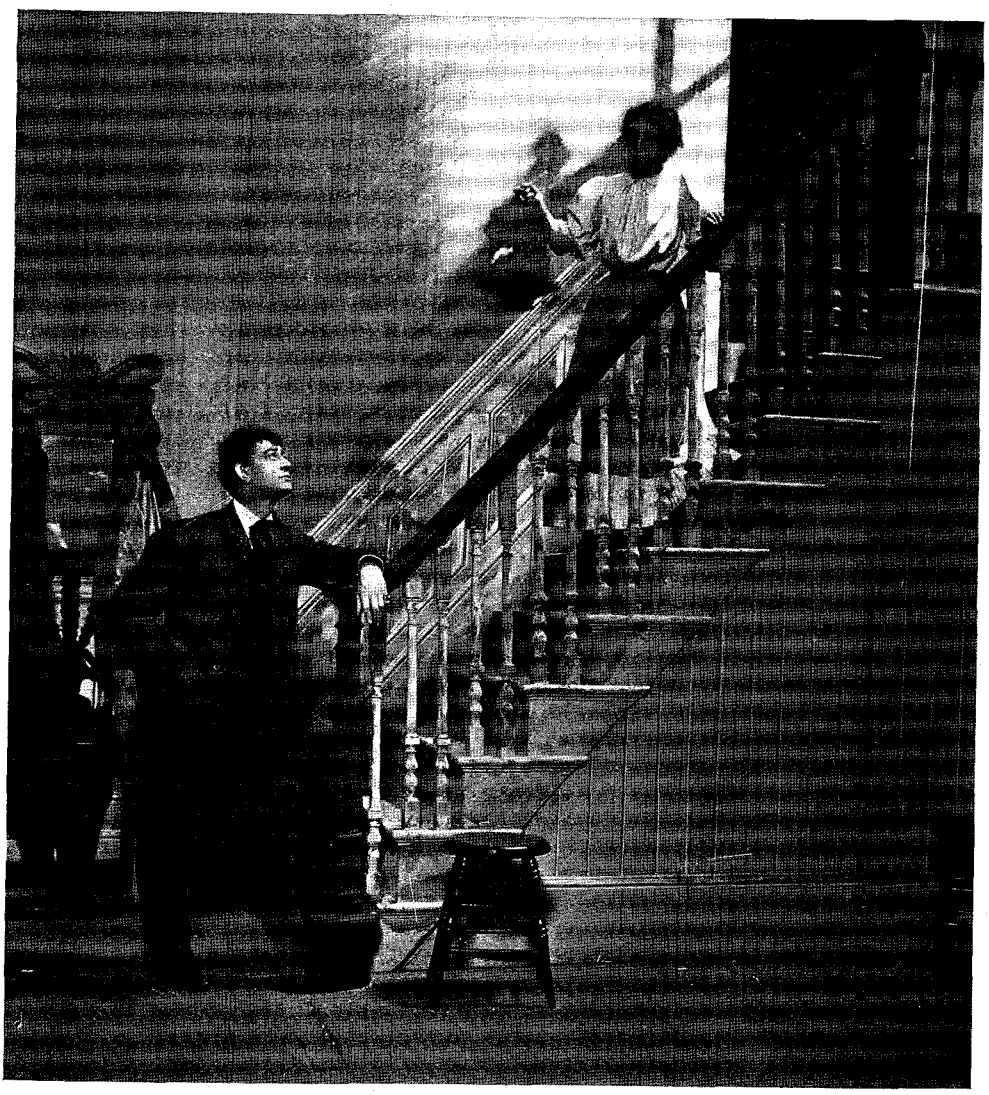
pect to be despised, for he knows them by this time for ordinary people, that is to say, inert, custom-made creatures, who move only as they are pushed. The idea is as common as air, and many social philosophers have made books of it, weighing as much as ten pounds each. If it seems new, that is where the art comes in. The fancy takes its fun with just these familiar things which it carries out into little concrete surprises, proving that human nature has no end, and the world no common place. Art has no horror of an old fact, but of an old mind to see it with.

The play is a fantasy that keeps common sense always within hailing distance. Some feared we Americans might miss the point because caste with us is so much less crystallised. The American servant would not, like Crichton, find his highest ideal in "a haughty household where every one knew his place." But rank is after all only public opinion petrified, and we should be a very dull people if we did not know that a Crusoe experiment would jolt us up considerably. The tenth transmitter of a foolish face (as Savage called a British nobleman) may be rarer here, but the third or



ELEANOR ROBSON AND EDWIN ARDEN IN ZANGWILL'S "MERELY MARY ANN."

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fourth transmitter is common enough. The accidents of success are plentiful, and in a democracy they seem particularly ironical. It would not be surprising if our New York audiences found a shrewder pleasure in the play than they did in London. As presented here by Mr. Gillette and his excellent company it was the best comedy seen on our stage in several seasons.

We saw *Lady Rose's Daughter* with a sense of gratified malice. It is just such tiresome, for Mrs. Ward is a serious and academic writer, to whom every character is a theorem. She posits things of her characters and then goes solidly ahead. By the terms of the hypothesis Julie could be gay and gracious, but somehow you never caught her at it in the book. Given vivacity and wit, given the two sides of a right-angled triangle —nothing makes a reader so peevish as this cold method and the corroborating chorus of all the other characters does

MADAME WIEHE IN "LA POUPEE."

a dramatisation as Mrs. Ward's novel deserves. It has been criticised for its deviations, but it was no worse when it wandered off than when it staid with the author. In the book Mrs. Ward had plenty of time to expound the heroine's character, while in the play Julie's doings seemed a little sudden and unexplained. She was tempted and rescued twice over but there was scarcely time for any one who had not read the book to make her acquaintance. On the other hand, the Julie of the book was often no good. The play was a legitimate criticism of the book, proving that if we actually heard people talking as they do in the novel, we should not be particularly interested. In both the play and the book there was the same lack of humour and heartiness, and it seemed the less excusable because Julie had the outlines of an amusing and delightful character. The unredeemed promise of the book made us spiteful, and we were glad to see it neatly telescoped. It was well played and had a good chance. In fact,

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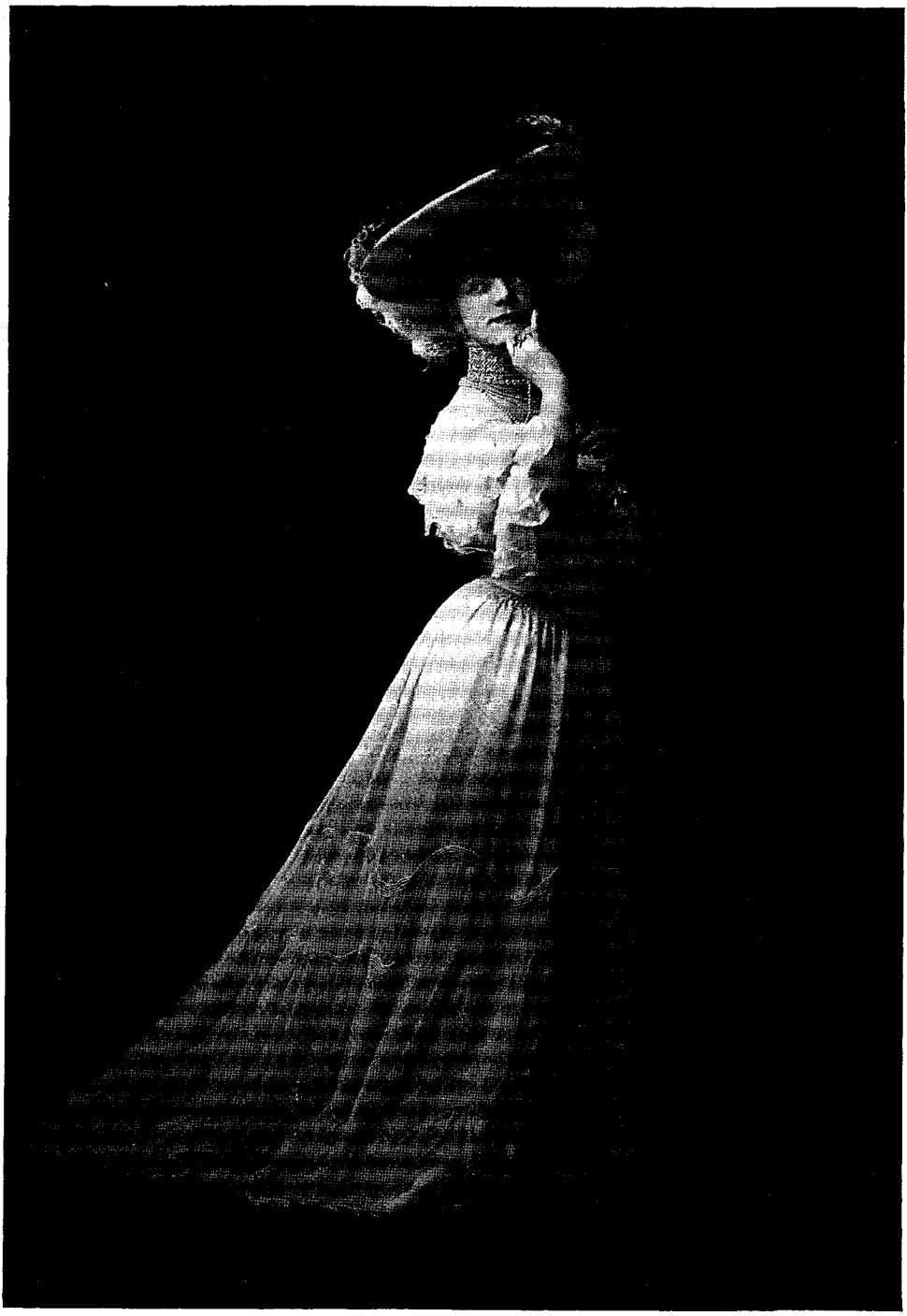

MADAME WIEHE.

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Julie had the chance of her life in the competent hands of Miss Fay Davis, who came so near to making good Mrs. Ward's deficit that she won for herself a personal triumph. She found all there was in poor Julie—extracted her cube root—and still no one was satisfied.

As a rule the dramatisation of a good novel simply damages a pleasant memory. The humane principle would seem to be that if the stage must really take things second-hand it should get them from the books that do not matter. Why the stage need take things second-hand, animal life being so abundant, is hard to see. But the less the book, the less the injury. Hands off *Vanity Fair* but cut up *Soldiers of Fortune* into chewing-gum if you like. Kipling is one of the authors to be spared. Nevertheless the stage version of *The Light That Failed* did no harm to any one who had not recently read the book. Recalling it from the time of its first appearance we should say that Dick Heldar was younger and more vivid and less abjectly pitiful and many times more attractive than the hero of the play, that his newspaper friends were less affected, that Maisie was a few shades brigher, and the red-haired girl less like a sorrowing sister Anna. But clipped and dog-eared it was still Kipling in a way, and Mr. Forbes Robertson helped to a recognition. He was not Dick Heldar, but he sometimes suggested him and he played throughout with sympathy and intelligence. One character in the book, however, appeared in flesh and blood. Bessie, the street waif whom Dick rescued and who destroyed his painting, was reproduced by Miss Lee with absolute exactness.

Readers of Mr. Hornung and Mrs. Burnett are not likely to have long memories and neither author has a style that suffers much in a dramatisation. *Raffles* is as probable on the stage as he is in Mr. Hornung's stories, and *The Pretty Sister of José* is as sweet as Mrs. Burnett made her. Of course the audience knew Raffles from the first, but the detective did not, and the greatest of detectives and the greatest of cracksmen actually stood nose to nose, and Raffles gave the broadest kind of hints and looked straight into the detective's eyes in such a meaning way that an intelligent pair of handcuffs almost leaped of their own accord from the detective's pockets, but the detective could not guess because if he had guessed so soon there would have been no play. Mr. Kyrle Bellew was graceful and impressive, and the play was exciting unless you were old and fussy; and there was a delightful surprise at the end which we must not disclose beyond saying that it was due to a door that swung in the middle. That door was really creative, one of the high points in current drama, and if properly used henceforth will put an end to much needless hiding behind curtains. In historical and society plays there is usually somebody to hide and as a rule he peeks or lets his feet show. The door that swings in the middle lets a husband in on one side and a suspected wife out on the other, emancipates the hero from the cupboard, oils the wheels of intrigue, baffles pursuit, saves the innocent, and all without those painful and ostrich-like protrusions from behind tables and chairs.

The scene of *The Pretty Sister of José* was laid in Spanish stage-land with a toreador from *Carmen* and a peasantry from a Christmas card, and was mainly interesting for the struggle between Miss Maude Adams and her physique. She wished you to forget that she was wan and fragile and spiritual, as far away from a petulant Spanish beauty as from the mother of the Gracchi. And because she was Maude Adams the audience did forget. It would applaud her as a giant in jack-boots. She put spirit and real feeling into the part and some pathos that was not intended.

And forth two chiefs came spurring. To earth they sprang, their swords they drew, and lifting high their shields they flew; and it seems likely they will have a good run for they are both revolutionary heroes, young, good-looking, and of a valour tried at many matinees. Critics generally preferred Mr. Richman as *Captain Barrington* to Mr. Faversham in *Miss Elizabeth's Prisoner,* but we hold with great tenacity to the opinion that Mr. Richman's voice has too homespun a quality, is too comforting and fit for fatherly purposes to serve in romance, and that Mr. Faversham's more ironic note makes him a better Lochinvar. From the couch of pain we should prefer Richman, but were we to be wooed and won it should be by Faversham. This

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may not sound important but it is as vital a matter as anything in the plays themselves, which for the lack of originality in the writing depend solely on the skill and personalities of the actors. *Captain Barrington,* however, is remarkable for its thoroughgoing use of ideas and situations tested by experience. It is a skillful compilation of things sure to please because they have pleased many times already, well-stocked with fighting, villainy, disguises, and patriotism, and far the better of the two plays in workmanship. *Frank Moore Colby.*

THE GYPSIES.

I found her in a gypsy camp
  Between the night and morning.
I was a roving, loving scamp,
  She was a child of morning.

She had the wood-dew in her hair,
  The road-dust on her feet,
The sting and thrill of mountain air
  Made all her motion sweet.

She moved with something like the grace
  Of migratory birds.
The wander-longing in her face
  Was like forgotten words.

Richard Hovey.

FINIS.

The goal is reached: the last few steps are run
  And backward on the course our eyes are cast,
Just as the toiler when the work is done
  Thinks upon all the milestones that are past.
Yet not as stones whose very whiteness mars
  The beauty of that common road of Life:
But fingers pointing upward to the stars,
  To clouds that kiss and float in joyful strife.

Around each rhythmed mark the ivy strays
  And trembles 'neath the rose's virgin blush:
From out some hidden nest one hears the lays
  And echoed warbles of the soulful thrush—
So when the labour's done the toil seems less;
For Memory is rich in Happiness.

George Middleton.

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A Story for Young Children.

By Harry Thurston Peck.

IN TWO PARTS.

PART II.

THE room was darkened, so that Hilda could scarcely see anything as she went in. But very soon she could make out her mother's face lying upon the pillow. In a chair beside her was a nurse who had just come. She had a white cap on her head and a sort of white uniform with cuffs and a trim collar. Hilda thought that she looked very nice. When she saw Hilda, she got up from her chair so that Hilda could sit there. But Hilda stood by the bed and put her face down on the pillow beside her mother's.

"Mamma, mamma," she asked pitifully; "are you very sick?"

"Yes, dear, I'm afraid I am," said her mother almost in a whisper. "Dr. Sniffen says it is very serious. He thought it better to tell me."

Hilda somehow felt as though the doctor were to blame.

"I don't believe *he* knows," she said after a minute.

"Sh—h! You shouldn't speak like that. Why do you say that he doesn't know?"

"Oh, why—I don't like him. He was cross to me, just now."

"Was he? Then you must have provoked him in some way. He has done everything he can at present, and he is going to telegraph for papa—only I am afraid the telegram won't reach him, for he must already be on the way home. It will be a dull Christmas for you, dear, I'm afraid. I shall not be able to see about your tree."

"Oh, I don't care anything about my tree," cried Hilda. "If you will only get better, that is all I want."

But the nurse came up just then and said that the doctor had left orders that there was to be very little talking. So Hilda sat in one corner of the room for a long time, very sorrowful; and then the nurse sent her downstairs. She got her dolls and tried to play with them, but somehow she could not amuse herself

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in that way; for she felt all the time as though something dreadful was going to happen. The house was very still and she was very lonely and afraid. If only her papa would come home! It would make her feel more courageous just to hear his voice and have him take her up in his strong arms.

"He's better than that old doctor!" said Hilda to herself as she sat by the open fire in the hall and saw pictures in the flames.

Later in the afternoon she crept up to the sick room and looked in; but the nurse motioned her to go away, for her mother was half asleep. So she went back once more and sat very quietly until it began to grow dark. Just then the bell rang and one of the maids opened the door. The doctor came in.

"Ugh!" he said to himself. "It's positively hyperborean this evening. Ha! A fire!"

He saw the glow of the wood-embers as they shone in the twilight. But he didn't see Hilda who was crouching on a footstool very still beside the hearth; so that when he went up to the fireplace to warm his hands, he stumbled over her and nearly fell.

"What's that!" he snapped. "What d'you mean by tripping me up? Oh, it's you, is it? I believe it was premeditated!"

"I don't know what you mean," said Hilda. "Only I didn't do anything. I was just sitting still. But you walked on my foot."

"No impudence!" said the doctor. "Go at once and tell the maid to turn on the incandescents!"

"I don't think she's got any," returned Hilda doubtfully.

"Any what?"

"Any of those—those incan—those things you said."

"You surely are the most stupid child I ever saw," said the doctor with a snarl. "What do you do here when it's dark?"

"We turn on the lights," answered Hilda. And just then the maid came in and did it.

The doctor looked at Hilda for a minute as though he could eat her up.

"So you think to ridicule me, do you?" said he. "I wish you were *my* child for about an hour!"

"*I* don't," said Hilda; for she was beginning to be angry.

But the doctor had gone upstairs.

He stayed there a long, long time, more than an hour; and while he was away, Hilda had her dinner. After she had finished, she sat by the fire in the hall again. At last she heard a door open overhead. The doctor was saying something. When he had finished, there was a sound like a sob, and then the door was shut and the doctor came downstairs.

Now the doctor was not a bad man, but he thought so much about himself that he did not have any time to consider anybody else. He really believed that Hilda was always trying to make fun of him and he had an uneasy feeling that perhaps he was not so great as he hoped he was. So when he saw the child waiting for him, his anger toward her came back to him, and he said a cruel thing, though perhaps he did not mean to be cruel.

"Well, little girl," he said very solemnly, "I hope that you will leave off your impertinent ways now, for your mother is probably not going to recover. She is very ill, very ill indeed; and you ought to be thinking of your great misfortune, rather than planning new manifestations of your most unhappy disposition. At such a time as this——"

"Isn't mamma going to get well?" cried Hilda.

"I fear not. She——"

"Oh! Oh!" Hilda burst into tears. Her sobs shook her little body like a leaf. The doctor was very much disturbed, but he didn't know what to do; so, instead of feeling sorry, he was only the more vexed.

Just then the clock in the hall struck eight. Each stroke was like a clear, sweet bell. The sound made Hilda start. It reminded her of the silvery little *ting* which she had heard when her wish was granted. A great joy came into her heart. She remembered the elf and the four wishes that she still had left. She stopped crying and put her little hands behind her back and looked up at the doctor with a look of defiance.

"My mamma *is* going to get well!" she said. "She will be well to-morrow morning!"

"What do you mean?" cried the doctor. "Are you crazy?"

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"She *is* going to get well. You don't know!"

"You wretched child, how dare you speak to me in such a way! And at such a time as this! You are far worse than I ever imagined. Are you aware that I am a doctor and that you are nothing but a child?"

"I don't care if you are!" said Hilda. "You don't know anything about it. I'm going up to mamma now!"

And before the doctor could stop her, she had darted up the stairs out of his sight. He looked after her in astonishment, and then shrugged his shoulders and let himself out at the front door.

Hilda was so excited that she scarcely knew what she was doing. She rushed into her mother's room like a little whirlwind. The nurse had gone downstairs for a few moments.

"Hilda," said her mother very gently, "come here; I have something sad to tell you, but try to be brave and bear it. If only your father were here to make it easier for us! The doctor has just told me——"

Hilda could hear no more.

"Mamma! Mamma!" she cried, "I know what he's told you, and it isn't so! It isn't! It isn't! You are going to get all well—quick! You will be well tomorrow morning! You will!"

"Why, Hilda!" said her mother, astonished by the child's strange words and manner. "I wish it could be so, dear, but the doctor said——"

"He doesn't know! He doesn't know!"

Hilda fairly screamed as she said this, and she stamped her little foot and made such a noise that the nurse came running up the stairs to see what was the matter.

"Please call the maid," said Hilda's mother. "The child is very much excited and ought to go to bed, poor darling."

So the maid came and carried Hilda off to her room. There she undressed her and tucked her up carefully and sat by her awhile until she seemed more quiet. But as soon as the maid had gone, Hilda sat up straight in bed and said out loud:

"I wish for my mamma to be all well in the morning."

Then she added:

"Little elf, little elf,
Come to me your ownty self,
Make my spoken wish come true
As you said that you would do."

Ting! A sound like a silver bell chimed out in the darkness, and Hilda knew that her wish was heard. So she nestled down in the warm bed and let her head sink deep into the pillows, and she was so tired after all her excitement that in two minutes she was fast asleep.

When she awoke, it was early morning. There was snow all over the window-sill. The winter sun was just beginning to send a bright shaft into the room. Hilda rubbed her eyes and stretched, and then suddenly remembered what had happened the night before. In a minute she had jumped out of bed and had put on her soft, woolly slippers. Down the hall she pattered and into her mother's room. The nurse made a sign that she was not to speak loud.

"How is mamma?" whispered Hilda.

"Asleep," said the nurse. "And she is much better. I don't understand it," she continued, half speaking to herself. "Her pulse is quite normal and so is her temperature."

Hilda didn't quite understand this, but she knew it was something good.

"Is she well?" she asked.

"She seems so," said the nurse, still looking puzzled. "But we must wait till she wakes up and sees the doctor."

Hilda laughed to herself as she scudded back to her room to be dressed. While she was dressing she heard steps on the stairs and then a loud exclamation from the doctor. Hilda laughed some more. Presently she heard her mother say:

"But, doctor, if everything is quite normal and there are no symptoms whatever, why should I not get up as usual?"

"Madame," said the doctor, "it would be quite unprecedented. To be sure, this change is most extraordinary, but it is all most irregular. Last night you were at the point of death, and so it is obvious that you cannot yet leave your room in spite of a favourable prognosis."

"But I'm going to," said Hilda's mother rather sharply. "I feel perfectly well and you say you can find no trace of illness. I shall get up at once."

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"Very well, madam; very well, madam," replied the doctor in his most pompous voice. "Then I tell you very plainly, madam, that I give up the case. Yes, madam, I give up the case."

"As you like," said Hilda's mother. "But so far as I can see there *is* no case."

The doctor snorted, and went down the stairs. As he did so, Hilda came out of her room and walked behind him. He looked around and saw her. His face grew black and he frowned.

"You!" shouted he.

"Good morning, doctor," said Hilda. "I told you that you didn't know."

The doctor rushed out of the door so fast that he bumped against a tall gentleman in a long overcoat who was coming in.

As soon as Hilda caught sight of this gentleman she gave a scream of joy, and the next minute she was in his arms.

"Papa! Papa!" she cried, nestling her head down in his big loose coat. "Oh, I'm so glad you've come. Mamma's been sick, and I've had such a bad time, but she's all well now."

"Are you sure?" said Hilda's father. "The telegram said——"

"Oh, *yes!* Quite sure."

And just at that moment her mother came down the stairs in a pretty morning-gown and looking as well as she ever had in her life.

There was a great bumping on the verandah, and soon the door opened and a man with a big box came in.

"What's that?" asked Hilda.

"I can't tell you," said her father. "But you'll find out to-morrow night when you have your Christmas tree."

An hour later, breakfast was all over and Hilda was in the hall looking at the big box and trying to guess what things were in it. Presently she heard her mother who was still in the breakfast room, say something that made her stop and listen.

"But don't you think it was very wonderful?" asked her mother. "The child seemed to be so sure that I should be well in the morning. Dr. Sniffen said that I was growing worse, but Hilda kept insisting that he didn't know. It was positively uncanny."

"Well," said Hilda's father with a laugh, "I fancy that we needn't make a miracle of it. Probably you had a chill or something, and Sniffen took it for pneumonia. I haven't much opinion of these cub doctors myself. Hilda happened to hit it off about right when she said that he didn't know."

And so they let it go at that.

The Christmas holidays passed quickly, and Hilda went back to school. She had come to like her school very much, for it was all very much the same as play. She learned to sort out coloured strings and to put pegs in holes and to count blue buttons and to play rat; and they taught her ever so many songs. And she liked the children, too, all except Frieda. She kept out of Frieda's way as much as she could; but in spite of that, Frieda would tease her or play tricks on her whenever she got the chance. Sometimes she would smear Hilda's dress with yellow chalk, and sometimes she would pinch her when nobody was looking; and she made fun of her to the other children. But most of them were fond of Hilda, and would not take any part in making her unhappy. So she got along very well and had very good times.

At last the winter ended and then came spring; and pretty soon the beautiful June days made everybody glad that vacation time was near. Hilda had planned to have a little party on the day after school ended. She thought it would be nice to ask the children whom she knew to come and spend the afternoon with her on the lawn behind the house where there was a swing and also a pole for playing tether-ball. She spoke to her mother about it and her mother said that she would have a big cake made, and that Hilda could cut it for the children. So it was all planned; and Hilda went to her friends in the school and asked them if they would come. They promised very gladly. Then Hilda thought that she would ask Frieda, for she was a friendly little soul herself and didn't like to be on bad terms with anybody. She wanted to make up with Frieda and have the school year end pleasantly.

"Will you come to my party on Saturday afternoon, Frieda?" asked Hilda at noontime.

"Oh, shoo!" said Frieda. "The idea of *your* having a party! A fine sort of party! Where's it going to be?"

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"On our rear lawn."

"What are you going to do?"

"Oh, we're going to play games, and swing, and have a good time. Won't you please come, Frieda?"

"What are you going to have to eat?"

"A great big cake made on purpose."

"What kind of a cake?"

"A nice white cake—I don't know the name."

"Naw!" grunted Frieda, "I don't want to go to such a party as that."

"Well, all the other children are coming."

"Huh!" said Frieda, with a grin. "You think they are, but you don't know much."

"Yes, I do," replied Hilda indignantly. "They've all promised."

"They have, have they? Well, you just wait and see."

And she went off, laughing to herself in a mocking sort of way. Somehow or other, Hilda felt uncomfortable. She didn't see what Frieda meant, but she knew that it was something unkind. And it hurt her to think that Frieda would not make up and be friendly with her, after she had asked her to the party.

The next day was the last day of school. After the usual morning session was over, the children all said good-bye to Miss McFadd, and went out merrily, very glad that they were going to have a long vacation in the beautiful summer days. As they went downstairs and out into the porch, two of the girls came up to Hilda, looking rather uneasy.

"Oh, Hilda," said one of them. "We're sorry, but we can't come to your party to-morrow."

"Oh, dear! Why not?" asked Hilda.

"Well—because, because—we have got to go somewhere else."

Just then several other children came up.

"We can't come either, Hilda," said they.

Hilda was greatly surprised and very much hurt. All of a sudden she saw Frieda looking at her with a grin on her face. It was plain that she knew why the children would not come.

"Won't you tell me why you aren't coming?" asked Hilda. "You know you promised me you would."

"*I'll* tell you," cried Frieda, coming forward. "They won't come to your party because they're all coming to mine! *I'm* going to have a big chocolate cake and not some plain old white cake like yours. And I'm going to have lemonade, too. You don't know anything about giving a party."

Hilda was terribly grieved. The tears came into her eyes, as she looked at all the children about her. Some of them hung their heads and seemed ashamed; but they did not say anything.

"I thought you were going to come to my party because you liked *me*," said Hilda slowly. "You promised to come and I asked you first. Are you all going to stay away?"

There was a moment of silence, and then a little boy said:

"Well, I'll come anyhow, Hilda. I think it was mean of Frieda to have her party at the same time as yours."

"And so do I," said one of the girls.

"And I!"—"And I!" said two more of them. But the rest said nothing.

"Well," said Hilda, "there'll be five of us anyway, and we'll have fun by ourselves."

"Huh!" grinned Frieda. "We'll have a look at you. My garden is right next to your lawn, you know. What a fine party, with only four to come to it!"

And she went off whistling like a boy.

Hilda was quite unhappy about it all. She thought at first that she would ask her mother to let her have more things to eat at her party; but somehow that didn't seem very nice, for she didn't want the children to come to her just because of what they were going to have to eat. So she said nothing; and the next day at three o'clock, she was dressed prettily and went out on the rear lawn to receive her guests.

There was a big elm tree on the lawn and under it was a little table with the big cake all covered up in white tissue paper and with a silver knife beside it. The lawn was as green as an emerald, and the sunlight streamed over it like a shower of gold. Pretty soon the four children arrived, all very spick and span.

In a few minutes they had begun to play tether-ball and were shouting and laughing merrily together. When they were tired of that, they took turns on the swing, and then they had games. When five o'clock came they began to be hungry.

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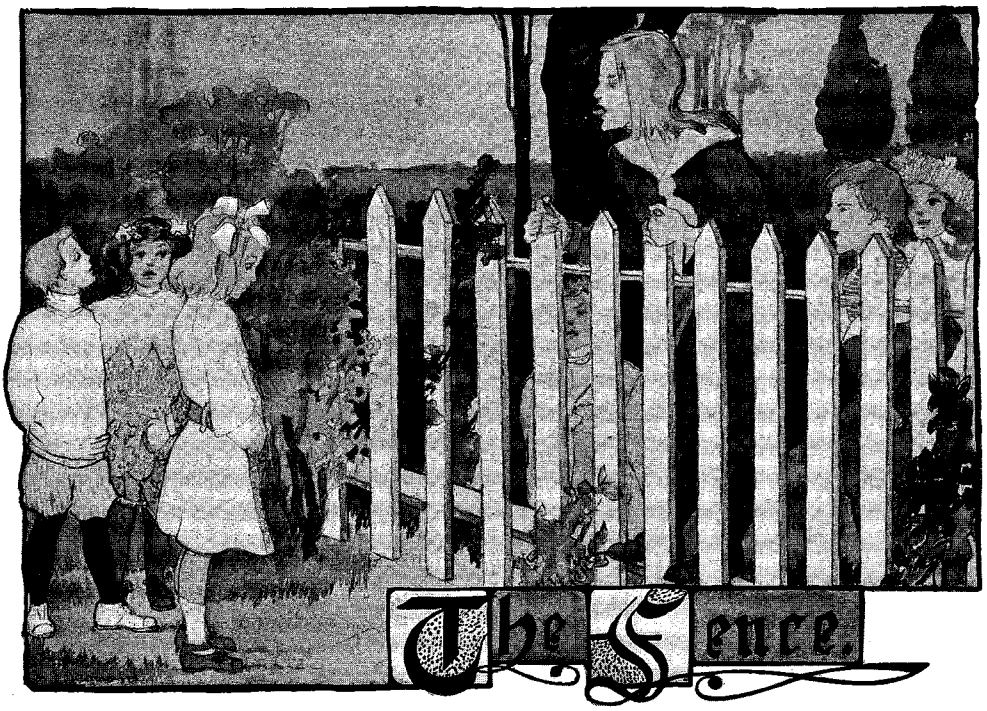

"Now," said Hilda, "let's cut the cake."

She took the silver knife in her hand, but just at that moment a great noise was heard on the other side of the fence, and Frieda with about a dozen children came down through her garden, singing and laughing. Behind them came a maid with a great tray, partly covered. Frieda climbed up on the fence and began jeering.

"Now you're going to see what *we've* got!" she called out. "Look here!"

And she uncovered the tray and showed two large chocolate cakes and a big glass pitcher of lemonade. The chocolate cake looked ever so good. The chocolate was rich and brown and oozed out from the layers in the most delicious way. And the lemonade had lumps of ice, and slices of orange, and whole strawberries in it. It would make anybody thirsty to look at it, even if one hadn't been playing in the hot sun as these children had.

Frieda cut the cake into big pieces and poured the lemonade into the glasses. Even the children in Hilda's party could not help wishing that they were going to have some. Their mouths fairly watered; while the children on Frieda's side of the fence all shouted.

"Now go ahead and cut your old white cake!" cried Frieda. "Let's all see what you asked us to come and get at your party. Ha, ha!"

Hilda was so mortified that she didn't know what to do.

"Stingy! Stingy!" cried Frieda. "Nothing but old white cake! Go ahead and cut it. We want to see it."

And she climbed up on her side of the fence and jeered and stuck her tongue out at Hilda.

"Won't you please go away, Frieda?" said Hilda piteously. "We weren't bothering you. Why do you want to torment us?"

"Go on and cut your old cake. I want to see what mean things you give at your party. I suppose your mother can't afford to give you anything better. I don't believe you've even got any cake at all. Look at our lovely chocolate cake, you children!"

And she tilted back and forth on the fence, jeering and making faces. All the other children laughed.

Hilda felt very angry. Her face

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flushed and she decided that she would not let Frieda go on shaming her. She stepped quickly behind the big elm tree, and began to speak quickly and in a low voice.

"I wish for the splendidest things to eat right away—lots of them—behind the hedge!"

Then she repeated very fast the rhyme which the elf had taught her. *Ting!* came the little bell-like sound—and then she heard Frieda calling:

"Coward! Coward! Had to run away!"

Hilda came out from behind the elm. She walked up to where Frieda was standing.

"We are going to have *our* things to eat now;" she said. "Down behind the hedge. Come, children!"

She walked to the end of the lawn where there was a thick hedge. Her four guests followed her, and Frieda and the dozen other children went along on the opposite side of the fence.

"I don't believe she's got anything at all," said Frieda. "She's going to hide so we can't shame her—oh! oh!"

And then every child there just stopped and gasped and stared with their eyes as big as saucers and their mouths wide open.

Behind the hedge was set a long square table covered with a snowy linen cloth and glittering with silver and crystal dishes. At one end was a platter with several broiled chickens, nicely carved, and with the marks of the grill all golden brown upon them. At the other end was a wonderful salad nestling in green lettuce leaves and decorated in a way to make you want to keep it as an ornament. There was a chocolate cake as big around as a small hoople, and a wedding cake all iced over with sugar and made to look like a great white temple; and then there was another cake almost as big, with raisins sticking out of it all over the top and sides. In little filigree baskets were cream puffs and chocolate éclairs; and there were pretty glass dishes heaped with marshmallows and caramels and nougats. Others held grapes and oranges and plums; and there were strawberries all smashed up in sugar and cream ready to be eaten. But grandest of all was the centre of the table where stood Foxy Grandpa himself made all of ice cream, and around him the two boys, and birds and animals, also of ice cream. There was white ice cream, and green ice cream and brown ice cream and yellow ice cream—in fact, every kind you could think of; and last of all, two crystal pitchers, one full of plain lemonade and one of pink lemonade.

When the hungry children saw all this, they nearly went out of their minds. Even Hilda, who had expected something very wonderful, could scarcely believe her eyes. However, she tried to look as though it was nothing unusual.

"Come," said she to the four children who were with her; "let's see how they taste."

Frieda turned white and then red as she looked on. Her two chocolate cakes and her lemonade seemed so silly beside all these splendid things. She could not say a word. And the children who were with her, when they saw what they had lost, looked at her angrily.

But Hilda turned around and said to them:

"Won't you come over and let's make one party instead of two? Bring your things and we will have them all together."

The children shouted and scrambled over the fence like wildcats. Only Frieda hung back and remained silent.

"Please come, Frieda," said Hilda. "I want you, too. Won't you be friends?"

And then Frieda for the first time that any one knew of, burst into tears.

"I can't," she said. "I've been so bad to you."

"But you won't be any more, will you?" said Hilda. "Come. I want you most of all."

And Frieda came. In five minutes they had eaten all the broilers and the salad, and were chopping Foxy Grandpa to pieces with gold spoons. It was the biggest feast that any children ever had in the world.

That night as Hilda was going to bed, her mother came into the room and sent the maid away.

"Hilda," she said, "come and sit in my lap. I want to say something to you. There have been some very strange happenings this year, and I know that you have a secret which you have kept from me."

Hilda buried her head in her mother's

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neck. She felt ashamed and a little frightened.

"I heard the other day," continued her mother, "of how you made the most beautiful basket that any one had ever made at the school. But I know very well that you had not learned to make baskets. And the night when I was so very ill, you told me that I should be well in the morning, and it turned out to be true, although the doctor had said that I could not hope to recover in a long, long time, if I did at all. And now I find that in some way you have had a whole table of all kinds of dainties down on the lawn; for John has just brought in a basketful of very exquisite dishes and silverware. What does it all mean?"

Hilda was very silent and only buried her head down deeper.

"Don't you know, dear, that it is very wrong of you to keep anything secret from me? I want you to be always frank and honest, and to feel that you can come to me without ever being afraid. So tell me now what your secret is."

Then Hilda began and told the whole story from the beginning—about the spider and the elf, and how the grass came to turn blue, and the basket, and everything until she had reached the end.

Her mother sat for a long, long time without saying a single word, but just rocking Hilda softly in her arms. At last she said:

"Hilda, it is all very wonderful and hard to believe; yet I can not help believing it. Only, you ought to do as the elf said and not waste your wishes on little things. One of your wishes probably saved my life; but the other two were just childish wishes. Now as you think you have two more wishes, I want you to promise me truly that you will not use them until you are quite grown up—at least without telling me and getting my permission. Will you promise?"

"Yes, mamma," said Hilda, "I promise."

And as she has not yet grown up, she still has two wishes left.

(*The End.*)

THE NOVELIST'S OMNISCIENCE AND SOME RECENT BOOKS.

IN one of his new series of *Avowals,* Mr. George Moore recently commented upon Thackeray's *Vanity Fair* in a way that was not only thoroughly characteristic but full of suggestive interest. The comment was based upon the scene of Rawdon Crawley's inopportune return from the debtor's prison—the scene in which Becky desperately affirms her innocence and the Marquis of Steyne receives the scar which he is destined to carry to his dying day. But whether Becky is really innocent or not is never told; and the purport of Mr. Moore's criticism is that a writer who is so ignorant of his heroine's nature that he does not know whether her temperament is warm or cold hardly deserves the high rank accorded to the author of *Vanity Fair.* Whether the case in question was well chosen is open to debate—for even if Thackeray chose to feign ignorance regarding Becky's conduct, he at least represents Rawdon as having no doubt whatever about the matter—yet the underlying principle is perfectly sound, that in every novel there are certain crucial questions about which the writer has no business to be ignorant. Omniscience, indeed, is a prerogative of the novelist. The joys and the responsibilities of creation are his. The lives and antecedents of his characters, the thoughts they think, the little world in which they play their part, are all the outcome of his personal whim, with the single restriction, that he may not transgress the established laws of nature. He is equally arbiter of life and death over his hero, whether he write lurid melodrama or the most humdrum realism of uneventful lives. He may kill off the hero at a moment's notice, or he may save him at the eleventh hour, provided only that he kills him by some natural mode of death, or saves him by a method recognised by the medical profession. He and he alone is responsible for the

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shape of the heroine's nose, the colour of her eyes and hair, whether he accepts the responsibility or seeks to shift it, by the laws of heredity, to the long line of ancestors that he himself has invented for her. And after the author has endowed his personages with their bodily form, chosen the clothes they shall wear and the emotions they shall feel, it is not too much to ask that he shall take the trouble to study his own creations sufficiently to know what they are going to do in any of the situations that he chooses to thrust upon them.

As a matter of fact, a good many authors do not take this trouble; and that is the secret of much of the slipshod fiction that finds its way into print. Of all the advice which might be given to the young novelist, none would be more useful than the cardinal rule, not to put pen on paper until he knows his characters, one and all, not merely for the brief period of the story's duration, but for the whole extent of their lives—until he feels quite sure what they would do under any assignable combination of circumstances, in a fire, a flood, a shipwreck, a railroad collision; until he can tell you whether his hero is a Presbyterian or a Buddhist, even if the novel in question is not a religious novel; or whether he is Republican or Democrat, even though politics will not be mentioned from the first page to the last. On the other hand, it is by no means the novelist's duty to tell all he knows, or even the major part of it. The universe lies before him, as before the landscape painter, but he may choose his own field and limit himself to it, just as the artist limits himself by the four margins of his canvas. An author, for instance, may choose to circumscribe his tale within the limits of a certain street, or a certain building, or a certain room. Within those limits, he will tell you everything his men and women say and think and do; but when they turn the corner, or leave the house, or close the door of the particular room behind them, they pass absolutely beyond the reader's sight and ken. Or again, the author may limit his knowledge to that of a particular character of the story. Wherever that character is free to go, the reader is free to follow; whatever that character is in a position to know, the reader may share with him. But we cannot justly complain of his silence about matters which take place beyond these definitely assigned bounds than we may quarrel with the landscape painter for his failure to show us the trees growing behind a barn, the sun that has sunk below the horizon.

Among all the questions which arise to perplex the novelist there is probably none which involves a more delicate art than this very one of the limits which he should set to his own knowledge. And the manner in which he answers this question goes a long way towards helping to class him under one or the other of the two great subdivisions into which modern fiction naturally falls—the realistic and the psychological. The student of modern life, to whichever school he belongs, has come to look upon it as a game of skill, rather than a game of chance. The realist sees life as a chessboard, and he shows it to the reader as such. He sets forth the situation with endless minuteness and fidelity, the position of every pawn, the history of every move that has gone before. He shows us each successive step as the game goes on, but what is yet to come, what lies concealed in the mind of the player, we must wait to know until his next move reveals it. To the analytical writer, on the contrary, life is not purely a game of skill; it resembles, rather, a hand at cards, in which the cards themselves stand for that particular allotment of talents inherited or acquired, which go to make up each man's individuality. The psychological novelist takes his stand beside life's card table, at such an angle that he may overlook the hand of one or more of the players, and watch the game from the standpoint of their secret knowledge. He may even walk around the table, so to speak, and overlook the cards of each player in turn, and thus be in a position to anticipate far in advance the outcome of the game. Just how many hands he will take the liberty to overlook, how many human hearts he will submit to a remorseless psychological vivisection, is a question which each author must answer for himself.

It is an interesting fact, however, that the stories which held their own in popular favour are usually those that do not shift their point of view too often. If you turn to Jane Austen, as the type of placid, old-fashioned English realism,

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you will that in *Emma,* for instance, she seldom moves far from her heroine's side. Emma's thoughts and hopes and desires are all recorded minutely; those of her father, or Mr. Knightley, or "poor" Miss Taylor are disclosed mainly through their individual utterances—and if they so much as cross the room from where Emma is seated, we usually cease to overhear them. Or take, at the opposite extreme, that prototype of all Soldier-of-Fortune fiction, *Les Trois Mousquetaires.* Dumas was not a man to hamper himself with theories or methods, and the principle must not be applied too rigidly in his case. But the fact remains that, so far as the vital part of the story goes—the expedition to London to recover the Queen's diamonds—whatever we see and hear is seen and heard through D'Artagnan's eyes and ears. When Athos and Porthos and Aramis successively fall by the wayside, they drop as completely out of the game as the pawn that is taken from the chessboard—what happens to them we do not know until later they tell it with their own lips. We cannot stop to help them; we are too busy, following close upon D'Artagnan's heels.

Nevertheless, the average reader demands, sooner or later, the truth, and the whole of it. He is impatient of deceptions and reservations; and for that reason many a writer sees nothing better to do than to lay bare the hearts of his characters one after another—to examine, as it were, all his available witnesses. There are just a very few writers who have realised that this method, while it may give facts and solve problems, can never mirror back life, in its subtler manifestations—the life that we each of us watch from day to day, in the homes of our friends and neighbours. The absolute truth regarding any human transaction, a bargain and sale, a street fight, a battle lost and won, is perhaps the rarest commodity in the world—the bare, tangible facts are in themselves hard enough to get at; the motives behind the acts lie concealed in each individual human heart. What we know of the lives outside of our own is not and never can be the absolute truth, but merely a creation of our own, built up from countless vague impressions, gathered we know not when or how, and gradually welded into shape in the laboratory of our brain. Often we touch elbows with casual strangers, almost unconscious of their presence. They do not come into our lives with a flourish of trumpets, like the hero of a popular melodrama. Weeks may pass, and we may meet them again and again, and they still remain for us little more than a symbol, a bare name, people that we may think of vaguely, as the Girl in Blue, the Man with the Queer Nose. And then suddenly a strange twist of destiny will lift a corner of the veil of mystery which surrounds each one of us, and we realise that they have become vital factors in our lives. Or again, there may be a man and a woman whose life-circles apparently touch only in the most casual manner—whom we have seen meet a hundred times and exchange their formal handclasp, their conventional words of greeting. And suddenly, one day, an indefinable something, an unguarded stress of voice, the flicker of an eyelid, brings us a luminous flash of intuition; and we know that unwittingly we have all the while been in the presence of a great, hidden tragedy—one that in all likelihood we shall never know in detail. A large part of life is made up of just such elusive, tantalising, unsatisfactory material, and to-day there is just one author writing in English who is sufficiently subtle and audacious to weave such material into the warp and woof of a novel.

A great deal has been written, and with justice, about the obscurity of Mr. James, his bewildering mannerisms, his maze of qualifying words and phrases, in which a reader wanders, as through a verbal mist, to end hopelessly in a blind alley of inexplicable syntax. But what has not been generally recognised is that the obscurity and the queerness lie, not so much in Mr. James's manner of telling a tale as in the tale itself that he has to tell. He is not stating a clear story in a hopelessly involved manner; he is giving as clear a statement as he can of a much befogged condition of facts—and that is a radically different matter. You may take an instantaneous photograph of the endless flood of human life in Piccadilly or Ludgate Hill, in the midst of a London fog; or you may make a time exposure of the same scene on a clear June morning—and in both cases the result will be a

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blur; but in the one case the fault was the fault of nature; the blur was already there to be photographed; in the other case the fault was your own. It would be an interesting experiment to take a chapter from one of Mr. James's recent books, read it over and over until one were quite sure of having grasped all its subtle suggestions and semi-tones, its implications of things unknown and only vaguely guessed at, and then to sit down to rewrite it, within the same limits of space, on the condition of adding nothing and leaving nothing out. The chances are that the last state of that chapter would be decidedly worse than the first.

In many ways, *The Ambassadors* will prove to be easier reading than the last three or four volumes by Mr. James have been. To begin with, he has obviously had, aside from the particular set of characters that he undertakes to study, a very definite central thought, a thought which his careful labours upon the biography of the sculptor Storey has naturally kept uppermost in his mind,—namely, the influence of Europe, its older culture, its radically different standards, upon the American temperament. Perhaps the best brief definition of *The Ambassadors* which can be given is, A study of the New England conscience, subjected to the hot-house atmosphere of the Parisian *Vie de Bohême*. And secondly the characters are chiefly American characters, deliciously, refreshingly American—yet the sort of Americans that you usually have to go to Europe to discover. To give a straightforward analysis of *The Ambassadors* would be to do violence to Mr. James's literary creed. He himself never gives you straightforward facts, but merely a series of impressions. And these you have to take as he gives them and let them accumulate and sink in, until their ultimate significance gradually dawns upon you. You do not need to wait long for an impression of Mr. Strethers; you get him in the opening page—a tall, thin, overworked man of letters, something better, yet not much better than a hack-writer, who has suddenly had the unexpected boon of a vacation, a private embassy to Paris, which may lengthen out for weeks and months. Strethers is a product of Woolett, Mass., and he is unpleasantly conscious of the fact—he feels that "it sticks out all over him." He has the New England conscience, but for the time being it is in abeyance. He is as receptive of new impressions as a sensitised plate and he means to enjoy himself, in spite of the burden of his special mission. Gradually it is revealed that he is in Paris in the interest of Mrs. Newsome—imposing, portly, prosperous Mrs. Newsome, the mature widow who is a power not to be ignored in Woolett, Mass. The source of all the trouble is Mrs. Newsome's son "Chad," who for some years has made Paris his home and whose letters during the earlier months were a periodic anxiety, which finally merged in a still greater anxiety, due to the absence of any letters at all. Mr. Strethers is commissioned to go to Paris, to discover if possible all the "unspeakable things" that Chad has supposably been doing, and at all events bring him back, a prodigal but repentant son, to Woolett—after which, it is inferred, the mature charms and ample fortune of Mrs. Newsome will be at Mr. Strether's disposal. Now just what Chad Newsome's life in Paris has been through all these years, and just what there is for Mr. Strethers to investigate, matters very little. What does concern us is to know what Mr. Strethers thinks that he finds out, the series of impressions which he receives. Somehow the atmosphere and traditions of the Latin Quarter, the laughter and the light and the gaiety of Paris gradually filter into Strethers's blood; the men he meets, and more especially the women, are all so different from what he had pictured them from the vantage-ground of far-away provincial Woolett, that his standards of morality undergo a curious and interesting readjustment. And acting according to this new light, he gives Chad some surprising advice, calculated permanently to wreck his own chances of ever filling the offices of the defunct Mr. Newsome. And yet throughout more than five hundred pages, Mr. Strethers has been wandering in a mental haze. He has not really known the simple basic fact that has kept Chad Newsome all these years in Paris. He has seen Chad and Mme. Vionnet in each other's company day after day; he has talked with them, singly and together, until he thinks there is nothing left for him to know. And yet the sim-

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ple, elemental truth about them does not dawn upon him until the morning that he wanders alone out to the rural districts beyond Rennes, and there in one of those idyllic spots dear to artists, sees a rowboat containing a man who held the paddles, and a lady in the stern, with a pink parasol—saw them, recognised them, and suddenly awakened to a knowledge of infinite and undreamed possibilities. A book with all the tantalising vagueness of real life, and one which surely no one other than Henry James could have written.

There is no subtle haze of doubt surrounding the crudities of life in *The Masterfolk,* by Haldane McFall. He gives us the Bohemia of the Latin Quarter, unvarnished and grim, wine and woman and song side by side with sickness and starvation and suicide. He does not seemingly go in search of what is repellant and unclean and unspeakable, but he does push open the doors with scant ceremony that stand before him; and what he finds hidden behind them he reveals in plain, blunt English. There is little art in Mr. McFall's book—it is too long by fully one-third; it is overcrowded, both with characters and with incidents; and the plot is exasperatingly rambling and formless. Nevertheless there is a rugged strength about the book that is unmistakable. There are a score of people in it who are not only genuine, but whom you feel that you could dearly love if you met them in real life. There are here and there little touches of human nature that go far towards softening the prevailing crudity of the book. And unquestionably it gives us the life of the artist circle, the life of the "Boul' Mich" with a sympathetic understanding unapproached since the days of Henri Murger—unless indeed we except Du Maurier. Its obvious faults are easily understood; *The Masterfolk* is the work of a man who has been far more intent upon embodying his whole philosophy of life in a single book than in giving to that book an artistic symmetry.

If there is scant art in Mr. McFall's book, there is art in abundance in Guy Wetmore Carryl's delicious little volume, *Zut and Other Parisians.* It belongs to the order of literary *pâtisserie,* the lightest, crispest, most inviting *bonne-bouche* of fiction that you well could ask, so typically French that it is hard to believe that a genuine Anglo-Saxon could have written it. The best thing yet said about *Zut* was the remark in a recent interview, that there were times when the volume fairly seemed to shrug its shoulders. From first to last it is pervaded with that spirit of indulgent irony which we are accustomed to associate with the writings of Anatole France. Certainly the initial story might have come straight from the pen of the creator of M. Bergeret. It is a story of jealous rivalry between the proprietress of an *épicerie* which has seen better days, and the young wife of a prosperous hairdresser who kept the adjoining shop. It is hard enough to see the tide of fortune setting against one, to watch day by day the increasing stream of custom flowing in at the doors of one's hated rival, while one's own custom steadily diminishes. But in this case the last straw is the ingratitude of Zut, Madame's big white Angora cat—capricious, pampered, typically feminine, who finds the dainty furnishings of a model barbershop more to her taste than the ill-smelling atmosphere of stale vegetables. So Zut accordingly enrolls herself in the ranks of the deserters, quite indifferent to the tragedies that may result. "Zut," the author explains in passing, is "a word which means at once everything and nothing." Accordingly it is well chosen as a title for a volume about the race that is preëminent in the art of passing over the serious catastrophes of life with gay laughter, and magnifying trifles into a national tragedy.

A volume which cannot be taken with any special seriousness, and yet which seems to fit in just here, is Albert Carman's story of *The Pensionnaires.* The life of the typical continental pension is admittedly unlike any other life on earth; the people you meet are unlike any other people; and the only wonder is that they have not been oftener utilised in fiction. Mr. Carman's volume is a rather clever picture of this life, bearing an occasional suggestion of cartoon art; and the background of the story, the atmosphere of Dresden from the enthusiastic tourist's point of view, is full of a suggestion of personal reminiscences that linger pleasantly in the author's thoughts. As for the story itself, there is no marked originality, but it is readable enough. A

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young American girl, who has gone to Germany to cultivate her voice, is the despair of her teacher. Physically, she possesses a wonderful vocal instrument; but she sings without soul—her heart has never been awakened. Two men, however, come into her life, a dreamy, visionary Pole, and a stalwart, matter-of-fact Englishman, and under their combined influence she awakens and becomes the wonderful singer that nature intended her to be. But which of these men is to reap the reward for awakening her is a question that takes time to decide; and the ending of the book is disappointingly conventional.

There is too much originality rather than too little in Mrs. L. Silberrad's new story, *Petronilla Heroven*. From the very first Miss Silberrad has shown a promising degree of individuality. Her situations are unhackeneyed; her characters are refreshingly new; and there is a commendable smell of the soil, an atmosphere of hedgerow and thatched roof, about her pictures of English rural life. And yet a book like this latest one leaves a disheartening impression of tawdry melodrama. To be sure, you do not feel this while you read—to that extent the plot is redeemed by the style. But a brief epitome of the story inevitably reads like a burlesque. Petronilla is the natural child of a farmer's daughter, the first blot upon a good old yeoman family. An orphan, hated by her grandfather, she leads a lonely childhood, ostracised, roaming the fields and woods, and imbibing from other wild and lonely things something of their woodland habits, their stealthy tread and vengeful nature. At seventeen she is a strange, wayward girl over whom the good village folk shake their heads and predict that she will soon follow in her mother's footsteps. And now begins the melodrama. In the forest Petronilla meets a strange man, a crippled, scarred, gnarled piece of humanity, whom she knows simply as the Woodsman, who talks Schopenhauer to her and imbues her with a taste for Carlyle and the French Revolution. There is another man in the story, an incarnation of malice and hatred and revenge; and because he once loved Petronilla's mother, and the latter had disdained him, he follows up the girl with persistent cruelty, hounding her relentlessly, and exercising fiendish ingenuity in inventing new methods of injuring her. Between this man and the Woodsman there is a mysterious connection; and every now and then, when Petronilla reaches the limit of endurance, she appeals to the Woodsman, and he promptly sends a blue diamond to the other man. These blue diamonds have mysterious power; they make the other man turn very pale—they reduce him to lamb-like submission. But just why he turns pale, and just what hold these blue diamonds have upon him, is one of the many things that you never find out. Then Petronilla has a pet wolf, a full-grown, full-blooded, white wolf, that follows her everywhere, with steps as stealthy as her own. You know from the first that the wolf is one of Miss Silberrad's most important stage properties; you are sure that he is going to play the rôle of *deux ex machina* when the final catastrophe comes. And so he does, but he does it in such a tame, innocuous fashion that his wolfhood is quite wasted. A good-sized mastiff would have answered quite as well, and at less sacrifice of probabilities. Unquestionably the story holds your interest to the end, but when you lay it down you realise how thoroughly artificial was the trick of the diamonds and the wolf; you feel as though you had been hypnotised by a few bits of coloured glass—as though you had been fooled once too often by the idle cry of "Wolf! Wolf!"

Miss Silberrad's chief fault is that she leaves too many ragged ends to her story, too many mysteries that she either will not or cannot explain. In melodrama an author has no possible excuse for pleading ignorance, because it is the essence of melodrama that anything may happen, any explanation will be better than none at all. The biggest and most palpable of lies will be acceptable, if only the writer lies with persistent cheerfulness and brazen confidence. A more incredible tale than John Oxenham's *Barbe of Grand Bayou* has seldom been given to an indulgent public; and yet one cannot help respecting the author for his colossal assurance. Picture a section of the stormy sea-girt Breton coast, a particularly dangerous section, with sunken rocks, and a treacherous whirlpool, through which a deadly tide races at every ebb and flow. Picture a lonely

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lighthouse out in the midst of the waves, warning mariners from the cliffs that no boat could live to reach. And then imagine that within the rock of those cliffs there lies, unknown and unsuspected, a vast cavern lit by narrow fissures through which sea gulls can barely make their way; a cavern that a man might reach by falling through a hole, a mere rabbit burrow, in the pasture land above, slipping, clutching, falling along a dark, slanting passage, to be shot suddenly into a black void, and fall endlessly until consciousness leaves him. Imagine such a man awakening to find himself a prisoner in a vast, dim vault, bewildered, unable to account for his presence there. And days slip by, and he keeps life within him with the scant food of sea gull's eggs, the few fish he can catch in the dark pools of the cave. And all day long he can see through a narrow crevice in nature's twelve-foot wall of stone, the distant lighthouse, and at rare intervals can catch a glimpse of a flitting form, the form of the woman he loves, who helps her father tend the light. The story of the man's imprisonment, of how he came to fall into the cavern, and who fell with him, and how he finally came out again, but came alone, is distinctly a good story of its kind. And it does not follow that a reviewer admires its kind, just because he is willing to give it cordial recognition.

Tapestry Novel is the phrase which has been coined for a type of fiction best represented by the works of Maurice Hewlett. It is an apt phrase, and one that grows upon you, the more you think of it. For if the strange, dim figures in old tapestries, the knights and crusaders, the cowled monks and fair ladies that look down at us from fabrics wrought by mediæval weavers, could suddenly be kindled with life, if warm red blood could be infused into their veins, beneath the reds and greens and tinselled threads of their trappings, then might their outlook upon life be something after the manner of the Hewlett novel. That Mr. Hewlett would have disciples was a foregone conclusion; that he would have one of such marked talent as that revealed by Mr. Warwick Deeping, comes as a distinct surprise. *Uther and Igraine,* Mr. Deeping's first novel, is a book which may be conveniently classified as falling midway between *The Forest Lovers* and *Richard-Yea-and-Nay.* It has much of the idyllic charm of Mr. Hewlett's earlier story; but it blends with it a good deal of the virile strength and the impetuosity of his later manner. The basis of Mr. Deeping's story is the legend of Uther Pendragon, the fabled father of King Arthur, who, according to the Arthurian cycles, loved one Igraine, wife of Gorlois, and won her by fraud, through the wiles of Merlin, afterwards making her his wife when Gorlois had been slain. Mr. Deeping takes some bold liberties with the old tale; but this will hardly matter, since to those who once fall under the spell of *Uther and Igraine,* Mr. Deeping's version will henceforth be the only true version, his Uther and his Igraine the only ones who are real. The story opens upon a scene of carnage and destruction. Hordes of barbarian invaders are burning and pillaging Saxon vilages; a convent has been rifled, and the frightened nuns are escaping to the woods, fleeing from death and worse, like a covey of startled quail. Igraine, a novice, alone keeps her head, and sacrifices herself to cover their flight. But she is seized by the invaders, stripped, bound to a tree, and left to her fate. It is thus, in the woods, at night, that Uther of the Dragon comes upon her, looses her bonds, leaves her to resume her nun's grey gown, and then undertakes to see her safely bestowed with her kinsmen at Winchester. Misled by the grey gown, he thinks her, not the novice that she is, but a holy nun, placed by her vows forever beyond his reach. And she, not knowing what manner of man he is, welcomes the protection that his mistake affords, and does not enlighten him. "The Way to Winchester" is the sub-title of the earlier half of the story; one wishes it might have been chosen as the name of the book. For it is on the way to Winchester that the great events of the story have their origin, in the love that is kindled in the hearts of the novice and the knight. And because she knows that she loves him, Igraine decides, as they lie for the last night of their journey, almost within sight of Winchester, that on the morrow she will tell him the truth, that she is no nun. And because he loves her, and is jealous of his knightly honour, he decides as he guards her sleep

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throughout that last night, that he must see her no more. And so before dawn of the day when she would have told him the truth he steals softly away and passes out of her life. The idyllic charm of the story is undeniable. There is at times a certain mannerism, a root of affectation approaching preciosity. Yet in the later part of the story, which is full of the din of battle, there is an impetuous on-rush of action that makes one quite forget any occasional artificiality of style. It is a book strong enough to carry with it a conviction that here is a new writer whose work will count for something definite among the novels of the present decade.

Frederic Taber Cooper.

THREE BOOKS OF THE DAY.

I.

THE WORK OF JOHN S. SARGENT.*

MUCH has been written of Mr. Sargent's work and much to the purpose, but it seems to have been reserved for a woman to communicate that which is almost incommunicable, in the notes that Mrs. Meynall has prepared as introductory to this fine volume of photogravures published in London and imported by Charles Scribner's Sons, of portraits by Mr. Sargent.

It is an attribute of genius to inspire consideration from many sides; and we think it most important that an artist who is so widely discussed should find a worthy commentator. It may seem rather an inversion of the order of things that this volume should be reviewed, giving precedence to the literary side of the book when the illustrations form really the book itself. But in a sense this again seems proper, for the writer calls her notes introductory, and doubtless, if they are first read, he who then examines the work will be in a frame of mind to better appreciate the riches here displayed. Mrs. Meynall has done nearly all that can be done, outside the esoteric circle of the practised painter to explain the sources of this artist's power—and, again, in that charmed circle of kindred craftsmen few can successfully give expression through the medium of words.

In the last few years, since the revival of interest in portraiture, and there has evidently been such a revival, volumes of importance dealing with one or the other of the great earlier portraitists have been brought here for our delectation. We doubt, however, if one of quite so great impressiveness from the point of view of book-making has yet been offered to the public.

But before speaking of the physical features, so to say, of the book, we must still go further in expressing our indebtedness to the writer of the introduction. For anything that is to-day conducive to a better understanding of the portrait painter, anything that will indicate the problems he has to face and the qualities of mind required to successfully portray a human being is most welcome. A volume of this kind is well calculated to further such a desirable end; and we regard Mr. Sargent as peculiarly fortunate in possessing so searching a verbal interpreter, and also in working at a period when a fair exposition of his achievements can be so satisfactorily disseminated. The writer in disclaiming partially the rôle of "psychologist" which some have seen fit to give this painter, goes on to say: "He proves himself rather to be observant and vigilant, nay, simple, as a great artist must be. How many and various qualities, mental and physical, meet to prepare that direct and simple contemplation of the world might give us matter of surmise; for contemplation there is—something more than observation; and something more than perception—insight." The closeness of Mr. Sargent's differentiation of national types is then mentioned: "When Mr. Sargent paints an American—the portrait of Mr. Roosevelt, for example—the eye has the look of America, the national habit is in the figure and head. In like manner, Mr. Sargent paints an English-

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woman with all the accents, all the negatives, all the slight things partly elegant, partly dowdy—one can hardly tell which of these two—the characteristics that remove her, further than any other woman, from the peasant and the land, further than an artificial Parisian. Mr. Sargent perceives these keenly, never forcing the signs, for force would destroy anything so delicate." All this shows what a subtle instrument of sight, which might truly be named insight, this painter possesses, if, in addition the tale be veracious that Mrs. Meynell quotes as hearsay: "that of one portrait a physician made a diagnosis from it and named a malady until then uncertain—a disorder that has a characteristic effect upon bearing and expression." While showing the painter's grasp of the spiritual significance of physiognomy, bearing, traits, and habit of life in general, she, the writer, goes as far as a layman can be expected to go in indicating the marvellous technical proficiency of this wielder of the brush. Much of this virtuosity is conveyed to us through the medium of these admirable points; and had the authochromatic process been more perfect we would in this volume be placed still closer to the painted charm of these "human documents." As it is, what can be more vitally present than the picture of Coventry Patmore? The colour values in this reproduction seem well sustained, the head in relation to the white of collar and waistcoat, as well as of the strong darks in cravat and coat and lesser dark of background; while the composition, the placing of the figure in this limited area so as to leave the impression of gauntness and slenderness is most intelligently conceived. The portrait of the artist's friend, George Henscel, appears also very successfully reproduced in the colour values. It is a simple bust, but with an animation and a tilt of the head that is most characteristic and which gives it a pervading impression of life-likeness. Of other merely bust portraits there are few, and these apparently studies—that of "Lady with White Waistcoat" is in that interesting stage which appeals to the painter as revealing the security of this particular painter's method of attack when beginning a portrait; it is direct and "telling," as is also that of the Joseph Jefferson, again in the initiative state. It is, indeed, one of the instructive features of this publication that in it, these various steps in the technical procedure of Mr. Sargent are not withheld. He has, in a certain sense, opened his portfolio to the publishers, and we are given a chance to see examples of charcoal, wash, and even pencil drawings simultaneously with his most perfected productions.

This opportunity in the case of one possessing Mr. Sargent's command of materials is to the amateur as well as to the professional worker, of truly intrinsic interest and value. These preparatory studies are, however, so few that they do not impair anything that the collection may possess of a popular nature. When one compares them with the important compositions of portrait group comprising two or three figures the intellectual interest is only enhanced by the opportunity thus given to study the preparatory brushwork that goes to realisation of these perfectly constructed examples of the painter's craft. For in most of these photogravures the touch is markedly revealed. As for the ingenuity of arrangement in the larger works, full-lengths, and group portraits, one's admiration and esthetic pleasure seem to grow in noting the happy disposition of masses and the beautiful balance of quantities in these spirited presentations of human beings in their habitual and natural environment. This is what Mr. Sargent does—he places them there, they exist in their own air, they possess their individuality, their own distinction or lack of it. His observation is alert and his scrutiny keen. Nothing escapes him and he presents what he sees by the shortest cut—by eliminating all that is likely to detract from the power of the impression. This is felt, I think, with much truth in the portrait of Lord Ribblesdale—he is there before you—English and handsome. The portrait, too, of Alfred Wertheimer shows a young man in the fullness of a rich and ripe vitality, so lighted as to offer the best relief to the plastic planes of this broadly modelled and virile head. One can see by examining these pictures how almost absolutely unerring is the painter's touch. A turn of the brush when accompanied by faultless drawing, provided the note thus placed is true in

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"value," and we have a finished thing. We hear much of Mr. Sargent's lack of finish—When is a portrait finished? One might answer—"When it has thus received throughout, the significant touch." So peculiarly powerful is this painter in picturing the outward aspect of his subject that in reviewing a book reproducing his work one is tempted to be led off from remarks on the book to an estimation of the artist it illustrates. The method of the painter is well given by these plates, while the make-up of the work is in excellent style. It would, however, have facilitated the searcher for a particular plate had these been numbered in the index. It now remains, however, in spite of defective index, to speak of a few of the most important compositions—those of the Misses Hunter, the Ladies Acheson, and the group of Wertheimer children.

The Misses Hunter is one of those presentations in which Mr. Sargent utilises the resources of furniture to tie together, as it were, the figures of his canvas into a compact composition, but with such judgment that the personages appear to have happened quite naturally or quite by chance in their respective places in the scene; for scene it sometimes is when three sisters on this cushioned circular seat sit talking over the little nothings or somethings of the season. Again, more obviously perhaps is a scene produced for its possibilities of colour and line when the Ladies Acheson pluck oranges and sit or stand where foliage and sky may play a part in the admirably "arranged" environment in which the artist has chosen to picture them. The Wertheimer children in their schoolroom, where the freedom from study hours has permitted the admission of household pets. The naturalness of such a moment with its privileges, seems most truthful and unstudied, and in its domestic theme is of the tradition of Velasquez's "Las Meninas." There are so many large portraits here that even a brief mention of more is out of the limits of this review, but a word must be said of the graceful American girl, Miss Leiter, who figures in surroundings that it would have pleased Sir Joshua to paint her, and from the charm of this printed copy must have proved a subject no less grateful to the esthetic taste of Mr. Sargent. A pencil drawing at the end of the book of Mrs. Meynell, friend of Ruskin, and intelligent appreciator of the present painter, is of a fineness and interest that captivate. Certainly this handsome large folio of broad margins and fine painting, is a most timely and welcome contribution to the cult of portraiture which appears to have lately been established among us.

Frank Fowler.

II.

PROFESSOR WILSON'S SATIRES OF JUVENAL.*

FROM the days when Dr. Anthon smoothed the path of the student of the classics by his ample commentary and extended translations, the production of annotated editions has been continually increasing, until not only is every author read in the college curriculum published in annotated form, but some e.g., Horace, have appeared in such numerous editions as to awaken astonishment at the productivity of classical scholarship and at the endurance of the author. The Satires of Juvenal have not suffered from over-annotation. It is true that from England we have the editions of Mayor, Lewis, Pearson and Strong, Hardy, and Duff, but only the last two are serviceable for students in our colleges. In America, however, Juvenal has been neglected; for with the exception of two editions with brief notes and little attempt at scholarly treatment, nothing has been published. It is to fill this gap that Professor Wilson has prepared the book which we are considering, and before any further comment is made, it should be said that his work is a decided addition to text-books of this character and is highly creditable to American scholarship.

The Satires of Juvenal offer certain difficulties to an editor. First, there is the question of the desirability of printing the entire text. The result of Dr. Anthon's attempt to make a satisfactory edition by omitting the objectionable word or phrase would have been amusing, if it had not been

*The Satires of Juvenal. Edited by Harry Langford Wilson: The University Publishing Company.

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serious. Hardy and Duff followed his example with like unsatisfactory results, and served only to illustrate the diversity of opinions as to what should be eliminated and what retained. Professor Wilson has boldly printed the text entire and should be commended for doing so; for by unnatural alterations the attention of the student is directly called to the very subject of which the solicitous editor desires him to be ignorant. Again, the editor must solve the problem as to what form the notes should take so as both to be scholarly and to serve the purpose of elucidating for the student the meaning of the author. In this respect, also, Professor Wilson has been successful, for the book at once conveys the impression of his entire grasp of his subject and there is abundant explanatory matter without that overloading in the way of commentary which finds its extreme in Mayor's monumental edition. The judicious use of foot-notes has aided materially in the accomplishment of his purpose. The editor declares that he intends "to furnish the student who takes up Juvenal for the first time with everything necessary to the understanding of the author and his place in literature, and to offer to teachers and advanced students guidance and suggestion for a more detailed study of the satires."

The book opens with an introduction which discusses the origin of Roman Satires, the life of Juvenal, Juvenal as a satirist, the style of Juvenal, and the history of the text. Under the treatment of the style of the author there is given a grammar of Juvenal which adds greatly to the value of the book, as it can be found in no other edition. The chapter on metre by Prof. Kirby Smith is likewise a great addition. A bibliography prepared with excellent judgment, with foot-notes giving very full references to numerous reviews and articles adds another evidence of the thoroughness with which the editor has done his task and of his most careful and painstaking scholarship.

As to the commentary, however, Dr. Wilson's work is to some extent open to criticism. Here he indulges in a custom which trains students to neglect this most important aid to the interpretation of an author. Many references are given to other parts of the book, notably to the introduction, where the information given merely duplicates that already found in the commentary or is of comparatively little importance. Thus the note on V. 59 is "Juvenal is fond of such contrasts, see § 131." The section referred to has "Juvenal is fond of abrupt contrasts;" again, on I. 52 *magis*, i.e., *potius*, see § 68, where the comment is "*magis* is used for *potius*"; then on I. 169, after a good note on *duelli*, the reference is "on archaisms in Juvenal, see § 42," where the comment is "archaisms are rare in Juvenal." It is true that the introduction gives, in many instances, the parallel references; but the student should not be misled into thinking that he will obtain aid in interpretation where he merely finds an enumeration of similar usages, for he feels that he is receiving stones for bread. There are various ways of avoiding this difficulty which need not be stated here, but we may add that everything should be done to prevent the student from feeling that he is wasting his time in useless turning from one part of the book to another. Again, the commentary conveys the impression that notwithstanding his knowledge of the satires and of the literary history of the same, the editor does not really enter into the spirit of the poet or feel the enthusiasm which a full appreciation of his power must convey. Why interpret *æstivum* "in the summer time," when Juvenal might assume for his picture that Crispinus had rings suitable for the various seasons? Again *conductas* (I. 108) implies that he not only gave pasturage for hire but was employed as a shepherd; *nobiscum* (I. 101) means "with us clients," not necessarily "the lower order of society." The interpretation of *in præcipiti* (I. 149) "vice alway stands on a steep incline and hence soon reaches the bottom," is wrong; for the emphasis is not on the steepness of incline or the downward tendency of vice, but the idea is that vice has reached the utmost limit and that only a general downfall of society must follow if it is exaggerated. Juvenal means "grassy theatre" in III. 173, for he is thinking of rural simplicity, and it is unnecessary to refer to the grass growing between the seats, when we can so readily picture the people seated on the hillside. The *metit barbam* (III. 186) is not "an excuse of-

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fered by the slave of whom the client seeks admittance at one house," for this, like the following phrase, states the occasion of the festival, and the editor seems to feel this in the remainder of the note. For *fermentum* in the sense of anger, Professor Wilson, who denies the existence of a parallel, might have quoted Plautus, *Cas.* II. 5, 17, or *Mercator* V. 33. That Juvenal speaks of Claudius three times by his *nomen* is no proof that when he uses the cognomen "Drusus" he does not have the emperor in mind as the typical example of a sleepy head. This is an instance of mathematical precision in the study of an author, which often leads to the cutting out of an unusual phrase because it occurs only once, a fact which might be regarded as proving its validity. *Vigiles fenestræ* (III. 275) are not "the windows of those who are awake," for Juvenal intended it to say, "the wide-awake windows," or, as one has given it, "the windows that are up." Such illustrations as these will serve to indicate where Professor Wilson's work is open to criticism, and we hesitate to suggest even these in view of the splendid work which the editor has accomplished. There is no doubt that the book will be welcomed, for it will do for the student what the edition of Friedländer has done for the teacher. The book closes with a complete and satisfactory index.

James C. Egbert, Jr.

III.

THE REMINISCENCES OF AN ASTRONOMER.*

THERE is no question as to the great popular interest in astronomical research and speculation. From the dreary and difficult details of practical astronomy the mind may move into fields in which the imagination has absolutely no restraint. The hope that the telescope will yet reveal some of the vital secrets of the universe, the fascinating possibility that life may be discovered in other worlds, have led men entirely untutored in the science to become the astronomers' greatest patrons and benefactors. Thus, that eccentric and wealthy Californian, James Lick, who, Professor Newcomb is sure, never looked through a telescope in his life and was totally ignorant of the difficulties in using a great instrument, gave a large share of his fortune to the foundation of a great observatory. Scarcely had this institution been established when the University of Chicago, by gift of Mr. Charles T. Yerkes, a man of thoroughly economic and practical mind, came into possession of an instrument which is likely to represent the limit of refracting telescope construction for some time to come. No one knows better than the observing astronomer how far the hopes of these men will come from being realized.

Those who shudder at the terrible formulas of practical astronomy—in which branch of the science Professor Newcomb occupies a most eminent position—need not hesitate to take up this volume. It has not been written for the scientist. The chapter on the eighteenth and nineteenth century transits of Venus, and that on the origin of the Lick Observatory and its admirable organisation by Dr. Holden are thoroughly interesting to the untechnical reader. If the author errs at all, it is on the side of giving too little detail of his own work. This is mostly confined to one modest chapter entitled "The Author's Scientific Work." Yet, if only to form a juster estimate of Professor Newcomb's labours and to help other strugglers, we might wish, from his own pen, a more definite account of how, practically self-taught, he was able to progress step by step in mathematics until he mastered Laplace's *Mécanique Celeste* and fitted himself to enter the National Observatory, of his work in determining the independent origin of the asteroids, of his research in Paris to correct Hansen's tables of the moon's motion, and finally of his great efforts—now resumed through the generosity of the Carnegie Institution—in establishing a system of permanent astronomical standards for the use of observatories all over the world.

The author reveals himself as a man of versatile tastes and abilities; he has never been able to confine himself to astronomy alone. Psychical research, educational matters both at home and abroad, and especially political economy, have received a considerable share of his atten-

*The Reminiscences of an Astronomer. By Simon Newcomb. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $2.50.

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tion. We are led, therefore, to wonder why he never turned to the science of human nature. In the story of his early years there is an attractice picture of life in his native Nova Scotia fifty years ago. Here is the field for a novelist and here is material for a novel. We see at once what might be made out of the character of the humbugging Doctor Forshay, who practised the "botanic system of medicine," and to whom the youthful Newcomb went to learn the healing art. And take the account of his own father's courtship:

"From careful study he had learned that the age at which a man should marry was twenty-five. A healthy and well-endowed offspring should be one of the main results in view in entering the marriage state, and this required a mentally gifted wife. She must be of different temperament from his own and an economical housekeeper. So when he found the age of twenty-five approaching he began to look about."

The results were, of course, most amusing. The seeker got his wife, but the system totally collapsed in getting her.

Professor Newcomb writes pleasantly of the scientific men he has known, both in Europe and America, and gives a wealth of entertaining anecdote. In one respect the book differs from most of its class. We learn much of little great men whose abilities lie so far from the demand of the business world that their work can command only clerical wages. There is something pathetic—almost tragic indeed, did we not see that the happiness of the individual was not involved—in the author's account of his struggle with the Secretary of the Navy to have the salary of a most valuable member of the *Nautical Almanac* staff, George W. Hill, "greatest master of mathematical astronomy during the last quarter of the nineteenth century," raised from $1200 to $1400.

Usually these men ask even for no credit, but the story of the great "Star-Catalogue Case" tells of a curious legal struggle between a distinguished but underpaid astronomer and an assistant who fought for a small measure of recognition. Professor Newcomb's frank plea for a little more generosity on the part of Congress towards scientific enterprise is well established and ought to act in favour of his successors in the *Nautical Almanac* office.

George H. Casamajor.

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THE BOOKMAN'S LETTER-BOX

WE rather hoped that in this number we should be able to publish the letters sent us with regard to the Beauty Contest between the Junior Editor and the Senior Editor. But in this we are disappointed. A very large number of letters has been received; but as they unanimously favour the choice of the Senior Editor, to print them would make the Junior Editor unhappy, especially as many of them fleer at his taste and say uncomplimentary things about the imaginary lady whom he selected as a concrete type of his ideals of beauty. One correspondent remarks with a certain amount of subtlety that the Junior Editor's choice has lately recovered from tonsilitis and that her lips are still feverish. Other correspondents say other things, but we shall not print them during this season of peace and good will. The Junior Editor tries to put a good face on the matter, and whenever we read out to him a fresh batch of letters he laughs; but his laughter has a hollow sound and it isn't a bit like the good old golfing laugh of several weeks ago. Indeed the thing is getting on his nerves, so that whenever he hears the postman coming, he fidgets in his chair.

One remark he has made at least nineteen times. He says that the picture which he originally selected was done in colours, and therefore was much more attractive than its reproduction in black-and-white. That is what *he* says. But it seems to us that if a lady, in order to appear at her best, has to have her face painted, this very fact lets her out altogether. The only scrap of comfort that we can find for the Junior Editor is contained in a letter from a distinguished scholar and author of this city, who writes as follows:

I have examined those beautiful faces with great care and am of the opinion that the Senior Editor's choice is the most beautiful, but that the Junior Editor's is the girl to marry.

A physician in Cincinnati, writing on the same subject, propounds the following very curious theory:

I am a self-constituted authority on noses. The first glance at that feature shows a striking similarity in taste on the part of both contestants. The noses are identical. That gave me a clue. A close inspection of both faces reveals a very remarkable similarity of all the features—nose, mouth, eyes. brow, chin—a sweet, pensive expression is shown in both faces. The same face presented at two different angles. If it were not for a decided difference in the contour of the neck and shoulders, I should think that the genial editors were perpetrating a hoax upon the readers of THE BOOKMAN.

This theory is ingenious from the point of view of physiognomy, but it presupposes a definite collusion on the part of the two artists who drew the faces for the two books from which the editors made their selection quite casually, and without either of them knowing what the other one's choice would be.

I.

The distinguished scholar from whose letter we quoted above has something to say concerning the sentence "He had better send his soul to the laundry." He remarks:

I think you will better your answer to the question in the December BOOKMAN, concerning the sentence "He had better send his soul to the laundry," if you admit that "better" in the quoted sentence (as also in the main clause of this sentence), is not adverbial in its nature, but is used as a verb,

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infinitive in its nature. Your opinion will then be bettered with your own learning, which Bellario thought to be the case with the counsel of Portia.

We publish this as a contribution to the literature of the subject, but we are not convinced that we were wrong.

II.

A reader in Hamilton, Canada, writes to ask that hereafter THE BOOKMAN should be issued with its leaves cut. We think well of this suggestion and shall probably carry it out.

III.

The following curious little note comes to us in a lady's handwriting:

To the Editor of the Letter Box:

To settle an agreement about the purity of Rosalie Evanturel in *The Right of Way* by Gilbert Parker, I should be much obliged to you if you would be kind enough to publish a few lines on the subject. I shall look for the article in your next issue of THE BOOKMAN. There has been doubt about her pure character and I shall be glad to rely on your opinion. AN INQUIRER.

This reminds us of the Yale students who made bets about the character of Lady Bassett in Charles Reade's novel, *A Terrible Temptation,* and who finally wrote to Charles Reade himself and asked him to decide the question for them. He replied that he knew no more about the matter than he had written down in his book. For our part we are altogether averse to discussing the reputation even of a wholly fictitious lady; but our correspondent is of course at liberty to address her inquiry to Sir Gilbert Parker.

IV.

The following letter has come to us with regard to the novel which we have just mentioned:

In your last issue you said that Charles Reade appears as one of the characters in his own book, *A Terrible Temptation.* I do not seem to remember the character in question. Surely it was neither Sir Charles Bassett nor Richard Bassett.

Not at all. It was C. Rolfe (notice the identical initials) who is commonly spoken of in the book as "Rolfe the writer." It is to him that Lady Bassett goes for assistance in her troubles, and naturally she finds him immensely clever and resourceful. Reade has really given a very good picture of himself, of his den, and of his collection of scrapbooks, in this amusing sketch which is drawn with the naïve egotism so characteristic of the man.

V.

We have received two letters, both of which require personal answers through the mail, and which we mention here merely because of the honorific manner in which the writers address us. One is from an Italian gentleman who begins his note, "Egregio Signore Redattore del Bookman." That gave us a fine Roman feeling. The other one was inscribed "To the Honourable The Letter Box." This sort of thing makes us sit up very straight in our chair.

VI.

A lady in New Orleans fishes delicately for an invitation to the Letter Box Banquet.

To the Editor of the Letter Box:

Isn't it rather careless of THE BOOKMAN to publish a review worded "*Miss* Thurston's *The Circle*," when the author dedicates that volume to her husband? I don't know what bearing this may have upon the affairs of the nation; I don't think *I* really care. But as catching THE BOOKMAN in a mistake seems to insure me a seat at that banquet in 1905, I have been on the lookout for one for some time. Am I in?

YOUNG HOPEFUL.

P. S.—I am using Hand Sapolio on my soul.

The lady can hardly get in on the particular basis which she suggests; but we are inclined to think that she ought to have an invitation for the sake of her personality. She is evidently the right sort.

VII.

A gentleman whose letter-head describes him as "Manejer of The Fonic Publishin Hous," at Ringos, N. J., sends us the following letter which we reproduce precisely as it is written.

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A NEW LEAF AND GOOD RESOLUTIONS FOR 1904.

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Estemd sir,

Bi the mal hwich tacs this letter, I send you a volum entitold, *Hwot Is the Sol?—Haz the Dog a Sol?*—publisht bi the Fonic Publishin Hous, Ringos, N. J. Plez notis it in the periodical hwich yu edit and send me a copi ov the number contanin the notis.

The pris ov the buc iz a dollar and fifti sents. It wil be sent tu eni addres bi mal, on reset ov the pris.

Hopin yu ma find the volum worthi ov yur attenshon, I reman,

Veri respectfulli,

——— ———.

We think that the publication of this letter is sufficient notice of the book; for every one will want to read a volume with such a fetching title as *Haz the Dog a Sol?* We shall gladly send the gentleman a copy of this number containing the "notis."

VIII.

A question about Raffles:

Knowing you to be an authority on Sherlock Holmes, I venture to think that you may also have mastered the collateral subject of Raffles. In the two books relating to this gentleman I find him always spoken of as "A. J. Raffles." Does anybody know what his first name was?

If you will turn to the story called "The Fate of Faustina," you will find that Faustina, the Italian girl with whom Raffles was in love, addresses him as "Arturo." Raffles tells Bunny that he had revealed his name to Faustina; from which it may be inferred that "Arthur J. Raffles" was his proper style. The "J" however, still remains to be explained.

IX.

The following letter has a tart little tang which recalls some of the epistles which we used to receive years ago.

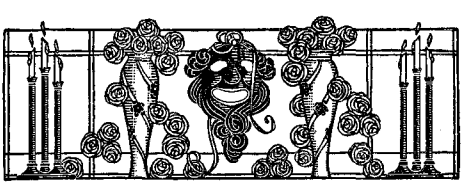
I should like to ask you three straight questions and to have you give me three straight answers to them. (1) You have a good deal to say about true Sherlockians. Now don't you really think in your heart that *you* are the only true Sherlockian? (2) Haven't you a pretty good opinion of yourself anyway? (3) Why does everything that you write irritate me beyond endurance?

It gives us great pleasure to answer.

(1) On the whole we must frankly admit that we are probably the only true Sherlockian. It may be that Sir Arthur Conan Doyle and Mr. Gillette are in the same class, but we are not prepared to admit it until we shall have conferred with them and tested them with regard to some of the more esoteric points. By the way, though, we don't do our thinking in our heart.

(2) How could we fail to have a pretty good opinion of one who is the only true Sherlockian?

(3) We are sure that we don't know why we irritate this gentleman. He doesn't irritate us in the least. Indeed, we trust that he, and for that matter, all our readers, are going to have a very Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.



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THE REVELATION OF HERSELF.

By Mary Farley Sanborn.

Part III.

It is very lovable in you to praise me for qualities I do not possess. I fear I am not inclined to take much trouble for people, as a rule. It was a very simple matter for me to sit comfortably in a low rocking-chair and mend Miss Burden's stockings. If you could have seen the darns she had managed to effect! She was brought up in ease and idleness, and knows nothing of work outside the profession she has learned. I admire her spirit in refusing to live under the roof with a vulgar stepmother, and I am more than ever impressed with the desirability of her marrying Myles. She is a very tactful young lady, a person of few words, but she is one of those people who attract you without your knowing why, and I somehow feel convinced that she would be able to *manage* him—it would be a sight to see. Myles with a yoke round his neck, trotting meekly along and never knowing it! Miss Burden is far too subtle to let him become aware of it. It will yet come to pass, and it is one of the solutions—a happy one—of our present problem. I have it partly planned. In another week Miss B. will take the night duty, and Myles is always here between eight and eleven. Miss Mackillay is as strong as any man; she can lift my grandmother as I would lift a child, but Agnes Burden is slight, and Myles would have to take a hand in the lifting. You see the possibilities of the situation. Really, it would be the best thing I can imagine for both of them, and do you know I should not be at all surprised if my young lady had some such idea in her pretty head with its rolls of smooth silky, pale-brown hair—such a pleasing contrast to my insubordinate locks! At any rate, I think I will regard it as a mission, and do what I am able to do to further it.

All these interests must seem very petty to you who are in the current of concerns so much greater in import. I do not enjoy this day of small things, yet I am placed here, and in sheer self-defense must get through with as little friction as possible. There are amusing features, after all. Larry, for instance. It seems he has never been in love, think of it!—at the age of nineteen! He disclaims being a misogynist, however, he is simply a philosopher. He has found young girls, i.e. girls of his own age and younger, to be crude and superficial. A couple of weeks ago, he was strongly platonic, now he says I must have understood him. He is as a matter of fact—according to his understanding of himself—one of those shrewd persons who are skeptical of simple friendship between a man and a woman, unless, of course where there are certain disparities not to be overcome by sentiment. Oh, I am learning so much from Larry! Yes, he is certainly amusing.

Mr. Norrice, on the other hand, is interesting and improving. I like him, though I think he does not return the favour—that is not without reservations. I feel, instinctively, that he does not approve of me. Perhaps he thinks me flippant; of course when I get out of this house, I let myself run riot. But then, he cannot know how much excuse I have for that. I take him to be a very conscientious person who wishes to give Mrs. Carlew the full value of the salary she pays him. In that he is certainly right, and I do not encourage Larry to neglect his work. Quite the contrary. I avoid him as much as I can, especially as I have no desire for his company to South Pullen in the morning.

I should really like to know just what Mr. Norrice does think of me. He is one of the people whom I feel a bit curious to see myself reflected in. I like to get reflections of myself in various other minds, it is so interesting to find how certain qualities will come out according as the mirror itself is clear or distorted. I have always had the reputation of taking disagreeable criticisms with the greatest good nature; it simply amuses me to be pulled apart and dissected—as if any

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one person could possibly understand another! Perhaps one reason that the comment leaves me unmoved is that I never in any case follow other people's suggestions. How can any person decide for me?

On the whole, Tony dear, always excepting You, I find women more satisfactory than men. I like the masculine mind, but I prefer the feminine temperament. Men seldom understand anything but pure reason, and not that if sentiment is in the least concerned. I know girls who like that very thing, but I think I am wanting in the element of coquetry. I feel a distaste for any emotion that I am unable to share, and I seem not to have the sort of vanity that makes conquest a delight. I don't *say* this; no woman would believe me, and probably no man except you—one is always thought to be posing when one utters any high-minded sentiment—but it is the simple truth, no virtue in me either, for I was made that way from the beginning. My mother never loved but one man, and my father loved her from the moment he saw her to the very end of his life. So you see, Tony, I inherit this single-mindedness from both my parents, and small credit to myself. I simply waited for you to come, and now I love you with all the freshness of nineteen, and the maturity of twenty-four.

Ah, these long, long summer days! One must be very happy not to find them at the close a little sad. The shadows lengthen, the air grows cooler. One knows the twilight is coming, the beautiful scented, dewy dusk, and there creeps in the desire for some one to share its beauty. The desire grows into longing, and the longing gets to be desperate. One is so helpless! A little heart beating and fluttering, struggling to have its way—that is all it can do. No one knows. Other interests are being consulted, no matter about the little heart; it will quiet down by and by, as a baby stops crying from sheer exhaustion, and goes to sleep. But what a pity! A beautiful night wasted for that little heart, and *that* night can never come again. And the sun sets inexorably, calling to the stars to come out and mock at you. The day lilies open their throats, and the perfume sets the poor little heart beating faster. You reach out your hand for that other hand, and strain your eyes into the shadows. Something must come—but there is nothing, nothing, only the intangible darkness. Oh, Tony, Tony, I want you, I *want* you!

* * * * *

I have been foolish. I ought not to send this sheet, but I will because you asked me to give you the record of each day as nearly as I could. After all, dear, it is a great thing to know what love is, even though there is no such pain as love can bring. And a woman, you know, can have the relief of crying as I did just now—but don't take that to heart. I really feel better for it; smile now, when you read this. As a matter of fact I am practical enough to appreciate the very excellent and sufficient reasons why I should stay here for a little longer. I cannot respect them as perhaps I shall in the days to come when I have forgotten the loneliness. But when you get this letter it will be morning, and I am seldom sad in the morning. So please praise me for being your own brave Madge.

Thursday, August 5th.

It is cooler to-day and Bonnie, in an exquisite pink wrapper trimmed with delicate lace, is importuning me to go to Boston. She loves to do the shops and lunch at Parker's, where she is continually getting excited over the belief that she has recognised some old acquaintance in a lady or gentleman of, say, forty, oblivious of the fact that all her friends of bygone years have been growing old along with herself, and if not dead and gone, are almost certainly grey-haired and probably feeble. It is rather pathetic, but the exercise affords her a certain happiness, and provides her with a skeleton to hang reminiscences upon. I listen a little, and follow my own thoughts in undercurrent. Forty years hence I shall probably be prattling to some young girl whose mother is a baby now, about "Mr. Seymour, my dear, I always called him Tony," and she will be thinking of her own lover and not care whether your eyes were blue or hazel.

But as regards the case in point, I suppose I am going with Bonnie. Rules are somewhat relaxed, it is considered proper that we should go abroad for *necessary* purposes, and Bonnie says she *must* have a couple of muslin blouses, she has posi-

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tively nothing fit to put on when we go driving of a hot day. Just now she is declaring that the shops are never so fascinating as they are in summer, all the doors wide open, and everything light and airy displayed, no horrid, heavy stuffs. I have assented rather absently to the truth of what she says, and she has darted off to get ready, charging me by no means to miss the 9:15 train, as the next does not leave until 10:40.

So you see, dear, this must be a short letter. I will take it with me and post it in Boston, just to mystify you. It will do both Bonnie and me good to get away from Pullen for a few hours. I wish we could take the child, but Myles could not make so sudden a decision. Two nights and a day would be necessary to consider such an important matter. The reviews you sent I will certainly read, especially the marked articles. I am going to forbid Larry's calling oftener than twice a week, he is too much of an interruption to serious thought. Breakfast. . . . I hate sending this miserable little letter.

Friday, August 5th.

I was glad to get home last night. My room breathes so of you and I could get out your letters and read them all over before I went to bed. I needed their comfort, as I could not go after the one I should have had yesterday morning.

Bonnie was tired and fretful; the heat had uncurled her hair, and she mourned all the way home in the train that she knew she looked a fright, and almost abused me because my own hair curls all the tighter for the humidity. Myles was coldly surprised to know of our outing, he had been away all day himself on business, and had not heard of it until he came in the evening, looking careful and immaculate in his blue serge suit and white waistcoat. He asked questions about my grandmother which of course I could not answer, and the air grew so frigid that one almost needed a wrap.

Miss Burden came out her room at eight o'clock, heavy-eyed and disconsolate, and admitted that she had slept less than three hours during the entire day; it takes her a week, she says, to get used to the reversal of conditions when she is on night duty. Bonnie and I undid our purchases in our rooms, and somehow they looked commonplace and unprofitable. At last I sent her to bed and sat down in a wrapper to read your letters—every one I have had from you since I came here. I grew happy in the reading and forgot all that was unpleasant and disappointing.

And oh, the rare prize this morning! Two letters! I am glad you are going up the river for a little breathing space. The city must be frightfully hot. Be careful of your health; there is no absolute safety for you when I am not there to take care of you. How have you managed without me all these twenty-eight years? Tony, how I worship you for the way you write to me! Exactly as if I were a man with a man's understanding. You show your own greatness; it is only the truly great among men who do full justice to a woman's mind. I have been reading to-day some of the marked articles. The one on Labour and Capital interested me particularly because it sounded so exactly like you. I got Bonnie in and read it aloud to her for the mere pleasure of hearing myself expound it to her in the phrases I thought you would use, and when Lawrence called in the middle of it I sent down word that I had a headache, which was likely enough to have been the fact, the air is so hot and close to-day.

One great difficulty seems to me to lie in the way of reform, and that is the surprising difference between theory and practice. Certain courses of reasoning may be logically sound, yet the class that some readjustment of conditions aims to benefit, may, when the time comes, meet the plan with an armed resistance. It is disappointingly true of the individuals one would like to help a little that one cannot make them look in the direction from which help ought to come; they persist in gazing the other way. If it were only to supplement their intelligence by ours, the solution would be simple. But I suppose it is true that any class of people can accept only such ameliorations as are worked out on its own lines of thinking and living, and are in direct approach to its own ideals. Am I right? At any rate I find the whole subject so interesting that I long for the time when I can talk it over with you. All of life has opened since I knew you. Every channel has broadened as a river widens when it nears the sea, and new vistas are

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coming into view. Things that were mere names to me have all at once disclosed a meaning. Don't laugh, Tony, but I have actually acquired a respect for my own mind, it seems to me as if I might have some good thoughts of my own, lying dormant hitherto, but ready now to spring into life at a touch from you. Will you understand what I mean when I say that it is as if the wind had turned east after a very hot day, and I was sniffing the invigorating salt in the air that blew straight off the water?

Yesterday I picked up the Portuguese sonnets. I read them all years ago without getting very much out of them except the impression that they were "beautifully written," as Bonnie says. But, dear, I had to put the book down after a little while. There is one of the sonnets —but I won't try to write about it. It stirred me so that I have not got my thoughts into shape to give you, and my vocabulary is not equal to the sudden expansion of emotions that has been going on in me during the past three months. Besides, there are some things that no one except Mrs. Browning would ever dare try to say. It is in trying to express the inexpressible that so many people who have not her genius for loving have wandered into sentimentality. I think even the shallowest writers who disgust us with their silliness have probably started with a genuine emotion that was worthy of respect. But in attempting to hand on the impulse of our soul to others, we cannot always save it from becoming a little vulgarised. Yet here is a woman working that very marvel, unconscious that it is a marvel, thinking not at all of its effect upon other minds, simply projecting her woman's soul into the infinite spaces of a boundless love, and singing as she goes. She is like Ganymede on the eagle's back; one sees the rapt wonderment in her face that such a thing can be, and yet all the strength and aspiration of the eagle is in her song. The proof of its greatness is that it reaches us without loss, we feel its vibrations as if they were fresh from her throat, just as we still feel the inspiration of that marvellous chapter of Second Corinthians where Paul glories in the triumph of the soul over death. Some time I want to hear you read that sonnet. I don't know that I shall ever want to talk of it, even to you. When all has been said, there is a power in silence from which mere words only detract.

Think of me as you lie in your hammock under the trees next Sunday. What shall you take to read? I should like to know; if possible, I would be reading the same thing.

Wednesday, August 25th.

Dear Tony, I don't know just what to say about meeting you in Boston. It is still very difficult for me to get away from here. There is a general feeling that all of us ought to remain within call, or at least ought not to be absent for more than two or three hours at a time. I want to see you—heaven knows how much—but to meet in a hotel parlor, and talk over the situation, as you say, in the face and eyes of other people—I don't know, dear, that it wouldn't be worse than not seeing you at all. The nearest approach to privacy that we could hope for would be a bench in the Public Garden, and I am afraid I should break down if you cross-questioned me; I don't think I could bear it. I am doing the best for all who are concerned in the present situation. The circumstances are difficult, but it is possible that any day my release may come. Sometimes I wonder at my own endurance, especially when you make me feel that you either do not quite trust me, or at least do not fully approve. I must use all the tact I have until this dreadful time is over, and the result must prove me right.

You will not doubt for one minute, Tony, how much I want to see you? Only you do not yet understand how much you are to me, nor realise that your interests are my greatest consideration in all that I do and endure. Trust me, love, just a little longer.

Later.

I am tempted to say I will come. Will you make a compact with me? Not to talk at all of affairs here, which I am so anxious to forget as far as possible, and to devote the time just to ourselves and our future. If you will agree to this, I will try my best to see you, and if I try I can surely find some way to do it. What day would be best? Can you get away Monday night and meet me on Tuesday? With Bonnie I shall have to exercise much strategy, she is so sure to

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question every movement of mine, but I shall have two or three days to make my plans. Some little harmless fiction, if it only sounds plausible, will be justifiable for such an end. Your letter of Friday will tell me if you are coming, and then—three days to dream of the joy of seeing you in solid substantial flesh and blood! Oh, is it really to be? It is "too good," I fear, to "come true." What an ugly expression! Yet it is the current phrase to throw doubt upon everything we want. Too good *not* to be true—why do we not say that instead? I am going to say that over and over to myself; too good not to be true—Tony is coming. Then perhaps I may bring you by moral force. You see, dear, how strangely unlike my normal self I have become, so full of fears and forebodings. It seems to me that these people are all in league to devise fresh difficulties for me at every turn. Now, that idea is, in itself, not normal.

For instance, Miss Mackillay, who is on day duty now, gets dreadfully on my nerves. I shall be so thankful when she spends her days in bed again. She is a big, stout, strong, uncompromising person, hopelessly, unforgivably plain, with an illbred habit of talking about my grandmother's symptoms and her own opinion of them at the table—so different from dear, diplomatic little Burden, whom I am getting quite to be fond of. Her nurse's cap, instead of framing her face and softening its heavy outlines, sets on top of her head, as if it were some object that had landed there by mistake. I do not mean to be ill-natured, and I mean to be just as far as her intentions go. I believe the doctors call her a very good nurse, but she takes liberties that I should not allow if it were not for Myles's encouragement of them. She knows, of course, that he is in authority here, and he feels that from her he is getting facts—there is nothing on earth that Myles loves as he loves facts. So when he takes luncheon or dinner with us, her conversational abilities have generous scope, and the details of the sickroom are served out from soup to coffee. Is it strange that I grow thin and nervous?

To-day he happened in at the luncheon hour and stayed to sit down with us, as a matter of course. Myles eats his salad with salt only, taking each leaf in his fingers, sprinkling the salt on it, rolling it up with precision, and then biting it exactly in halves. It is fascinating to watch him. There is some essential quality lacking in a man who is afraid of oil.

By and by Miss Mackillay said, in her precise, oracular way, "Mr. Havenden, since I've been doing day duty this last time, I've come very much under the conviction that Mrs. Pullen has something on her mind. It can't be there's anything we don't do for her. I've added several things to our list, and still she don't seem to be satisfied. Don't you suppose there is something she wants to communicate in regard to her affairs? What *do* you think? It seems to me she'd gain faster if she could just speak out once, and get that thing, whatever it is, settled, if it can be. Don't you suppose we can find out, someway, what it is that worries her? I should feel so glad if I could see her with her poor mind more at rest. Because she *is* gaining. Not on the side the shock was, we don't look for any improvement there, but in her general health. I have thought sometimes it would be a good thing, Mr. Havenden, if you were to talk with her and see if you could arrive at some understanding with her. Perhaps you could suggest something that we haven't,"—and so on.

Incomprehensibly enough, Myles did not appear at all desirous of continuing the discussion just then. I discovered the reason of his reserve when after luncheon he asked me into the drawing-room, where he talked in a very exasperating way for half an hour, taking a high authoritative tone, and finding me, I am afraid, very dense of perception.

But it seems he considers it *my* place and duty to ascertain if possible, the cause of my grandmother's disquietude, and in order to do that he suggests that I sit down beside her bed and discourse upon different matters that I know to have been of interest to her, watching for the change of expression in her face which he thinks will occur when the momentous subject is touched upon.

Well, Tony, do you agree with me that life is just now offering me some delicate problems to solve? Myles expressed himself as having no doubt whatever of my ability to elucidate this one, the uncertainty resting solely, as he implied without saying it, upon my willingness to try. I thanked him for his confidence in

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me, but seeing that my grandmother and I have never had one thought, wish or opinion in common, and that her face is like a mask in its inflexibility, except for the one eye which it frightens the wits out of me to meet, I am sure I should only disappoint him and unnerve myself by making the attempt, which I do not in the very least intend to do. If they drive me to this terrible, one-sided interview with her, I shall shut and lock the door upon them, and read Cowper's poems to her for half an hour, at the end of which time I will tell them what I think—that is a cruel business to wring last requests from a helpless old woman, whose one greatest desire must be die in peace.

Do I seem to you unkind or unreasonable, Tony? Certainly, with a little more pushing, one might go mad in this place. I think you know that I would make any rightful sacrifice for my grandmother's peace of mind, but if we joined issue and she asked in her dumbness something I could not grant, it might kill her and what then? I should be her murderer, and besides, *cui bono?* She has her rights, undoubtedly, but so have I mine, even if I am alive and in health. The dying do not need to have their way as we do. Earthly things can matter very little to them, and to us they matter enormously.

Well, I must put the whole painful subject from me. I look forward to seeing you on Tuesday, and we will have the day together. We will make no mention of unpleasant things, and I shall come home with new strength, enough, I hope, to last me through the rest of this trying time. Shall you come by boat or train? Write me exact particulars about meeting you.

Friday, August 27th.

I felt, all the way to South Pullen that a cruel disappointment awaited me there, and when the *thick* letter was handed me, I knew it was full of reasons why you were not coming. I put it in my pocket, and did not open it along the way, as I usually do. At the gate that leads into the meadow I turned in and walked over toward the river, to a place near the bank where Maidie and I often sit and talk or read. There is a low, broad rock under some trees, and I sat down and leaned my head against a tree-trunk and closed my eyes. It is needless to tell you what happened next, because a woman can do only one thing in her fearful helplessness against fate. For a little while I did not feel that I could bear to read what you had written. It seemed cruel in you not to be coming. I had tried so desperately to get through the days of uncertainty that I was completely unnerved when the disappointment came. I will not tell you all my thoughts; they were born out of the coldness and trouble, and lack of understanding that is all about me here, and I never once blamed you, only, perhaps, for the first few minutes when you seemed a part of fate. You will forgive me, will you not, dearest, for that one little lapse in loyalty? Before I opened your letter I said, "Tony, I love you, and all you do is right."

It was your kindness and delicacy in saying what you had to say that added the last touch to break me down—for all you did say I love you only the more. It is all true; I will learn it by heart, dear, and make it my own.

After I had read the letter through, I slipped down on the grass and folded my arms on the rock and cried again. It is a thing I seldom do, Tony, believe me. You will not come into possession of a weeping woman when you take me for better or for worse. When I do cry, it is violent for a few minutes, then I get through all at once, and it seems as if there were not another tear to come. But I was tired this morning, and so when I had stopped sobbing, I kept my face down and lay still. Presently I heard a slight sound near by. I raised my head, and Mr. Norrice was standing a little way off. He came forward at once, with his face full of kindness and solicitude, and inquired if there was anything he could do for me.

I must have been an unpleasing sight, with my nose and eyelids all pink and swollen, but there was nothing to do but make the best of his presence, so I said, "Thank you, Mr. Norrice, nothing, unless you can get me some water to bathe my face."

In an instant he had a tin tobacco box in his hand, and was emptying the contents into his pocket. Then he disappeared down the river bank, and came back with a boxful of water. I dipped my handkerchief in it and sopped my eyes while

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he held the box. He went back two or three times for fresh water, and was as nice and kind as he could be. I have always supposed him to be rather cold and reserved, made up on the purely intellectual plan—the cut-and-dried college professor plan, you know. We do form such mistaken judgments of the people we only know superficially! I shall never forget the delicacy he showed this morning. Your letter was on my lap, and two or three sheets of it fluttered to the ground. He did not offer to pick them up, and took no notice of them at all. When he came back with the water I had tucked them safe inside my blouse.

We talked, or rather, he did, and Tony, I had fancied he never read anything but reviews and essays, but he had a volume of Henley in one pocket—the *Book of Verses*—and the covers were fairly shabby with much wear. How we do sin in misjudging people! I have been thinking this afternoon while I was lying on the couch with a dull headache, that perhaps I do injustice even to Myles—to his capacity for feeling I mean, there could be no doubt of the integrity of his motives. Life is so full of misunderstandings and perplexities!

Mr. Norrice spoke a good deal of Larry, and of what he had hoped to do for him this summer. He said, "I should be glad if you would use your influence with him, Miss Pullen. It will be a great disappointment to his mother if he doesn't pass next month."

I said, "Influence! Do you think I have any?" I knew I had been rather successful in evading his visits, but the idea of influencing had never occurred to me.

He answered quite positively, "I am very sure you have. Larry is an impressionable fellow at an impressionable age. Any attractive woman who came into his life at this time would be apt to have an influence over him either for his benefit or his detriment."

I laughed at his unconscious simplicity in saying "any woman." "You are not giving me credit for any *special* attractiveness, are you, Mr. Norrice? But I will try not to be a detriment to Larry. Perhaps you know that I have given him orders not to call on me at all during the day, except twice a week in the afternoon."

"Yes, I know that," he said, and did not carry the subject any further. I shall talk very seriously to Larry when I see him again. If I can be of use to him, I ought to be for his mother's sake. And then he is a nice boy; besides if he doesn't pass, it means no football.

Mr. Norrice and I talked about Henley, and he read three or four of the poems aloud—he reads very well. Then he told me some things about himself, though only in answer to my questions. He is a New Yorker, twenty-nine years old, and has no near kindred in the world. I felt so sorry for him. One of his coat buttons was hanging loose; I did wish I might take a needle and thread and sew it on. He has had to work his way through college, and that is why he is not out of Law School yet. He is not in the least given to self pity, and seemed to think he had been very fortunate in having kept his health. He hinted at a tendency to consumption in his family.

It is so late, and my head still aches so heavily that I cannot reply to your seriousness to-night. Please understand that I accept all the good counsel you sweeten so kindly with your tenderness and love. I am glad it is *as* it is—you the stronger, finer, more noble in every way. I am content to be the pupil, and I am resolved to learn. I am going to be very straightforward with everybody, especially with Myles. As you say, it is the only safe course for *ourselves,* and the only way we can be sure of being right, even when the immediate results seem doubtful. Oh, dearest, do believe that I will in time be all you can ask or expect of Madge.

Tuesday, August 31st.

I am so angry, Tony, I can hardly write. If this sort of thing goes on much longer I shall act with an honesty that will surpass even your conception of the word, and tell everybody in this dreadful house just how matters stand between you and me.

Myles has actually seen fit to "speak to me," as he calls it—as if I were a child!—about the impropriety of my being so much with Lawrence. "Under the circumstances," he said, it was giving Pullen people the opportunity to think that I had very little respect for my

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grandmother—it is always what "people will think" with Myles.

At first I did not feel angry, only helpless to deal with his hard conventionality. Personally, I know he does not at all object to my being in Larry's company; it is only that he is possessed to be regulating all the affairs of this family, just as he does his own at the mills—they say that although none of his employees like him, his discipline is perfect.

I answered him very quietly, "Why, Myles, you cannot mean that you think it my duty to sit about the house all day. There are two nurses to take care of my grandmother. I go in to see her every morning and night, and I am nearly all the time within call, or where I could be found at a few moments' notice."

He replied that he thought I understood perfectly what he meant, and I interrupted him to say, "I beg your pardon, but I do not understand at all. I have done nothing to reproach myself for. On the contrary I am sacrificing myself to a far greater extent than you can possibly imagine."

He became very cold, and his features looked neater and more regular than ever.

"I do not know how much you have sacrificed. I think I have seen you with Carlew nearly every day for the past week. Yesterday you were canoeing, Saturday I met you walking together half way between here and Bergenville, Friday—"

"Wait a minute, Myles," I said, "you are getting on too fast. I didn't see Larry at all on Friday. But on Sunday he did take me over to call upon his mother, and I spent nearly two hours with them." Then I felt a little ashamed of myself. "Honestly, I don't think you have any right to blame me for enjoying what little freedom I feel justified in taking. It is all hard and painful and depressing. I feel as if I must get away from the atmosphere of the house sometimes. Larry Carlew is five years younger than I am—only a boy. I don't believe anybody in Pullen thinks it inconsistent with my respect for my grandmother that I should walk with him along a country road or go quietly canoeing with him on the river. Our conduct is perfectly decorous on these occasions—I am far too dull and unhappy to behave otherwise. Most of my own conversation consists of sound, motherly advice. Mr. Norrice asked me to use my influence to get Lawrence to work harder for his exams, and I have talked with him about it as seriously as I knew how."

Myles raised his eyebrows. "Carlew's tutor came to you about it, did he? Why, I should think you might see for yourself, Madge, that he meant you had been interfering with the fellow's studies."

I drew a long breath and looked at him. Oh, I was so angry, Tony—not that it was nice of me. But don't you think yourself, dear—well, no matter, I'll tell you what I said. It was very mild—too mild, I think, but I wanted to keep my temper, you see, it is such a disadvantage being the angrier one.

"No, he didn't 'come to me,' as you say. It was nothing so officious. Mr. Norrice is a gentleman."

His expression changed; he took it personally, of course. He said, very frigidly, that I was to rely wholly upon my own discretion in future.

"Yes," I said, "one's own discretion is all one can safely follow as a guide."

"Nevertheless," he added quickly, "my own opinion remains exactly what it was."

You see what he is, Tony, arbitrary and unyielding, obstinate, and wholly devoid of charm or tact.

I turned round and looked at him. I was standing by the window which was closed and locked upon the most perfect August day I ever saw. The room smelled close and stuffy; the piano was shut and covered up; all the chairs in the room were in their places. Past the chimney with its high white mantel holding a prim row of ugly vases, I could see my grandfather sitting in the grim shadows of his portrait, holding a roll of papers in his hand—trust deeds, I suppose, or mortgages.

"Myles," I said, "sometimes it seems to me you are hardly human. If you were you would know that other people are human too, and must act in accordance with genuine motives, not those that are forced upon them out of somebody else's experience or judgment. We are hopelessly different, you and I; I don't suppose it is any use for us to try to come to a common understanding. I should be glad if you knew me better, but sometimes I believe that you simply can't.

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We seem hardly to have a thought or a motive in common. I do respect my grandmother, I pity her and would make any reasonable sacrifice for her; but to you it seems that I am indifferent to her situation, and careless of how people will regard myself, just because I am young and love the freedom of the outer air and the companionship of some one who is living, instead of thinking how he ought to live."

I don't know that I meant to say quite so much. The words came out of me. I felt them, and he had put me on the defensive, so that I had to make myself as plain as possible. All the time, though, I knew I was not making the impression that I should have hoped to make upon a person whose mind was not so firmly made up beforehand. He may have been hurt. I don't know. I have never thought him sensitive, but I seem to be learning that one human being cannot form an exact estimate of any other. Still, if people never show their feelings, how are we to be sure that they have any? If he had said, "Madge, I see the truth in what you say. Be yourself, and do what seems to you kind and just to all concerned," would I have hurt him for the world, do you think, Tony?

What he did say was this, patiently and wearily he said it as if it were the last word he had the heart to say:

"Well, Madge, I see that my suggestions have not been taken in the spirit in which I intended them. I did wrong, of course, to make any appeal to you. In fact, I felt before I undertook to do so, that I should be met in exactly the way you have met me. I saw by the way you shut your lips when I began to speak, that you were prepared to be obstinate and unreasonable. You have no right to pervert what you must know was kindly meant on my part. I think when you come to think over what you have just said, you will see that you have been most unjust to me—"

"But I didn't mean it so," I interrupted. I hate to be accused of injustice, Tony, it puts one so wholly in the wrong.

He went on as if I had not spoken.

"You are not so much to blame as any one would consider you who did not know how carelessly you had been trained—if it could be called training at all. Perhaps it was natural that your father should spoil you—"

I had been looking at him in dumb amazement for at least four seconds which seemed to me like as many minutes. "Please, *please*," I said, not imploringly, Tony, but commandingly—if I ever spoke commandingly in my life, "do not finish that sentence. If you utter one word, however well meant, against my father I will never speak to you again, nor see you if I can help it. He was a *man*, and if you could know him without admiring him, at least you will have to pay respect to his memory in my presence." By this time my voice was getting beyond my control, and the words choked me. Myles was silent; I did not look at him but began picking up a loose pile of pink asters from Mrs. Carlew's garden that I had brought into the room with me and laid on the table.

But I did not want to cry in his presence; it was too much like a confession of weakness, so I got angry to save myself from breaking down in tears, and I gathered up the flowers as hurriedly as I could. Then I stood back and looked at him as coldly as he had looked at me.

"Now that we have been talking, Myles, I want to finish the subject, so that it may never have to be brought up again between us. I shall always have to use my own judgment in regard to my conduct. It is quite as much for my own sake as for yours or my grandmother's that I am not likely to do anything unladylike. But I suppose it is possible that you may see me a good many times in Lawrence Carlew's company. I like him, and he amuses me. I need some one, heaven knows, to do that, now and then. Our companionship is of the most harmless nature, and it helps to pass away the dull hours. You and I are utterly unlike, Myles. I cannot allow you to exercise any authority over my conduct. I must be myself, or I shall be neither Madge Pullen nor anybody else. I don't know what it is in you, but when you try to advise me, you only seem to bring out the very worst spirit that I am capable of manifesting. I hope you will never do it again. And please, when you see me doing the things you disapprove, do not think it is sheer obstinacy in me. I shall simply be acting myself, and you must

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make the best of me as I am, or—drop my acquaintance."

I turned to go, and he walked quickly over to the door and opened it for me. I went straight upstairs to my own room, and cried, of course, for a few minutes, and then I felt better. I am sure it was right for me to say just what I did, and I believe Myles himself has come to a somewhat more impersonal view for he has met me since without any increased coldness, though not, indeed, with encouraging warmth. I certainly hope I said nothing really rude. I suppose from his own point of view he did not deserve it. He is so *good*—too good—and by good, I mean of course, correct. Has that unimpeachable demeanour which he carries constantly with him ever cost him anything, I wonder? Has he ever had a struggle with himself, ever risen out of some moral crisis with the sweat of the struggle on his brow, weak, but victorious, as one reads of strong men doing when they they meet the devil in themselves and have either to close with him or be themselves overcome? I think a man must have met one or two devils and cowed them before he can know what is in himself or how to dominate others. The dignity of self-mastery—that is what a woman loves a man for. Moral force, Tony—I would let myself be bent or broken by it. I should not think of resisting it, however much it hurt; the pain would have always a certain sweetness in it. You might send me from you—I should go. The reason would be yours, the obedience mine. Yes, I would even go—but do not try me. There couldn't be any reason, unless I gave you one, and I shall never do that.

I am not so angry as I was. Myles has no understanding of a woman's mind or heart—why hold him accountable? Poor Nellie had no mind, and her heart was entirely at her husband's disposal. You observe, dear, that I have ceased to apologise for giving you so much family history. It seems to be a necessity with me to unburden myself of everything that relates in any degree to my life here. If I ever lend myself to great concerns as I now am giving myself to little ones, you and I together will lift the world *en masse*, though Goethe said it couldn't be done.

As to your objections to meeting me in Boston under the conditions I impose, what I have just been saying about obedience would be all an empty boast, if I did not submit in this. You shall be right, now as always. I felt half sure that you would not be willing to bind yourself not to ask questions, and I can see that if we were together it would perhaps be as difficult for you not to ask as it would for me to answer. As for using my powers of invention to conceal my real object in going from the people here, I cannot see it as a wrong to myself, I am certainly not accountable to them, and in *such* a cause a few small fibs would be justifiable. But, oh, Tony, we musn't disagree! And you commend me for having "taken the disappointment so sweetly." Somehow, disappointments do not hurt from you. It is just as it used to be when my mother had to punish me; I used to get right up in her lap and have my cry out in her arms. Often, I think, we used to cry together; and perhaps you were a little bit sorry, dear, when you had to punish me for my good.

(*To be Continued.*)

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READERS' GUIDE TO BOOKS RECEIVED.

New York.

American Book Company:

A Practical Course in Spanish. By H. M. Monsanto, A. M., and Louis A. Languellier, LL.D. Revised by Freeman M. Josselyn, Jr.

In preparing the present work the authors have endeavoured to combine the best features of the most approved methods with the results of their own experience. The book is intended for use in the class room and for private instruction.

Kinder-Und Hausmärchen. By Brüder Grimm.

The present edition for use in schools, comprises twenty-one tales, and they have been selected and edited by B. J. Vos, Associate Professor of German in the Johns Hopkins University.

Appleton and Company:

Butternut Jones. By Tilden Tilford.

A novel of the ranch and prairie of the Texas of to-day. Mr. Tilford, who was born in Kentucky, has spent much of his life on a ranch of the Chickasaw Reservation, and is at present living in Houston, Texas. The publishers compare this book with the early writings of Bret Harte.

Spencer Kellogg Brown. His Life in Kansas and His Death as a Spy. As Disclosed in His Diary. Edited by George Gardner Smith.

This biography, covering a period from 1842 to 1863, was written many years ago at the request of the editor's friend, the father of Spencer Kellogg Brown. The letters and journals throw light upon the early history of Kansas.

Gossip from Paris During the Second Empire. Selected and Arranged by A. R. Waller.

The letters from which the selections in this volume have been made were sent every day from Paris during 1864 to 1870 by Mr. Anthony B. North Peat, Attaché au Cabinet du Ministre de l'Intérieur. Mr. Peat died from the effects of an accident during the early days of the siege of Paris. Most of these letters were addressed to the readers of the *Morning Star*, a London daily paper. Benjamin Disraeli. By Wilfrid Meynell.

Disraeli as son, brother, husband, and friend is the theme of this biography, which the author calls "an informal study of temperament." The book is a large one and is profusely illustrated.

Shipmates in Sunshine. By F. Frankfort Moore.

The story of a romance which occurs during a cruise on the Caribbean Sea.

The Baronet in Corduroy. By Albert Lee.

Addison, De Foe, Swift, and Steele flit across the pages of this novel, which is somewhat sensational in its tone.

Champlain. The Founder of New France. By Edwin Asa Dix.

A new volume in the Appletons' Series of Historic Lives. Mr. Dix, the author of several pretty good novels, makes the biography entertaining reading.

The Story of the Atlantic Cable. By Charles Bright.

The publication of this book is considered timely, in view of the fact that the jubilee of Submarine Telegraphy has lately been achieved, and that the jubilee connected with the Atlantic cable is close at hand.

Optimism. By Helen Keller.

An essay by the deaf-blind girl whose remarkable career is now quite well known. Her creed of life is optimism. "Most people measure their happiness in terms of physical pleasure and material possession. . . . If happiness is to be so measured, I who cannot hear or see have every reason to sit in a corner with folded hands and weep. If I am happy in spite of my deprivations, if my happiness is so deep that it is a faith, so thoughtful that it becomes a philosophy of life,—if, in short, I am an opti-

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mist, my testimony to the creed of optimism is worth hearing."

Bismarck's Letters to His Wife. From the Seat of War. 1870-1871. Translated by Armin Harder.

These letters of the Iron Chancellor not only cover the most dramatic period of Bismarck's life—the months that he was by his imperial master's side during the invasion of France and the siege of Paris—but there is a genuineness and an informality about them which make them exceedingly entertaining. In these pages one sees the great statesman speaking out his likes and dislikes and prejudices quite frankly. Here he has laid aside the language of diplomacy.

Windsor Castle. An Historical Romance. By W. Harrison Ainsworth, Esq. Illustrated by George Cruikshank and Tony Johannot, with Designs on Wood by W. Alfred Delamotte. A new edition.

The Fables of Æsop and Others, With Designs on Wood. By Thomas Bewick.

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The Analysis of the Hunting Field. Being a Series of Sketches of the Principal Characters that Compose One. The Whole Forming a Slight Souvenir of the Season 1845-46. With Numerous Illustrations by H. Alken.

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The Life of a Sportsman. By Nimrod. With coloured plates by H. Alken.

The above eight volumes belong to a charming library edition of some of the old classics which the Appletons are bringing out in bright red bindings.

Illustrations of the Book of Job Invented and Engraved by William Blake.

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The Book of the Short Story. Edited by Alexander Jessup and Henry Seidel Canby.

Among the short stories which the editors of this volume have selected may be found: "The Shipwrecked Sailor" (about 2500 B.C.), "The Book of Ruth" (about 450 B.C.), "The Story of Cupid and Psyche" (second century), Irving's "Rip Van Winkle," Scott's "Wandering Willie's Tale," Mérimée's "The Taking of the Redoubt," Balzac's "La Grande Bretèche," Hawthorne's "The Birthmark," Poe's "The Cask of Amontillado," Stevenson's "Markheim," Maupassant's "A Coward," and Kipling's "Without Benefit of Clergy." A short introduction precedes most of the stories.

Animal Structures. By David Starr Jordan and George Clinton Price.

A laboratory guide in the teaching of elementary zoology which belongs to the Twentieth Century Text-Books.

Brentano's:

The Beggar's Garden. By Ruth Lawrence.

A small book of verse, illustrated from photographs. Miss Lawrence is also the author of Colonial Verses.

Mrs. J. Worthington Woodward. By Helen Beekman.

Mrs. J. Worthington Woodward is a young country girl who has married a wealthy New York man, and her experiences in the social whirl of life in town form the motive of the story. The book was recently published under the title of Dainty Devils.

The Lost King. By Henry Shackelford.

An historical novel in which Louis Charles Capet, son of Louis the XVI. of France, figures as the hero.

Crowell and Company:

Shakespeare's Complete Works.

The "Pembroke" edition of Shakespeare in twelve small volumes, edited with introductions and notes by Charlotte Porter and Helen A. Clarke. Each volume contains a portrait in photogravure of the poet, with an account of its origin and authenticity.

The Comedie of Errors. Edited, with notes, introduction, glossary, lists of variorum readings, and selected criticism, by Charlotte Porter and Helen A. Clarke.

A small volume in the "First Folio" Shakespeare, which reproduces the text of 1623.

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Travels in Europe and America. By Charles E. Bolton, M.A.

The material in this book has been collected by the late Mr. Bolton's wife, who is herself an author. Before Mr. Bolton's death, in 1901, he delivered upwards of two thousand lectures in nearly every State in the Union. The book is fully illustrated from photographs.

Continental Publishing Company:

Poor? A New Political Standard for a New Democracy for a Millionaire Age. By A. N. Unknown.

"The purpose of this book," says Mr. "Unknown," "is to inaugurate a new era, an era in which the workingman stands first in honour in the nation, his rights as a producer justly recognised and granted, and the labour problem peaceably dissipated in a more equitable distribution of wealth."

De La Mare Printing and Publishing Company:

The Heather in Lore, Lyric and Lay. By Alexander Wallace.

A study of the heather in America, in Great Britain, in South Africa, and in India.

Dodd, Mead and Company:

Red-Head. By John Uri Lloyd.

Readers of Stringtown on the Pike probably have not forgotten "Red-Head"—in fact, the present volume is the result of many letters which Mr. Lloyd has received asking about this homely boy of the Kentucky mountains. The publishers have brought out the story in a most attractive manner, and the illustrations and decorations by Reginald B. Birch, are not only good from the artistic point of view, but from the fact that they really illustrate the story.

The Bending of the Twig. By Walter Russell.

A beautifully illustrated book, especially appropriate as a holiday gift. "The purport of this book," says Mr. Russell, "is not to tell to 'grown-ups' how to mould the lives of little ones, but how the little ones mould the lives of 'grown-ups.'" The pictures, as well as the text, are by Mr. Russell.

Historic Buildings as Seen and Described by Famous Writers. Edited and Translated by Esther Singleton.

A companion volume to Turrets, Towers and Temples, and Romantic Castles and Palaces. The book contains many illustrations, showing a great variety of buildings of all periods and many countries.

When Malindy Sings. By Paul Laurence Dunbar.

A holiday edition of Mr. Dunbar's dialect poems. It is illustrated with photographs taken by the Hampton Institute Camera Club. The decorations are by Margaret Armstrong.

Sixty Bridge Hands. By Charles Stuart Street.

A small handbook of interest to players of "bridge," by the author of "Bridge Up to Date," and "Whist Up to Date."

Elsie and Her Loved Ones. By Martha Finley.

Elsie's long life is one of the marvels of the day. This is the twenty-seventh book in which she has figured as a heroine. In this story she takes a trip to California and brings her long list of "loved ones" with her. To the grown-up there is unconscious humour in these stories, and to the young people Elsie is still the ideal of everything rich, good, lovely, and beautiful.

Doubleday, Page and Company:

The Just So Song Book. By Rudyard Kipling. With Music by Edward German.

Mr. German has taken the twelve verses which preceded the tales in Just So Stories, and has set them to music with Mr. Kipling's collaboration. We quite agree with the publishers when they say that the volume "should go on every piano and nursery table as a constant companion for daily use."

Memoirs of Madame Vigée Lebrun. Translated and Edited by Lionel Strachey.

These Memoirs were first brought out in 1835. Madame Lebrun was born in Paris in 1756, and during her extensive travels through Europe painted a number of portraits of royalties and other distinguished people. These paintings are reproduced in this volume, which is brought out in uniform binding with the Memoirs of Countess Potocka and the Memoirs of a Contemporary.

The Web. By Frederick Trevor Hill.

A story of law, love, and politics, which might also be classed as a detective story.

The Leopard's Spots. By Thomas Dixon, Jr.

A new Christmas edition of Mr. Dixon's popular novel of "the white man's burden." The book is bound in white and gold, and the illustrations, which are unusually good, are by C. D. Williams.

Petronilla Heroven. By Una L. Silberrad.

A love story of rural life in England by

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one of the younger English novelists who has already achieved considerable prominence in the art of novel-making. The book is reviewed elsewhere in this number.

American Masters of Sculpture. By Charles H. Caffin.

A book on some American sculptors and some phases of sculpture in America by the author of American Masters of Painting and Photography as a Fine Art. Among the sculptors considered worthy to be included in this volume are Saint-Gaudens, Macmonnies, Ward, Bartlett, French, Borglum, Adams, Brenner, Warner, Niehaus, and Barnard. A review will appear in a later issue.

The Moth Book. By W. J. Holland.

A companion volume to Dr. Holland's work on butterflies. The book is a large one containing 1500 figures in the coloured plates, and 300 text cuts illustrating a majority of the larger species of the moths of North America.

Funk and Wagnalls:

Builder of the Beautiful. By H. L. Piner.

A work of reflection and suggestion upon the subject of the correspondence of physical form and spiritual nature. The author is superintendent of the State Institution for the Blind, at Austin, Texas.

Grafton Press:

Richard Baxter. By Edward F. Jones.

A story of New England life of 1830. In an Introduction, the Rev. Edward Frederick Trefz, D.D., of the First Congregational Church, Binghamton, N. Y., says: "As a psychological exhibition, it has the strength of George Eliot or Hawthorne."

Harper:

America in Literature. By George E. Woodberry.

The papers in this volume appeared in Harper's Magazine and in Harper's Weekly. Professor Woodberry's Subjects are: "The Beginnings," "The Knickerbocker Era," "The Literary Age of Boston," "The South," "The West," "The Achievement," and "Results and Conditions."

Portraits of the Sixties. By Justin McCarthy.

In these pen-pictures of the "Sixties," the author has drawn entirely from his own impressions and experiences, and has not depended in any way upon the records of others. Dickens, Thackeray, Carlyle, Tennyson, Cardinal Newman, were all personal friends of Mr. McCarthy.

Games and Songs of American Children. By William Wells Newell.

A new and revised edition of a book which contains about all the games with which American children are familiar. Many of the games are accompanied by music.

Symbol-Psychology. By Adolph Roeder.

The Reverend Mr. Roeder gives a new interpretation of race-traditions, and he has gathered together a few of the symbols known to the race, "the symbols by which man has been enlightened and instructed through all ages."

Monologues. By May Isabel Fisk.

Many of these amusing monologues have appeared in the pages of Harper's Magazine. Mrs. Fisk, who, by the way, is the wife of the city editor of the New York *Evening Journal,* does not spare her sex in her satire.

Tennyson's Suppressed Poems. Collected and Edited by J. Thompson.

A collection of Tennyson's poems hitherto unpublished. Mr. Thompson has written an introduction and has added annotations of importance to bibliographers.

The Jumping Frog. By Mark Twain.

A holiday edition of the story which did much to make Mark Twain famous as a humourist. This story has never before been published in book form. Mr. Strotham has done the illustrations, and the author has made additions to the original story.

A Keystone of Empire. Anonymous.

A companion volume to "The Martyrdom of an Empress," which gives the story of the life of Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria. The volume is dedicated to the Emperor, and it contains an autographed portrait which the Emperor gave to the author, who, it is said, is one of his personal friends.

The Book of Months. By E. F. Benson.

The Harpers call this "a book of confessions of a literary man of the world." His adventures and experiences are divided into months, and running through his desultory talks there are "word pictures" of the seasons designated.

Mother and Father. By Roy Rolfe Gilson.

Essentially a holiday book, with decorated pages and illustrations by Alice Bar-

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ber Stephens. The story is taken from Mr. Gilson's "In the Morning Glow."

Our Lady's Inn. By J. Storer Clouston.

Because of too little money and too many unsympathetic relatives Barbara Cheyne, the heroine of this tale, runs away to London, where she masquerades as a man. The theme is far from being a new one, but Mr. Clouston manages to make it an entertaining one.

The Making of a Journalist. By Julian Ralph.

The experiences of one newspaper man which should be of immense interest to other newspaper men. Mr. Ralph has for years been an active journalist, and his experiences as war correspondent and as a newsgatherer from all over the world form sufficient material for a book such as this.

The Ambassadors. By Henry James.

A new novel by Mr. James, which gives a study of American men and women abroad. The book is reviewed elsewhere in the present issue.

Six Giants and a Griffin and Other Stories. (Imprint of R. H. Russell.) By Birdsall Otis Edey.

Six stories for children, with appropriate illustrations by Beatrice Baxter Ruyl.

Holt and Company:

The Holladay Case. By Burton E. Stevenson.

The present story is quite unlike Mr. Stevenson's former books, "At Odds with the Regent" and "A Soldier of Virginia." It is a detective story of the present day, with the principal scenes laid in New York.

Lane:

Under the Hill and Other Essays in Prose and Verse. By Aubrey Beardsley.

In this artistic volume are gathered towork as writer and artist. The publisher gether various fragments of Beardsley's hopes at some future time to issue a volume of Beardsley's Letters. The frontispiece in the volume shows Beardsley at Mentone in the room in which he died.

The Art Album of the International Studio.

A collection of one hundred representative plates from John Lane's Magazine of Arts and Crafts. These reproductions show the progress of the Arts during the last seven years. Lovers of art and of artistic books cannot fail to appreciate such a volume.

The Life of Saint Mary Magdalen. Translated from the Italian of an unknown fourteenth century writer, by Valentina Hawtrey, with an introduction by Vernon Lee.

In his preface, Mr. Lee says that the identity of the author seems doubtful, "though the familiar and popular style might suggest some small burgher turned Francescan late in life." The illustrations are reproductions from paintings.

The Nemesis of Froude. By Sir James Crichton Browne and Alexander Carlyle.

A rejoinder to James Anthony Froude's "My Relations with Carlyle." Everybody remembers the "Carlyle Controversy," and the part which Anthony Froude played in it. It is, therefore, of especial interest to learn what the authors of this volume, who are also editors of "New Letters and Memorials of Jane Welsh Carlyle," have to say on the subject.

After Worcester Fight. By Allan Fea.

A companion volume to "The Flight of the King," which contains the five important contemporary narratives of Charles II.'s escape after the Battle of Worcester, which were issued collectively in 1830. The volume also contains numerous sketches and photographs by the author, together with portraits.

Hortus Vitæ. By Vernon Lee.

Mr. Lee calls his book "Essays on the Gardening of Life," and some of his subjects are: "On Going to the Play," "Reading Books," "Hearing Music," "Receiving Letters," "New Friends and Old," "In Praise of Courtship," "Knowing One's Mind," and "In Praise of Silence."

The Defence of Guenevere and Other Poems. By William Morris.

A most artistic edition of Mr. Morris's poems, illustrated by Jessie M. King.

The Little People. By L. Allen Harker.

Stories of little people which grown people should enjoy.

Longmans, Green and Company:

The Rolling Stones in Japan. By Gilbert Watson.

A large, illustrated book on Japan, which is published in England by Mr. Edward Arnold, and for which the above publishers are the agents in this country.

The Master of Gray. By H. C. Bailey.

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An English novel by the author of "My Lady of Orange" and "Karl of Erbach."

Macmillan:

The Mother of Washington and Her Times. By Mrs. Roger A. Pryor.

Mrs. Pryor gives a vivid picture of the social life of the eighteenth century in Virginia. She has drawn her information from unpublished letters, diaries, and documents, which tell the facts of social and domestic life in Virginia during that period.

The Religion of an Educated Man. By Francis G. Peabody.

The author of this book is Plummer Professor of Christian Morals in Harvard University. The book contains three lectures entitled, "Religion as Education," "The Message of Christ to the Scholar," and "Knowledge and Service," which Professor Peabody delivered to the Students of Haverford College.

A Century of Expansion. By Willis Fletcher Johnson, A.M., L.H.D.

The present book aims to give the salient features of the history of expansion in the United States, and to condemn as well as to commend, for, says the author, "acts are not always necessarily right just because our own country performs them." The volume contains a number of maps.

Fanny Burney. By Austin Dobson.

A new volume in the "English Men of Letters" series, edited by John Morly. It is a memoir of Frances Burney, afterwards Madame D'Arblay.

The Foe of Compromise and Other Essays. By William Garrott Brown.

The essays in this book appeared in the Atlantic Monthly and the Fortnightly Review, and are, in addition to the one from which the title is taken, "A Defence of American Parties," "The Task of the American Historian," and "The Great Occasions of an American University."

Getting a Living. By George L. Bolen.

A large and carefully prepared work on the problem of wealth and poverty, of profits, wages, and trade unionism. Mr. Bolen is also the author of "Plain Facts as to the Trusts and the Tariff."

Shakespeare's Twelfth Night. Edited with Introductions and Notes. By Edward P. Morton, M.A.

A small volume belonging to the "Pocket American and English Classics" series, edited for use in secondary schools.

The Captain's Daughter. By Gwendolen Overton.

This story, by the author of "The Heritage of Unrest" and "Anne Carmel," appeared serially in *Youth's Companion*. It is a love story in which brass buttons are conspicuous.

Studies in German Literature in the Nineteenth Century. By John Firman Coar.

The author wishes it understood that the present volume is not a History of German Literature, but an attempt to trace the elements of democratic thought in some characteristic forms of this literature.

The Voice of April-Land. By Ella Higginson.

A book of poems by the author of "When the Birds Go North Again." Mrs. Higginson is a Western woman, and her poems are very much worth while. Her photograph appears under chronicle and comment of this issue.

The History of American Sculpture. By Lorado Taft.

Mr. Taft traces the history of American sculpture from its beginning early in the last century down to the present time. The book is handsomely bound and the text is accompanied by many reproductions and twelve full page photogravures. This is the initial volume in a series entitled "The History of American Art," edited by John C. Van Dyke. This book will be reviewed in a forthcoming number.

Two Centuries of Costumes in America. By Alice Morse Earle. Two volumes.

Two elaborately illustrated volumes by the author of "Sun-Dials and Roses of Yesterday." The main purpose of the work is to describe in detail the dress of each period, from Sir Walter Raleigh to Lafayette, who landed at Castle Garden in 1824.

Elements of Political Economy. By J. Shield Nicholson, M.A., D.Sc.

This work is intended primarily for the use of students. The leading principles are stated without the introduction of controversial matter. The book is divided into five parts: Scope and Methods, Consumption and Production, Distribution Exchange, Economic Progress, and The Economic Functions of Government.

Poems. By George Edward Woodberry.

The author has here collected all of his published verse, with the exception of "The Roamer." The volume "represents

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the passing of many years, and begins from days almost of boyhood."

McClure, Phillips:

The Reign of Queen Isyl. By Gelett Burgess and Will Irwin.

A romantic medley of California. The book is really a collection of tales, but they deal principally with one Isyl, who is crowned Queen of a Flower Festival in the place of Belle Norine, as this lady mysteriously disappears on the eve of the Festival. "In the form and material of the book," announce the publishers, "there is some resemblance to Chaucer's 'Canterbury Tales.'"

The Lyceum and Henry Irving. By Austin Brereton.

A large illustrated volume which gives a complete history of the famous English theatre. It is a fascinating book, and the reproductions of some of the play bills and "passes" to the theatre add to its interest. The last performance held in the theatre took place on Saturday, July 19, 1902.

Neely:

Romance and Tragedy of a Summer. By Mrs. D. H. Wall.

The less said of this novel the better.

New Harlem Publishing Company:

Arise, Take Thy Journey. By Henry Pennington Toler.

A small book, the object of its publication being threefold. "I. To announce that the present city of New York is the 'New Jerusalem' of prophecy. II. To outline the story of the 'Appointed Work,' in its relation to prophecy, and in particular to the revelation of the 'City of Truth.' III. To illustrate the application of Christian Science to spiritual laws and Bible sayings."

New Talmud Publishing Company:

The History of the Talmud. By Michael L. Rodkinson. Volumes I. and II.

This work covers the history of the Talmud from the time of its formation, about 200 B.C., up to the present day.

Outlook Company:

The Adventures of Dorothy. By Jocelyn Lewis.

A story for girls about the adventures of a little girl who leads a strenuous life on a big farm.

The Outlook Fairy Book for Little People. By Laura Winnington.

There are enough fairy stories in this volume to keep the little ones entertained for some time. Most of them are translations from the German, French, Spanish, and Italian.

The Story of a Labour Agitator. By Joseph R. Buchanan.

The late Henry George was among those who urged Mr. Buchanan to prepare the story of his life as a labour agitator. During the years of which he writes, "that crucial period between 1880 and 1890," Mr. Buchanan was the editor of a labour paper, and with the suspension of that paper he accepted a salaried position with the American Press Association, as the editor of its department of economics. In this capacity he continues to champion the cause to which he has devoted the greater part of his life.

Pott and Company:

Budapest, the City of the Magyars. By F. Berkeley Smith.

A book of travel which gives an interesting account of Kossuth's country. The numerous illustrations in the volume are painted, drawn, or photographed by the author.

Putnam's Sons:

Poems by Dante Gabriel Rossetti. Edited by Elizabeth Luther Cary. Two volumes.

The especial interest attached to these volumes lies in the fact that the illustrations are reproduced from Rossetti's own drawings. The poems are, so far as possible, arranged in chronological order.

The Laws and Principles of Bridge, with Cases and Decisions Reviewed and Explained. By "Badsworth."

A handbook on the popular game, by one of England's best players. The Introduction should be a help to beginners.

Literary New York. Its Landmarks and Associations. By Charles Hemstreet.

Mr. Hemstreet is a well-known authority on New York, literary New York especially, and his descriptions in this volume cluster around the literary figures of old New York. It is handsomely bound and illustrated.

Infection and Immunity with Special Reference to the Prevention of Infectious Diseases. By George M. Sternberg, M.D., LL.D.

A book intended for non-medical readers, in which the author has avoided technical terms so far as practicable. Dr. Sternberg states the main facts of infec-

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tion and immunity, and indicates the measures necessary for the prevention of infectious diseases.

A History of Mediæval Political History in the West. By R. W. Carlyle, C. L. E. and A. J. Carlyle, M.A. Volume I.

Volume I. of this series covers the period from the second century to the ninth, and it is written by A. J. Carlyle. It treats of the elements out of which the more developed theory of the Middle Ages arose. The work is to be carried on to the political theorists of the sixteenth and early seventeenth centuries.

A Message from the Past. By Charles H. Eaton.

A book of sermons by the late Dr. Eaton, who during his life was pastor of the Church of the Divine Paternity in this city. These sermons are from stenographic notes, and have been selected and edited by Mrs. Eaton.

Austro-Hungarian Life in Town and Country. By Francis H. E. Palmer.

An illustrated book belonging to a series entitled "Our European Neighbours," edited by William Harbutt Dawson. This is the ninth book in the series, the last, now in preparation, will be Turkish Life in Town and Country.

The Record of a Family.

A book which affords an opportunity to keep data in the lives of the children from birth to maturity. Space is provided for the record of five children, and an appendix is included which gives health notes and directions as to the course to be taken in case of accidents.

Abbas Effendi. His Life and Teachings. By Myron H. Phelps.

A study of the religion of the Babis, or Beha'is, founded by the Persian Bab and by his successors, Beha Ullah and Abbas Effendi. There is an introduction by Edward Granville Browne, Professor of Arabic and Lecturer in Persian in the University of Cambridge.

Japanese Physical Training. By H. Irving Hancock.

Mr. Hancock describes the system of exercise, diet, and general mode of living of the Japanese people. The book is illustrated from photographs taken by George J. Hare, Jr.

Revell and Company:

To-day in Syria and Palestine. By William Eleroy Curtis.

Mr. Curtis describes the Holy Land and the historical scenes of Syria as they appear to-day to a newspaper reporter. The volume is illustrated from kodak photographs. Mr. Curtis gathered his material while he was travelling; he would usually write on an average of twenty-five hundred words a day, much of it being dictated to his son, Elroy Curtis.

The New Era in the Philippines. By Arthur J. Brown.

Mr. Brown views the situation in the Philippines from the standpoint of the American citizen, and his statements are made from personal observation. Some of the chapter headings are: "The Labour Problem in the Philippines," "The Chinese in the Philippines," "The Catholic Church," "Progress of Protestantism," and "America's Prospect in the Islands."

The Fruit of the Spirit Poetically Interpreted. Selected by Alice Jennings.

In an introduction, Mr. Edwin Markham waxes enthusiastic and says: "Here are rich stores of the heart's wisdom gathered from all the realms of poesy. So far as I know, this book is unique; and I dare to say that it will appeal to a widening circle of readers alive to the serious interests of the spiritual life."

The Story of the Nazarene. By Noah K. Davis.

In this "popular presentation of the life of our Lord," Dr. Davis embodies the result of twenty-five years' study. Since 1873 Dr. Davis has held the chair of Moral Philosophy in the University of Virginia.

Scribner:

Shoes and Rations for a Long March. By H. Clay Trumbull.

The author of this book was Regimental Chaplain of the United States Volunteers in the Civil War. In a subtitle the volume is described as "Needs and Supplies in Every-Day Life." The chapters are really sermons, most of them having formed the subject for talks in camp and field.

The Book of the Courtier. By Count Baldesar Castoglione. (1528.) Translated from the Italian by Leonard Eckstein Opdycke.

The Book of the Courtier was written between the years 1508 and 1516, at Urbion and Rome, and it was first printed in Venice in April, 1528. Since that time there have appeared more than one hundred and forty editions. In a preface the translator says: "Reasons for presenting

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this old book anew were found in the esteem that it long enjoyed, in the rank still held by it in Italian literature, and in the fact that, of three former English versions, the first (recently twice reprinted) is too antiquated to be readily intelligible to the general reader, while the other two (published more than one hundred and fifty years ago) are seldom met in any but large public libraries."

Autobiography of Seventy Years. By George F. Hoar. Two volumes.

Senator Hoar never kept a diary, so that what he writes in these two large volumes is from memory. "In my younger days," he says in his introductory chapter, "there were among my kindred and near friends persons who knew the great actors of the Revolutionary time and the time which followed till I came to manhood myself. But I did not know enough to ask questions. If I had, and had recorded the answers, I could write a very large part of the political and literary history of the United States." Portraits accompany the text, the frontispiece in Volume I. being the reproduction of a photograph of Senator Hoar taken in 1897.

The Story of King Arthur and His Knights. By Howard Pyle.

In a large volume, illustrated by the author, Mr. Pyle tells the story of King Arthur and his Knights of the Round Table, and in a foreword he promises to continue the story some other time in another book.

Odd Craft. By W. W. Jacobs.

A volume of short stories of the sailor when he is on shore. The book is humorously illustrated by Mr. Will Owens.

From Saranac to the Marquesas and Beyond. Edited and arranged by Marie Clothilde Balfour.

Herein may be found the letters written by Mrs. Stevenson during 1887-88 to her sister, Jane Whyte Balfour. George W. Balfour has written a short introduction to the volume.

Sentfner Publishing Company:

The Twentieth Century Latin-Book for Regents' Schools, High Schools, and Academies. By Alexis E. Sentfner, Robert E. C. Sentfner, and Herman F. Sentfner.

The aim of the authors has been to edit a work of practical utility, representative of the latest approved methods of teaching the first year in Latin.

Smart Set Publishing Company:

The Shutters of Silence. By G. B. Burgin.

A novel which pictures the life of a boy in a Trappist monastery in Canada, then shows him grown to manhood and suddenly thrust into the social whirl.

Smith and Wilkins:

Crowned at Elim. By Stella Eugénie Asling.

A novel which portrays life in the early days in Canada. Miss Asling is herself a Canadian, and this is her first venture as a novelist.

Stokes Company:

In Gnome Man's Land. By O. H. Von Gottschalk.

A book for the little ones in which the story is told in verse, accompanied by amusing illustrations.

The O'Ruddys. By Stephen Crane and Robert Barr.

At the time of Stephen Crane's death this manuscript was very nearly completed. Mr. Crane, feeling that he would never get well, talked over the completion of the novel with Robert Barr, who agreed to finish the story. This Mr. Barr has now done, and a romance full of humour and incident is the result.

The Humming Top, or Debit and Credit in the Next World. Translated by Blanche Willis Howard.

A charming new edition of Theobald Gross's German story for children, of which this is the authorised translation. The illustrations are by Albert D. Blashfield.

Children of the Arctic Period. By the Snow Baby and Her Mother.

Here is a story for children which is instructive as well as entertaining. The book is a large one and is profusely illustrated from photographs.

The Book of the Cat. With facsimiles of drawings in color by Elisabeth F. Bonsall, and with stories and verses written for the pictures by Mabel Humphrey.

The above gives a pretty good description of what this book is. We simply add that the illustrations are unusually attractive and that the book should be counted among the really good juveniles for the Holidays.

The Book of the Child. With facsimiles of drawings in colour by Jessie Willcox Smith and Elisabeth Shippen Green,

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and with stories and verses written for the pictures by Mabel Humphrey.

A companion volume to the above, equally attractive in text and illustration.

Rips and Raps. By L. de V. Matthewman.

A small book which some persons may find amusing. "Crankisms" is from the same author. The pictures which accompany these "raps" are by T. Fleming.

Incomparable Bellairs. By Agnes and Agerton Castle.

All of Mr. and Mrs. Castle's novels have a daintiness and a delicacy which make very charming reading. Their new story is in very much the same vein as their predecessors. The heroine is Kitty Bellairs, of the Bath Comedy fame.

The Old Furniture Book with a Sketch of Past Days and Ways. By N. Hudson Moore.

There are over a hundred illustrations in this book, with chapters on Dutch Furniture, Chippendale, Old Leather, Turkey Work, Colonial and Later Periods, French Furniture, and Musical Instruments.

In Old Egypt. By H. Pereira Mendes.

A story for boys and girls "about the Bible but not in the Bible." The illustrations are by Mabel L. Humphrey.

Taylor and Company:

Hypatia, or New Foes with an Old Face. By Charles Kingsley. With an Introduction by Maurice Kingsley. Two volumes.

The latest volumes in the Library Edition of the "Novels, Poems, and Memories" of Kingsley, and which is to be supplemented by the "Letters and Memories," edited by his wife. The edition will be complete in fourteen volumes.

Mother Goose and Others in Wall Street. By "Bond Mann."

A small book of humorous verse, of which the following is a specimen:

Little Jack Horner
Got caught in a Corner,
Not knowing "and interest" from "flat."
His Pater made good,
As Pater sports should,
By buying some "dogs" and a "cat."

Treat and Company:

Famous Men of the Old Testament. By Morton Bryan Wharton, D.D.

The biblical characters which Dr. Wharton considers are: Abraham, Jacob, Joseph, Moses, Joshua, Gideon, Jephthah, Eli, Saul, David, Solomon, Elijah, Jonah, Daniel, Balaam, Absalom, and Nehemiah.

Wessels and Company:

Famous Battles of the Nineteenth Century. Described by Archibald Forbes, George A. Henty, Major Arthur Griffiths, and Other Well-Known Writers. 1801-1817. 1861-1871. Edited by Charles Welsh. Two volumes.

Each of the above volumes covers a definite period, and is quite complete in itself. These stories of great battles as they are told by well-known writers should be of particular interest to boy readers.

Reading a Poem. By William Makepeace Thackeray.

"Reading a Poem" first made its appearance in May, 1841, in the pages of *The Britannia*, a weekly paper which is no longer in existence. The poem was issued under the title of "Loose Sketches." It was first reprinted in "The Sette of Odd Volumes," in May, 1891, and it is from a copy of "The Odd Volumes" that the present reprint is taken.

Napoleon Bonaparte. By William C. Sprague.

A history of the "Man of Destiny," written for boys.

Akron, Ohio.

Saalfield Publishing Company:

Circus Day. By George Ade.

A small book for small children describing the events of a "circus day," with appropriate illustrations of the small boy, the tent, and the elephant, by John T. McCutcheon.

Roger and Rose and Other Stories. By Katharine Beebe.

A book of short stories for children, illustrated by Katharine H. Greenland.

Boston.

Badger:

The Master-Feeling. By N. Almirall.

A novel which tells the life story of one Agatha Peynton.

The Apex. By Thomas B. Gould.

A small volume, dealing with religion. "I have neither the strength nor the ability to write a large book," says Mr. Gould, "but I have for years had the desire to sow some seed of this kind."

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The Musician. By Frank Waters.

A narrative poem founded upon a German legend of the Hartz Mountains.

Songs by the Wayside. By William J. Fischer, M.D.

A collection of more than a hundred poems by a young Canadian physician. His portrait serves as a frontispiece to the little volume.

Sonnets of the Head and Heart. By Joseph Warren Beach.

Another book of verse by a new poet. The entire volume is made up of "detached sonnets" and "sonnet sequences."

The Age of Ivory. By Henry Harmon Chamberlin.

A book of humorous verse in which Mr. Chamberlin aims to show how much better the world would be if the elephant had evolved instead of the ape.

A Pilgrim Jew. By the Reverend Charles Coke Woods.

A romantic poem, which the publisher seems to think "one of the most beautiful tributes to the Jew ever put in print."

The Conceits of a General Lover. By Edward W. Barnard.

Mr. Barnard's poems are familiar to many readers of magazines throughout the country, and in this book he has collected about two hundred *vers de société.*

Barefoot Time. By Adelbert Farrington Caldwell.

A collection of child's verse, many of which have appeared in *The Youth's Companion,* the *Outlook,* the *Independent,* and the *Sunday-School Times.*

The Song at Midnight. By Mary M. Adams.

A posthumous volume of poems by the wife of Charles Kendall Adams, late President of the University of Wisconsin. There are more than a hundred poems in the collections, odes, lyrics, and sonnets.

A Hill Prayer. By Marian Warner Wildman.

A book of poems, many of which have appeared in the *Century* and *Harper's.* In 1899 Miss Wildman received a prize of two hundred and fifty dollars for a poem, the prize being offered by the *Century Magazine* to college undergraduates.

Vita: A Drama. By Grace Denio Litchfield.

A dramatic poem in three acts, the personages in the drama bearing these names: Time, Vita, Truth, Happiness, Faith, Care, Malice, Hope, and History. Miss Litchfield is well known as the author of a number of books of poetry and prose.

Heartsease and Rue. By Héloise Soule.

As in the case with the majority of Mr. Badger's publications, this is a volume of verse.

Dana Estes and Company:

A Hermit's Wild Friends. By Mason A. Walton.

Mr. Walton is known as the hermit of Bond's Hill, Gloucester, Mass., and in this volume he gives an account of nearly twenty years of solitary life in the woods. The author has for years been a contributor to *Forest and Stream,* where he has signed himself "Hermit."

Some Famous American Schools. By Oscar Fay Adams.

An illustrated volume which gives a popular account of the foundation, history, and traditions of some of the well-known boys' schools in America, such as Phillips Andover Academy, St. Paul's, Groton, Lawrenceville, Narazeth Hall, and Belmont.

Mother Bunny. By Harriet A. Cheever.

A children's story. "Mother Bunny" tells of a rabbit's adventures, and addresses her tale to a little boy.

Daddy Joe's Fiddle. By Faith Bickford.

A story for the young reader. Opechee is a little half Indian child who learns to play the violin.

Forbes and Company:

Soul Sonnets of a Stenographer. By Samuel Ellsworth Kiser.

In twenty-nine sonnets Mr. Kiser tells the story of a stenographer's ambitions, and he tells it in his usual light vein.

Impertinent Poems. By Edmund Vance Cooke.

A collection of light "poems," some of them having been printed in the *Saturday Evening Post* and *Ainslee's Magazine.*

Ginn and Company:

A Little Brother to the Bear. By William J. Long.

A new animal book by the author of "School of the Woods." The sketches in this volume are reproduced from the author's own note-book, and the observations cover a period of some thirty years. Some of the chapters represent the characteristics of animals and birds of the

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same species, while others show the intelligence of certain individual animals.

Poems of Tennyson. Edited by Henry Van Dyke and D. Laureance Chambers, A.M.

A volume belonging to the "Athenæum Press" series. This series includes choice works of English literature, edited for use in schools, colleges, and libraries, as well as for the general reader.

Educational Music Course. New First Music Reader. By James McLaughlin, George A. Veazie, and W. W. Gilchrist.

The material in this volume is made up of poems which illustrate the various moods of childlife, together with melodic settings which interpret the spirit of the poetry. The book is for use in the second and third or third and fourth grades in public schools.

Poems of Tennyson. Chosen and edited with an Introduction by Henry Van Dyke.

This book was begun about seven years ago. It is a full and representative selection of the best poems of Tennyson, arranged so as to show the variety of his work, and printed in one volume, not too large to hold in the hand or carry in the pocket.

The Modern Age. Part II. By Philip Van Ness Myers.

A companion volume to the Middle Ages. It is intended primarily as a school text book. The book was first copyrighted in 1885.

Stories of the Ancient Greeks. By Charles D. Shaw.

This collection of stories of the ancient Greeks is intended for supplementary reading, and may be used as early as the third year. It includes many of the tales of Greek mythology.

Houghton, Mifflin and Company:

A Touch of Sun and Other Stories. By Mary Hallock Foote.

There are four stories in this book, "A Touch of Sun," which shows how a girl won the favour of her lover's mother; "Pilgrims to Mecca," in which a San Francisco girl is sent to Boston to be educated; "The Maid's Progress," and "The Harshaw Bride."

The Little Chevalier. By M. E. M. Davis.

Mrs. "Mollie Moore" Davis, a New Orleans woman, has written a romantic tale of the French régime in New Orleans during the early part of the eighteenth century. It tells of the adventures of a young viscount who came from Paris to avenge the death of his father, who was killed in a duel the year before the story opens.

The Passing Show. By Harriet Monroe.

There are five modern plays in verse in this volume: "The Thunderstorm," "At the Goal," "After All," "A Modern Minuet," "It Passes By."

The Great Poets of Italy. By Oscar Kuhns.

The author, a professor in Wesleyan University, gives an account of the famous poets of Italy, with quotations in translation of passages from their works. The volume is illustrated with portraits and contains a brief sketch of Italian Literature.

Henry Ward Beecher. By Lyman Abbott.

A biography by Dr. Abbott, the editor of the *Outlook*, and, as every one knows, Mr. Beecher's successor in the pulpit of Plymouth Church. The volume also contains a bibliography of Mr. Beecher's sermons and writings prepared by the Reverend W. E. Davenport.

Comments of John Ruskin on the Divina Commedia. Compiled by George P. Huntington.

In this volume are brought together all of Ruskin's interpretations and criticisms of the Divine Comedy. There is an introduction by Charles Eliot Norton.

The Singing Leaves. By Josephine Preston Peabody.

Miss Peabody is one of the younger poets of to-day who has already attained considerable reputation. This is a small volume containing about seventy poems.

Lee and Shepard:

Joe the Survivor. By Edward Stratemeyer.

A book for boys which relates the trials and triumphs of a country boy who is obliged to go out into the world and help to support a twin sister and an invalid father. This story ran as a serial in 1894.

Laurel Leaves for Little Folk. Edited, Illustrated, and Decorated by Mary E. Phillips.

Miss Phillips has devoted three years to the preparation of this artistic book for children. In her collection may be found bits of verse and prose from the following writers: Eugene Field, James Whitcomb Riley, Mary Mapes Dodge, Edward Everett Hale, Thomas Wentworth Higginson, Joaquin Miller, Titus Munson Coan,

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William Wetmore Story, M. E. W. Sherwood, and others.

The Girl Who Kept Up. By Mary McRae Cutler.

A story for boys and girls which tells of the friendship of a boy and girl. The boy goes to college while the girl is obliged to remain at home to help her family during their misfortune; but through pluck and strength of character she secures an education.

A Lassie of the Isles. By Adele E. Thompson.

An historical story for young readers. It belongs to the "Brave Heart" series and deals with the romantic story of Flora Macdonald, who aided in the escape of Charles Stuart, the "Young Pretender."

Famous Children Who Have Gained Renown in the Past. By H. Twitchell.

These are stories of boys and girls who for deeds and experiences during their childhood have become famous in history, song, and story. The subjects are grouped as "Royal Children," "Child Artists," "Learned Children," "Devoted Children," "Heroic Children," etc. Mozart, David, Joan of Arc, St. Elizabeth of Hungary, and Louis XVII. are among the personages who appear in these stories.

Don'ts for Mothers. By Gabrielle E. Jackson.

There are two hundred and fifty "don'ts" in this little handbook, which Mrs. Jackson dedicates to "the women of our dear land who share with me the priceless blessing of motherhood."

Dorothy's Playmates. By Amy Brooks.

A story for children which is the second in the "Dorothy Dainty" series. Miss Brooks, who is well known as a writer of juvenile books, has illustrated this story herself.

Rover's Story. By Helena Higginbotham.

A dog story written in the form of an autobiography. Rover is referred to as a "calico" dog, because of his colouring. He is a real and well-known collie in a Massachusetts town.

Two Young Lumbermen. By Edward Stratemeyer.

A story, complete in itself, which forms the first volume of the "Great American Industries" series. It is the story of two boys who have been brought up among the lumbermen of their own State, and who in seeking their fortunes travel from Maine to Oregon.

The Visit of Lafayette. By Lucia Gray Swett.

A book of verse which tells the story of an aged housekeeper who had charge of a colonial mansion in New Hampshire which Lafayette visited in 1825. The frontispiece is the reproduction of a portrait of General Lafayette which is in the Lee Memorial Chapel in Lexington, Va.

Little, Brown and Company:

The Life Radiant. By Lilian Whiting.

A book which aims to portray a practical ideal for daily living. It is, in a way, a sequel to Miss Whiting's "The World Beautiful."

Daniel Webster for Young Americans. With an Introduction and Notes by Charles F. Richardson.

A collection of the great speeches of Daniel Webster arranged for the youth of the United States. Edwin P. Whipple has added an essay on "Webster as a Master of English Style."

Famous Actors and Actresses and Their Homes. By Gustav Kobbé.

A most interesting book with unusually attractive illustrations. The actors, whom Mr. Kobbé interviews, are Maude Adams, Ethel Barrymore, John Drew, William Gillette, Richard Mansfield, Julia Marlow, Annie Russell, E. H. Sothern and his wife, and Francis Wilson. There are also chapters on the Lambs and the Players Clubs.

New England History in Ballads. By Edward E. Hale and His Children.

In his introduction Mr. Hale says that there are some forty or fifty poems, more or less narrative, which ought to be read in any thoughtful study of New England history. These poems he has collected together in this volume, which is illustrated by Ellen D. Hale, Philip L. Hale, and Lilian Hale.

Lothrop Publishing Company:

Five Little Peppers at School. By Margaret Sidney.

A new "Pepper" book for young people, in which the author tells of the merry school days of the five Peppers.

The Deathless Book. By David O. Mears, D.D.

A new edition of a religious book which first appeared in 1888. There are ten lectures in the volume.

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Poet-Lore Company:

The Significance of the Ring and the Book. By Roy Sherman Stowell.

A short study of Browning's "The Ring and the Book."

Page and Company:

The Kinship of Nature. By Bliss Carman.

A collection of essays on "The Art of Life," "Haste and Waste," "At the Coming of Spring," "April in Town," "The Friendship of Nature," and a number of other subjects of a kindred nature. The publishers have given to the volume an autumnal cover of gold and brown.

Pilgrim Press:

Steps Christward. By Howard Allen Bridgman.

A religious book containing advice and suggestions to "young Christians." Much of the material has appeared in the *Congregationalist* for the benefit of members of the Christian Endeavour Societies.

Pomiuk. By William Bryon Forbush.

A story for boys about a brave boy waif of Labrador.

China's Book of Martyrs. By Luella Miner.

A large illustrated volume which gives a record of the martyrdoms and deliverances of Chinese Christians during the summer of 1900.

Jesus of Nazareth. His Life and the Scenes of His Ministry. By William E. Barton, D.D.

This work contains one hundred new illustrations of scenes in Palestine, and reproductions of two hundred and fifty noted paintings, both old and new. The maps are drawn by General Henry B. Carrington, U.S.A. Part II. is devoted to "The Christ of Art."

Small, Maynard and Company:

A Bunch of Roses and Other Parlor Plays. By M. E. M. Davis.

A collection of "parlor plays," some of which originally appeared in the *Saturday Evening Post*. There are six plays in the volume, each calling for about eight characters.

Wanderfolk in Wonderland. By Edith Guerrier.

A book of animal fables for young children, with drawings by Edith Brown.

Turner and Company:

A Rose o' Plymouth Town. By Beulah Marie Dix and Evelyn Greenleaf Sutherland.

A players' edition of the romantic comedy in which Miss Minnie Dupree starred last season. The book is, quite appropriately, dedicated to her. This play is available for amateur performances by arrangement with the authors and upon payment of royalties.

Chicago.

Blue Sky Press:

Castle, Knight and Troubadour. In an Apology and Three Tableaux. By Elia W. Peattie.

A small book, printed on hand-made paper, with an illustration in photogravure from an oil painting by Harry E. Townsend. It is a story of the elder gardens of France.

Denison:

Twinkling Fingers and Swaying Figures. By Clara J. Denton.

A paper-covered pamphlet which contains a collection of new finger plays and songs, motion exercises and songs, with motions described, for use in the kindergarten and primary schools. The music is by W. C. Parker.

McClurg and Company:

Glimpses of Truth. With Essays on Epictetus and Marcus Aurelius. By the Rt. Rev. J. L. Spalding.

A collection of essays by the Bishop of Peoria.

Indianapolis.

Bobbs-Merrill Company:

The Surprising Adventures of the Magical Monarch of Mo and His People. By L. Frank Baum.

These nonsense tales will provide amusement and entertainment for the little ones. Mr. Frank Verbeck has made the illustrations.

The New Wizard of Oz. By L. Frank Baum. Pictures by W. W. Denslow.

The Enchanted Island of Yew. Whereon Prince Marvel Encountered the High Ki of Twi and Other Surprising People. By L. Frank Baum. Illustrated by Fanny Y. Cory.

Both of the above volumes are attractive holiday books for children, especially the latter, which is the better illustrated. Mr. Baum's tales are all on the order of "The Wizard of Oz," which is such a great success on the stage.

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Troubadour Tales. By Evaleen Stein.

The publishers have evidently spared no expense in bringing out this little volume of four "Troubadour Tales," and the following artists are represented in the illustrations: Virginia Keep, Maxfield Parrish, B. Rosenmeyer, and Edward Edwards.

The Songs of the Trees. By Mary Y. Robinson.

Another attractive book for children. It gives "tree biographies" in pictures and rhymes. January is represented by the Holly Tree, February by the Herald Tree, March, the Wind Tree, and so on, to December, the Christmas Tree. The music which accompanies the verses is by Josephine Robinson.

Johnnie. By E. O. Laughlin.

A new edition of a delightful tale of boyhood days. If the readers of 1898 overlooked this story they will do well to turn to it now in its attractive new dress.

The City of the King. By Mrs. Lew Wallace.

Mrs. Wallace has divided her description of the Holy Land into two parts, the first concerns the childhood of Jesus, the second Jerusalem of to-day. The illustrations are from photographs of scenes in the Holy Land.

London.

Richards:

The Money Problem. By Arthur Kitson.

Much of the material in this volume was written in Philadelphia during the years 1893-1894, a time which will be remembered as a most important one in the history of American Commerce. The book contains a review from the Philadelphia Bulletin of March 29, 1895, and two prefaces, one to the English and the other to the American edition.

Siegle:

Bartolozzi and His Pupils in England. Edited by Selwyn Brinton, M.A.

The first of the "Langham Series of Art Monographs." It is illustrated and contains an abridged list of Bartolozzi's more important prints in line and in stipple.

Unwin:

Tychiades. A Tale of the Ptolemies. Written in the Third Century, B.C., by Ornithovius, and now Faithfully Translated out of the Original by Alfred Dickeson.

Persons who tire of modern novels may care to turn to this old tale of the third century. Ornithovius laid his story in "that critical interval between the casting off of Arsinoë No. 1 and the espousal of Arsinoë No. 2, when Ptolemy had reached his twenty-ninth year." The book is an imported one.

The Failure of Lord Curzon. An Open Letter to the Earl of Rosebery. By C. J. O'Donnell.

This is the third edition of Mr. O'Donnell's "study in imperialism," as he calls it. The author has served twenty-eight years in India.

Milwaukee.

Young Churchman Company:

A Study of the Occasional Offices of the Prayer Book. By Edward William Worthington.

The five papers contained in this little book were prepared for the *Journal of the Guild of the Holy Cross for Invalids.* The author is rector of Grace Church, Cleveland, Ohio.

Sunday-School Teaching. By the Reverend William Walter Smith, M.A., M.D.

A pamphlet which gives the simple elements of child-study in popular form. The material is gathered from leading religious educators.

Some Studies in Religion. By the Reverend Louis Tucker, M.A.

The Rector of Grace Church at St. Francisville, La., has collected together portions of Christian evidences which he has translated out of the technical terms of theology into those of popular science.

Philadelphia.

Franklin Printing Company:

Vittorio Emanuele. Prince of Piedmont. By James Murmell.

A romantic play of five acts in blank verse, and published between paper covers.

Jacobs:

With Thomas in Tennessee. By Edward Robins.

A story for boys which, in a way, is a sequel to "Chasing an Iron Horse." It gives the experiences of George Knight when he served as an aide on the staff of General Thomas, one of the commanders in the Civil War.

Royalists and Roundheads. By O. V. Caine.

A story for boys and girls, with the

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scene laid in the west of England in the time of Charles II.

The Village Champion. By W. O. Stoddard.

A book for boys in which the young hero is as fond of fun and mischief as the proverbial boy.

A Little Tom-Boy. By Amy E. Blanchard.

The adventures of a little girl who lives with a precise, old-fashioned grandmother, and as this little girl is the tom-boy in the case, her troubles are many.

Two Maryland Girls. By Amy E. Blanchard.

Young girls should enjoy this book. It is the story of two sisters entirely unlike in character, one being a girl of high ideals, while the other is weak and selfish, without high moral standards.

Letters from Pussycatville. By S. Louise Patteson.

Mrs. Patteson, the author of Pussy Meow, has brought out a new cat story which will please the children. These "letters" tell of the experiences and hopes and fears of "Buffie," "Madam Muff," "Snowball," "Snowdrop," "Topsy," and "Thomas."

What Two Children Did. By Charlotte E. Chittenden.

An entertaining little story of the doings of two mischievous children who inherit a large fortune. The author shows how these children use this money in helping other children.

Marie Corelli. The Writer and the Woman. By T. F. G. Coates and R. S. Warren Bell.

Admirers of Marie Corelli will probably wish to own this book. The authors have written a biography concerning Miss Corelli as woman and as writer. The book gives a general survey of the author's various books, and in each case has quoted such passages as may be read with interest. Illustrations accompany the text.

The Rambillicus Book. By Walt McDougall.

These wonder tales are intended for children "from seven to seventy." Many of them have appeared during the last year in the large Sunday journals of the United States. The illustrations, showing a collection of zoölogical subjects, are by Mr. McDougall, who is well known as a cartoonist.

Philadelphia.

Fisher and Company:

Our Annual Execution. Preceded by A Word on the Annuals. By William Makepiece Thackeray.

"A Word on the Annuals" appeared in *Fraser's Magazine* for December, 1837, and "Our Annual Execution" in the same magazine for January, 1839. These papers are reprinted here exactly as they originally appeared, with no changes in spelling or punctuation.

Lippincott:

Through the Gates of Old Romance. By W. Jay Mills.

A charmingly illustrated book, appropriate as a holiday gift. Some of the chapters are: "A True Picture of the Last Days of Aaron Burr," "Major André's Last Love," "The Love-Story of the Noted Nathaniel Moore and 'The Heavenly Ellen,' a Belle of Chambers Street, New York," and "Susanna Rowson, of 'Charlotte Tower' Fame, and Her British Grenadier." Mr. Mills is also the author of "Historic Houses of New Jersey."

With the Treasure Hunters. By James Otis.

An exciting tale of the Florida Gays, especially suited to boy readers.

American Myths and Legends. By Charles M. Skinner. Two volumes.

To the superstitious these two volumes should be of especial interest. The author has collected various myths and legends of our own land, and the telling of them makes interesting reading. The books are bound in green and gold and contain numerous illustrations.

Recollections and Impressions of James A. McNeil Whistler. By Arthur Jerome Eddy.

Most of the material in the present volume has been jotted down during the past ten years for use in Mr. Eddy's lectures on Whistler and his art. Many of the anecdotes related were from the artist's own lips, and the reminiscences are, for the most part, personal.

The Life of Horace Binney. With Selections from His Letters. By Charles Chauncy Binney.

Mr. Binney, aside from his eminence as lawyer, held for the last fifty years of his life, from 1825 to 1875, a high place in public esteem, so the publishers consider that his "Life" should prove interesting to all Americans as well as to Philadelphians. The work of preparing the pres-

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ent work has been that of selection and compilation, and it is almost wholly as a lawyer and a citizen that he is shown here.

Vir Publishing Company:

Manhood's Morning. By Joseph Alfred Conwell.

A new and revised edition which first appeared about seven years ago. It is addressed to young men between the ages of fourteen and twenty-eight, and it is written with the idea that men's characters can be formed from reading about lofty ideals, the right way to live, and why young men go wrong.

St. Paul.

Keefe-Davidson Company:

Legal Masterpieces. Specimens of Argumentation and Exposition by Eminent Lawyers. Edited by Van Vechten Veeder. Two volumes.

The purpose of this collection is to bring together, from the entire field of legal literature, specimens of the best models of the various forms of discourse and composition in which the lawyer's work is embodied.

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH.

New books in order of demand as sold between November and December, 1903.

We guarantee the authenticity of the following lists, as supplied to us, each by leading booksellers in the towns mentioned:

New York City.

1. Wings of the Morning. Tracy. (Clode.) $1.50.
2. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. The Heart of Rome. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. The Long Night. Weyman. (McClure-Phillips.) $1.50.
5. The Call of the Wild. London. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. Maids of Paradise. Chambers. (Harper.) $1.50.

Atlanta, Ga.

1. Colonel Carter's Christmas. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. The Fortunes of Fifi. Seawell. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
3. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. The Call of the Wild. London. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. The Lightning Conductor. Williamson. (Holt.) $1.50.
6. The Heart of Hyacinth. Watanna. (Harper.) $1.50.

Baltimore, Md.

1. Colonel Carter's Christmas. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. The Call of the Wild. London. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. The Heart of Rome. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.10.
5. The Shadow of Victory. Reed. (Putnam.) $1.20 net.
6. The Lightning Conductor. Williamson. (Holt.) $1.10.

Boston, Mass.

1. Rebecca. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.25.
2. Autobiography of Seventy Years. Hoar. (Scribner.) $7.50 net.
3. Life of Gladstone. Morley. (Macmillan.) $10.50 net.
4. History of American Revolution, 2 vols. Trevelyan. (Longmans.) $5.00 net.
5. Colonel Carter's Christmas. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. Cherry. Tarkington. (Harper.) $1.25.

Buffalo, N. Y.

1. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. The Main Chance. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
3. Colonel Carter's Christmas. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. Rebecca. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.25.
5. The Fortunes of Fifi. Seawell. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
6. The Heart of Rome. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

Cleveland, O.

1. Hesper. Garland. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. The One Woman. Dixon. (Doubleday-Page.) $1.50.
3. The Forest Hearth. Major. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. Barlasch of Guards. Merriman. (McClure, Phillips.) $1.50.
5. Wings of the Morning. Tracy. (Clode.) $1.50.
6. The Adventures of Gerard. Doyle. (McClure-Phillips.) $1.50.

Dallas, Tex.

1. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.

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2. The Call of the Wild. London. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The One Woman. Dixon. (Doubleday-Page.) $1.50.
4. Barlasch of Guard. Merriman. (McClure.) $1.50.
5. The Long Night. Weyman. (McClure.) $1.50.
6. The Daughter of a Magnate. Spearman. (Scribner.) $1.50.

Denver, Colo.

1. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. The Call of the Wild. London. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. Colonel Carter's Christmas. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. Cherry. Tarkington. (Harper.) $1.25.
5. Jewel. Burnham. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.50.
6. When Patty Went to College. Webster. (Century.) $1.50.

Detroit, Mich.

1. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. The Long Night. Weyman. (McClure-Phillips.) $1.50.
3. Jewel. Burnham. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.50.
4. The Lightning Conductor. Williamson. (Holt.) $1.50.
5. Rebecca. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.25.
6. Colonel Carter's Christmas. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.

Indianapolis, Ind.

1. The Fortunes of Fifi. Seawell. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. Songs of the Trees. Robinson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
3. Cherry. Tarkington. (Harper.) $1.25.
4. The Heart of Rome. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. The Main Chance. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
6. His Pa's Romance. Riley. (Bobbs-Merrill). $1.00 net.

Kansas City, Mo.

1. An Old Sweetheart of Mine. Riley. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $2.00.
2. The Heart of Rome. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. Colonel Carter's Christmas. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. Castle Twilight. Potter. (McClurg.) $1.50.
5. Goodbye, Proud World. Kirke. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.50.
6. Rebecca. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.00.

Los Angeles, Cal.

1. The Golden Chain. Overton. (Macmillan.) 50 cents.
2. The Cynic's Calendar. Herford, Mumford & Mizner. (Elder.) 75 cents.
3. Two Little Savages. Seton. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.75 net.
4. Colonel Carter's Christmas. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. Rebecca. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.25.
6. The Long Night. Weyman. (McClure, Phillips.) $1.50.

Louisville, Ky.

1. A Checked Love Affair. Ford. (Dodd, Mead.) $2.00.
2. Cherry. Tarkington. (Harper.) $1.25.
3. The Call of the Wild. London. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. Barlasch of the Guard. Merriman. (McClure, Phillips.) $1.50.
5. Castle Twilight. Potter. (McClurg.) $1.50.
6. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.

Memphis, Tenn.

1. The Leopard's Spots. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50, cloth; 50 cents, paper.
2. The Fortunes of Fifi. Seawell. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
3. The Southerners. Brady. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. Colonel Carter's Christmas. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. The Grey Cloak. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
6. Cherry. Tarkington. (Harper.) $1.25.

Montreal, Can.

1. Lomai of Lenakel. Paton, B. D. (Hodder & Stoughton.) $1.50.
2. The Wings of the Morning. Tracy. (McLeod & Allen.) $1.25.
3. The One Woman. Thomas Dixon, Jr. (Musson Book Co., Toronto.) $1.50.
4. The Plowshare and the Sword. E. G. Henham. (Copp, Clark.) $1.25.
5. The Daughter of a Magnate. Spearman. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. Odd Craft. Jacobs. (Scribner.) $1.50.

New Haven, Conn.

1. Rebecca. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.25.
2. Gawayne and the Green Knight. Lewis. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.00 net.

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3. The Lightning Conductor. Williamson. (Holt.) $1.50.
4. The Adventures of Gerard. Doyle. (McClure, Phillips.) $1.50.
5. The Call of the Wild. London. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. Old Quebec. Parker. (Macmillan.) $3.75 net.

New Orleans, La.

1. The Little Chevalier. Davis. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.50.
2. The Star Fairies. Harrison. (McClurg.) $1.50.
3. Thistledown. Jamison. (Century.) $1.50.
4. Gayarre's History of Louisiana. (Hansell & Bro.) $10.00.
5. The Heart of Hyacinth. Watanna. (Harper.) $2.00.
6. Two Little Savages. Seton. (Scribner.) $1.75.

Norfolk, Va.

1. The Grey Cloak. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
2. The One Woman. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
3. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. The Mettle of the Pasture. Allen. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. The Heart of Rome. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. Heros and Spies. Humphreys. (Neale Publishing Co.) $1.50

Omaha, Neb.

1. The Ultimate Moment. Lighton. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. Rebecca. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.25.
4. The Boss. Lewis. (Barnes). $1.50.
5. Red-Keggers. Thwing. (Book Lover Press.) $1.50.
6. The Fortunes of Fifi. Seawell. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.

Pittsburg, Pa.

1. Inside History of the Carnegie Steel Co. Bridge. (Aldine Book Co.) $2.00 net.
2. The Call of the Wild. London. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. The Boss. Lewis. (Barnes.) $1.50.
5. Wings of the Morning. Tracy. (Clode.) $1.50.
6. A Checked Love Affair. Ford. (Dodd, Mead.) $2.00.

Portland, Me.

1. Rebecca. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.25.
2. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. The Forest Hearth. Major. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. The Heart of Rome. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. The Call of the Wild. London. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. Colonel Carter's Christmas. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.

Portland, Ore.

1. Cherry. Tarkington. (Harper.) $1.25.
2. The Call of the Wild. London. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. Wings of the Morning. Tracy. (Clode.) $1.50.
5. The Main Chance. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
6. The Sherrods. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.

Providence, R. I.

1. Rebecca. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.50.
2. The Call of the Wild. London. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. Colonel Carter's Christmas. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. Uther and Igraine. Deeping. (Century.) $1.50.
5. The Heart of Rome. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. The Yellow Crayon. Oppenheim. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.

Rochester, N. Y.

1. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. Rebecca. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.25.
3. The Heart of Rome. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. The Long Night. Weyman. (McClure, Phillips.) $1.50.
5. When Patty Went to College. Webster. (Century.) $1.50.
6. Red Keggers. Thwing. (Book Lover.) $1.50.

Salt Lake City, Utah.

1. The Lions of the Lord. Wilson. (Lothrop.) $1.50.
2. Maids of Paradise. Chamber. (Harper.) $1.50.

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3. Sherrods. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
4. Henper. Garland. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. The Long Night. Weyman. (McClure, Phillips.) $1.50.
6. Cherry. Tarkington. (Harper.) $1.25.

San Francisco, Cal.

1. The Heart of Rome. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Voice of the Scholar. Jordan. (Elder.) $1.00 net.
3. Rebecca. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.25.
4. To-morrow's Tangle. Bonner. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
5. The Five Nations. Kipling. (McClure, Phillips.) $1.40 net.
6. For the Pleasure of His Company. Stoddard. (Robertson.) $1.50 net.

St. Louis, Mo.

1. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. Barlasch of the Guard. Merriman. (McClure, Phillips.) $1.50.
3. The Heart of Rome. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. The Call of the Wild. London. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. The Sherrods. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
6. The Courtship of Miles Standish. Longfellow. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.

Toledo, O.

1. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. Gordon Keith. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan-Rice (Century.) $1.00.
4. Sherrods. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
5. Lovey Mary. Hegan-Rice. (Century.) $1.00.
6. Cherry. Tarkington. (Harper.) $1.50.

Toronto, Can.

1. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. Fox. (McLeod & Allen.) 75 cents and $1.25.
2. Wings of the Morning. Tracy. (McLeod & Allen.) 75 cents and $1.25.
3. The Long Night. Weyman. (Copp, Clark & Co.) $1.25.
4. The Silver Poppy. Stringer. (Wm. Briggs.) 75 cents and $1.25.
5. Over the Border. Barr. (Copp, Clark & Co.) $1.25.
6. When I Was Czar. Marchant. (McLeod & Allen.) 75 cents and $1.25.

Worcester, Mass.

1. Autobiography of Seventy Years. Hoar. (Scribner.) $7.50.
2. Old Paths and Legends of New England. Abbott. (Putnam.) $3.50.
3. The Heart of Rome. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. Rebecca. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.25.
5. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. The Lightning Conductor. Williamson. (Holt.) $1.50.

Washington, D. C.

1. Rebecca. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin.) 90 cents.
2. The Call of the Wild. London. (Macmillan.) $1.08.
3. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.08.
4. Colonel Carter's Christmas. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. The Heart of Rome. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.08.
6. The Lightning Conductor. Williams. (Holt.) $1.08.

From the above lists the six best selling books are selected according to the following system:

					POINTS.
A book standing	1st	on any	list	receives	10
"	"	2d	"	"	8
"	"	3d	"	"	7
"	"	4th	"	"	6
"	"	5th	"	"	5
"	"	6th	"	"	4

BEST SELLING BOOKS.

According to the foregoing lists, the six books which have sold best in the order of demand during the month are:

	POINTS.
1. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50....	155
2. Rebecca. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.25.....	98
3. The Call of the Wild. London. (Macmillan.) $1.50.....	90
4. The Heart of Rome. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50.....	83
5. Colonel Carter's Christmas. Smith. (Harper.) $1.50.....	79
6. Cherry. Tarkington. (Harper.) $1.50.....	47

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